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448 [GOLDSMITH's (O.)] MEMOIRS of a PROTESTANT condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion; FIRST EDITION, 2 vols. 12mo. *half calf antique*, RARE, £2 16s 1758

"Goldsmith's first known publication."—*Lowndes.*

1193. f. 8

THE *Authentic*

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT,

Condemned to the GALLEYS of FRANCE,

For His RELIGION.

Written by HIMSELF.

Comprehending an Account of the various Diſtreſſes he ſuffered in Slavery; and his Conſtancy in ſupporting almoſt every Cruelty that bigotted Zeal could inflict or Human Nature ſuſtain; alſo a Deſcription of the Galleys, and the Service in which they are employed.

The Whole interſperſed with Anecdotes relative to the General Hiſtory of the Times, for a Period of Thirteen Years; during which the Author continued in Slavery, 'till he was at laſt ſet free, at the Interceſſion of the Court of GREAT BRITAIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tranſlated from the Original, juſt publiſhed at the *Hague*,

By JAMES WILLINGTON.

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THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE Praiſe by which a Tranſlator attempts to advance the Reputation of his Original, is uſually conſidered as an indirect Claim to Applauſe on his own

Account. Though he may not ſtand in the full Luſtre of his own Panegyric, yet ſuch are his Connections with his Author, that he receives it by Reflection, and tacitly compliments himſelf, at leaſt, for Judgment in his Choice.

ASSURANCES on his Part, however, ſeldom influence the Approbation of the Public, but frequently incur its Contempt; for if he be ſo unfortunate as to fail in his Promiſes, Falſhood is added to ſwell the Number of his other Imperfections.

SENSIBLE of this Truth, it is not expected to enhance the Excellencies, or palliate the Faults of the ſucceeding MEMOIR. The Public will ſcarce be influenced in their Judgment by an obſcure Prefacer; and

and perhaps the Work might rather ſuffer by his miſplaced Admiration. To confeſs a Truth, he hardly knows how to introduce it to the public Attention, and even to procure it a Reading, among the Multiplicity of modern Publications.

PERHAPS what he thinks its Excellencies may be conſidered as Defects: What he hopes may give it Popularity, will contribute to conſign it to Neglect. Thus, for Inſtance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful Entertainment to the numerous Readers of reigning Romance, as it is ſtrictly true. No Events are here to aſtoniſh; no unexpected Incidents to ſurprize, no ſuch high-finiſhed Pictures, as captivate the Imagination, and have made Fiction faſhionable. Our Reader muſt be content with the ſimple Exhibition of

Truth, and conſequently of Nature; he muſt be ſatisfied to ſee Vice triumphant, and Virtue in Diſtreſs; to ſee Men puniſhed or rewarded, not as his Wiſhes, but as Providence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the Face of Sincerity.

THE Author, indeed, who is ſtill alive, and known to Numbers, not only in *Holland* but *London*, has, from prudential Motives, thought proper to ſuppreſs his Name; and the ſame Reaſons that have induced him to conceal it, equally influence the Tranſlator.

HIS keeping himſelf conceal'd, may probably, to ſome, appear ſuſpicious; yet let it be conſidered, that were this the Work of Fiction, nothing could have been eaſier than to invent fictitious Names alſo; a Practice almoſt univerſally

univerſally adopted, by thoſe who are indebted to Invention alone for their Materials. But ſuch the Author choſe, to imitate in nothing; and his Conduct in the preſent Caſe, is a Proof of the Authenticity of his Performance.

As there are little Hopes of pleaſing thoſe who delight in Improbabilities, ſo there is another Claſs of Readers, whom it is as little expected to ſatisfy. Thoſe who upon hearing that the Author ſuffered Perſecution with Conſtancy, may expect alſo to find him talk upon all Occaſions like our Enthuſiaſts; who attach formal Phraſe, and diſguſting Ejaculation to their Ideas of Religion; and imagine that every Part of Hiſtory, which ſerves to amuſe, is certainly an Infringement on Piety. Such he cannot expect to have for his Admirers; ſo that, between the Lovers of an idle Tale, and the Partizans of Cant,

Cant, and Formality, the Tranſlator almoſt trembles for his Author's Reception.

As he has expreſſed his Fears, permit him to ſpeak his Hopes alſo: And if there be any Reader, who can for a Moment lay aſide Romance for Hiſtory; who can prefer a Picture taken from Nature, to the more glaring Colourings of Fancy: If there be any who can be pleaſed with a Narrative inſpired by Truth; and, perhaps, executed with Modeſty; if we cannot deſerve the Approbation of ſuch Readers, we ſhall contentedly acquieſce in their Cenſure.

THE preſent Memoir commences where the Hiſtorians of thoſe Times diſcontinue their Accounts. It carries on the Relation of a national Perſecution, almoſt too ſhocking for Belief; though too well atteſted, not to be a laſting Monument of Diſgrace to Humanity.

LEWIS XIV. of *France*, induced by ſome pretended Converſions, and incited by thoſe who *took Care* of the Royal Conſcience, revoked the Edict of *Nantz*. This Charter was ſettled by *Henry* IV. and was the great Bulwark of Proteſtant Security againſt Eccleſiaſtical Perſecution. The Revocation of this Edict gave Popery a full Power to tyrannize; and its unpitying Tribunals were erected over all the Kingdom. The Miſeries of that Period are pathetically deſcribed even by their own Hiſtorians. Proteſtants were dragged from their Families; expoſed to all the Inſults of unguided Zeal; emaciated in Dungeons; denied the Conſolation of Friendſhip; brought to the Rack; turning their Eyes to take a laſt Farewel of their Children, but only meeting an odious Prieſt; the Executioner bathed in the Blood of their expiring Friends, chiding

ing their Delay; Their Carcaſſes blackening in the Sun, or expoſed to rot on Dunghills!

SUCH was a Part of the accumulated Miſeries of the Times; while LEWIS, ſurnamed the GREAT, was feaſting at *Verſailles*, fed with the Incenſe of Flattery, or ſunk in the lewd Embraces of a Proſtitute! Can an *Engliſhman* hear this, and not burn with Indignation againſt thoſe Foes to Religion, to Liberty, and his Country? And ſhould not every Attempt to promote this generous Indignation meet at leaſt Indulgence, though it ſhould not deſerve Applauſe.

COULD the preſent Performance teach one Individual to value his Religion, by contraſting it with the furious Spirit

rit of Popery; could it contribute to make him enamoured with Liberty, by ſhewing their unhappy Situation, whoſe Poſſeſſions are held by ſo precarious a Tenure as tyrannical Caprice; could it promote his Zeal in the Cauſe of Humanity, or give him a Wiſh to imitate the Virtues of the Sufferer, or redreſs the Injuries of Oppreſſion; then indeed the Author will not have wrote in vain.

A CONVERT of this Kind is worth a thouſand Admirers; and to attain theſe Ends was probably his Deſign; and not to gratify idle Curioſity, or erect himſelf into the minute Hero of his own Memoir.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT.

THERE are few of my Countrymen, who have found Refuge from Perſecution in this Land of Liberty and Happineſs, who have not themſelves experienced its Rage, or been Witneſſes to its Severity on others, in almoſt every Province of *France*; and were each to give an Account of his own particular Sufferings, of the Calamities he either endured in his native Country, or his Diſtreſſes when forced among Strangers; the Detail would not only be pleaſing from its Variety, but inſtructive to every Advocate for Truth. Many Authors have ſpoke of the Perſecution in the Year 1624, in general Terms, but none (at leaſt of thoſe which have come to my Knowledge) have been particular in the Deſcription of that Variety of Torments which each of thoſe dear Companions of my Diſtreſſes have, like me, experienced:

As it is impoſſible to relate that almoſt infinite Number of Circumſtances which attended each of my Country men in his Diſtreſſes, I ſhall confine myſelf, in theſe Memoirs, to my own particular Hiſtory, and recount my Misfortunes from the Year 1700 to the Year 1713; *in which I was* delivered from the Gallies of *France*, *at the Interceſſion* of Queen *Anne* of England, of Glorious *Memory*.

I Was born at *B*—, a little Town in the Province of *P*—, in the Year 1684. My Parents, who lived by Merchandiſe, always profeſſed, and continued till Death in, a firm Perſuaſion of the true Reformed Religion. Their Conduct in Life was ſuch as might incur no Reproach, as they bred up their Children in the Fear of God, and inſtructed them continually in the Principles of true Religion, and a juſt Deteſtation of the Errors of Popery.

I Shall not trouble the Reader with any Occurrence either of my Infancy or Life, till the Year 1700, when Perſecution forced me from my Family, expelled me my native Country, and expoſed my feeble Youth to all the Dangers of a Journey of more than ſix hundred Miles. I ſhall however briefly, and with the utmoſt Truth, relate thoſe Circumſtances of Miſery, which I experienced after my Separation from my Parents, whom I was obliged to leave ſuffering all the Cruelties that Zeal or Caprice could inflict. But before I give any Account of my Flight from *France*, it may not be unneceſſary to trace the Origin of the Perſecution in the Year 1700, which raged with more than ordinary Fury in the Province where I was born.

During the War which was terminated by the Peace of *Ryſwick*, the Jeſuits and Prieſts enjoyed none of the Pleaſures of Dragooning the Proteſtants of *France*, as the King had his Troops employed on the Frontiers of the Kingdom; but no ſooner was the Peace concluded, than they were reſolved to compenſate for their former Inactivity. Thoſe mercileſs and bloody Bigots now let looſe their Fury in every Province where they could find Inſtruments upon whom to wreck their Malice. I ſhall confine myſelf to as minute a Detail as is in my Power, of thoſe Tranſactions which happened particularly in the Territory of *Perigord*.

In the Year 1699 the Duke of *F*——, who poſſeſſed (at leaſt to outward Appearance) none of thoſe *favourable Sentiments with regard to the Proteſtant Religion for which his Anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed, ſolicited, at the Inſtigation of the Jeſuits, Permiſſion to go to his Eſtate*, which was in that Country very con

conſiderable, *to convert* (as he expreſſed it) *the Huguenots*. In this he but ſeconded the Views of the Court, and it was not probable he ſhould be refuſed ſo honourable an Employment; in effect, he quitted *Paris*, accompanied by four Jeſuits, ſome Guards, and his own Domeſtics, fully reſolved to put this his moſt pious Deſign into Execution.

Being arrived at the Caſtle of *F*—, diſtant three Miles from *B*—, he began to give Marks of the Gentleneſs of his Miſſion, and the Meekneſs of his Counſellors, by exerciſing the moſt unheard-of-Cruelties upon thoſe of his Vaſſals who were of the Reformed Religion: Proteſtants of every Sex and Age were dragged from their Houſes, and without further Trial underwent, in his Preſence, the moſt ſhocking Tortures. Some were in this Manner perſecuted even to Death for not abjuring their Religion, while no other Reaſon but his Will was offered towards their Conviction. Thus, by Methods the moſt diabolical, he compelled thoſe unhappy Men, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to abjure the Religion of which they had made Profeſſion, and embrace that of Popery; and cauſed Public Rejoicings to be made at the Village of *F*——, for the Succeſs which attended his Converſions; whilſt a Library, conſiſting of pious Books, wrote by thoſe of the Reformed Religion, and which had been carefully collected by his Anceſtors, were publickly burned, to add Splendor to his Entertainments. In this Manner he behaved alſo at *T*— in G—, ſeeming extremely happy in having an Opportunity of teſtifying his Zeal, though at the Expence of the Lives and Happineſs of his Vaſſals. The Village of *B*— was for this Time exempt from the Rigour of his Adminiſtration; but that Repoſe was only like the Calm which precedes a Tempeſt. Yet before I enter upon a Detail of their Sufferings, permit me to interrupt the Narration by an Occurrence which, though of a lighter Nature, may ſerve to amuſe the Reader.

The *Duke, after the* Fatigues of his Employment, *uſed generally to* repoſe himſelf in the Caſtle of F—, *where he received*, as the Reward of his Labours, the *incenſe of Adulation* which the Monks and Prieſts of

that Province came in Crouds to offer. It was here that an Advocate whoſe Name was *Grenier*, came among the Throng; and as he was a Man of ſuperior Talents, tho' perhaps ſomewhat too fond of diſplaying them, he was reſolved to make one among thoſe who flattered the Duke, and aſked Permiſſion to harangue his Grace in Public, which Favour was readily granted. *Grenier* was re-admitted to Audience by the Duke, ſeated in his Chair of State, attended by four Jeſuits, two on each Side; and as ſoon as Permiſſion was given him to ſpeak, our Advocate began thus: "Your Grandfather, my Lord, was a very great Warrior; your Father a Man of true Piety; and You, my Lord, You, are a great Hunter." Here the Duke interrupted him, by aſking how he came to call him an Hunter, ſince all knew that Hunting was not his favourite Amuſement. *I conjecture ſo much*, replied Grenier, *from your being conſtantly attended by four bloodhounds*; pointing to the Jeſuits who ſtood by. Thoſe Holy Fathers deſired with true Chriſtian Charity, that *Grenier* might be puniſhed for his Inſolence; but being repreſented to the Duke, by ſome who attended, as a Madman, he was content to order him from his Preſence.

But to reſume the Thread of my Hiſtory, and to explain the Motives which induced me to a Reſolution of flying from my native Country, and leaving behind almoſt every thing that was dear to me, His Grace, proud of the Succeſs of his Converſions, informed the Court of the happy Effects of his Adminiſtration; and by exaggerating the Obſtinacy of thoſe who rejected his Miſſion, and diſplaying the Clemency of the Jeſuits who were employed as his Aſſociates, he was again reinſtated in his former Employment, and returned in the Year 1700, to convert the Reformed in each of the Royal Cities of this Province, by *Dragooning* all thoſe who ſhould offer to reject his Miſſion. He made the Town of *B*— his Place of Reſidence, where he *brought in his* Train the four Jeſuits who had attended *him in his former* Converſions, and enforced his Com*mands by* a Regiment of Dragoons, who being quar*tered at Diſcretion* among the Citizens, made more Con*verts in a Day*, than the Eloquence of his Aſſociate

co

could have done in a Year. It is ſcarce to be conceived the Cruelties which thoſe Miſſionaries of the Sword employed in conſtraining the Citizens to hear Maſs, and in compelling them to diſclaim their former Opinions. The Oath adminiſtered, upon this Occaſion, was filled with the moſt horrid Imprecations againſt the Reformed Religion; and this, either voluntarily, or by Compulſion, was to be ſigned by the unhappy Sufferers. Twenty-two Dragoons were quartered at my Father's Houſe; but my Father himſelf was haled to Priſon in the Town of *P*—. Two of my Brothers and my Siſter, who were as yet but Children, were ſeized and confined in the worſt of Priſons, a Convent. I had the good Fortune to eſcape, ſo that my unhappy Mother was the only Perſon of the Family who ſtill remained at home, ſuffering all the Inſults of thoſe who were quartered with her; and after thoſe mercileſs Creatures, the Dragoons, had ſtript the Houſe of all its Furniture, and found nothing elſe which they could plunder, they at laſt dragged the poor old Woman before the Duke; who, by the ſeverity of his Behaviour to her, and the Terror of his Menaces, forced her to ſign her Formulary of Abjuration. All bathed in Tears, and proteſting againſt the Violence which was offered, ſhe intreated him to put his Threats into Execution, and at once to rid her of a Life which his ſeverity had rendered inſupportable; and even when forced to ſign the Formulary, ſhe ſubſcribed, *compelled by Fear*. They attempted in vain to make her expunge thoſe Words; and upon her obſtinately refuſing, one of the Jeſuits did it himſelf for her.

I was at this Time ſixteen Years old; and tho' at ſuch an Age, few have ſufficient Precaution to extricate themſelves from Trouble, I had the good Fortune to eſcape the Vigilance of thoſe Soldiers who were poſted at all the Avenues of the Town, to prevent any Perſon's eſcaping; and accompanied by one of my Friends, I walked all Night in the Woods, and found myſelf at the Village of *M*.— four leagues from B.— *Here my Friend and I* reſolved to purſue our Journey *to Holland,* reſigned to the Direction of Heaven, and *prepared for every* Difficulty that might happen; re-

ſolved to take a long farewell of our native Country, unlike *Lot*'s Wife, without looking once behind us, determined to ſuffer every Torment that might be inflicted to ſhake our Faith, whether Impriſonment, the Gallies or Death. Thus reſolved, and having implored the Protection of our Heavenly Father, we took the Road to *Paris*. We conſulted the Strength of our Purſe which we found but low, ſix Piſtoles making our Capital. We formed a Plan of Oeconomy for this our ſcanty Fund, deſigning to lodge in the moſt indifferent Inns, and to be as frugal as poſſible in all our expences. We met with no Accident worthy of Notice in our Journey to *Paris*, where we arrived on the 10th of *November*, 1700. The Plan which we had ſettled on our leaving the Country was, that upon our Arrival in Town, we ſhould apply to ſome of our Acquaintance, who could inform us of the ſhorteſt and leaſt dangerous Road to the Frontiers of the Kingdom; and we accordingly were furniſhed with all the neceſſary Information in this particular, by a Perſon at *Paris*, who was not leſs our Friend, than a Friend to the Cauſe for which we were thus going into voluntary exile. He gave us in Writing a route of our Journey to *Maeſtricht*, a fortified Town, ſituated on the *Meuſe*, cloſe by the formidable Foreſt of *Ardennes*, and which was at that Time a Frontier of the *Spaniſh* Netherlands. He informed us that we need be under no Apprehenſions of any Accident, except upon our entering this Town; for all were permitted to go out of it without further Examination; that the Foreſt of *Ardennes* might favour our eſcape to *Charleroy*, ſeven leagues diſtant from *Maeſtricht*; where, if we arrived in ſafety, we were free from further Danger, for we ſhould then be out of the Dominions of *France*. He gave us particular Caution with regard to our entering *Maeſtricht*, as they were very exact in ſtopping all Strangers at the Gates, and in bringing them before the Governor, who ſent them to Priſon, if they were unprovided with proper Paſſports. We at length ſet out from *Paris* for *Maeſtricht*; nothing extraordinary happened during our Journey, for within the Kingdom travellers are never detained; *e Government* taking precautions only to guard the frontier

frontier Towns. We came at laſt to a little Hill, ſomewhat leſs than a Mile from *Maeſtricht*, from whence we could obſerve the City and the Gate, thro' which we were to paſs. Our Inquietude upon ſo near an Approach of Danger may be eaſily conceived; we ſtopped a few Minutes to conſult the beſt Method of entering the City, and obſerving the Gate to open to a long Bridge over the *Meuſe*; and as it was fine Weather, we could diſcern ſeveral of the Inhabitants walking upon it. We judged it moſt prudent to mix ourſelves among them, and ſo paſs into the City undiſtinguiſhed by the Centinels. We took all our Shirts from our Knapſacks and put them on, one over the other, and our Knapſacks we put into our Pockets; we wiped our Shoes, combed our Hair, and in ſhort took every Precaution to prevent our appearing as Travellers. It may be obſerved we had no Swords, as the Laws of *France* forbid wearing any. Thus equipped we deſcended the Hill, and when come upon the Bridge, continued walking among the Inhabitants till the Drum beat, the Signal for ſhutting the Gates. Thus as the Inhabitants crowded in, we paſſed among the Throng without being diſtinguiſhed by the Centinel. We were raviſhed with Joy at eſcaping ſuch imminent Danger, imagining now that our Fatigues were at an End; but in this, as is the Proverb, we reckoned without our Hoſt. It was impoſſible to quit the Town immediately, that Gate which was to let us out being ſhut, wherefore we were obliged to lodge there that Night. We entered the firſt Inn which preſented itſelf, the Maſter of which was not at Home, but we were received by his Wife. We ordered Supper, and about Nine o'clock, while we were yet at Table, the Landlord arrived. His wife informed him that ſhe had entertained two young Men who were Strangers. We could hear from our Chamber, the Huſband aſk whether we had a *Permiſſion* from the Governor? Upon her anſwering that ſhe could not tell; You Jade, replied he, you will ruin me to all Intents and Purpoſes; don't you know how ſtrictly we are forbid by the Governor to lodge Strangers without his Permiſſion? I muſt this Moment bring them before him. When this Dialogue was finiſhed, which was by

City of *Rocroy*, which you muſt leave on the left, and ſtill keeping the Road to the Right, you will come to a little Town called *Couve*. After you have paſſed it, you will find a Road on your Left, which will conduct you to *Charleroy*: This Road, it is true, is farther about than through the Foreſt, but then it is without Danger.

We thanked the honeſt Fellow, and followed his Advice. Towards Evening we came to the Village of which he had told us; there we ſlept, and the next Morning purſued the Road to our Right, as he had directed. We left *Rocroy* on the Left, but the Peaſant had not informed us (probably through Ignorance) that this Road led to a Defile, between two Mountains, where the *French* kept a Guard, who ſtopped all Strangers going that Way without Paſſports, and laid them up in Priſon at *Rocroy*. We, like Sheep going aſtray, were haſtening directly into the very Jaws of the Wolf; yet without knowing or expecting the threatening Danger, we eſcaped it by the greateſt good Fortune in the World; for, as we were entering this defile, the Rain fell in ſuch Abundance, that the Centinel who was poſted on the Road, was obliged to take Shelter in the Guard-Houſe; while we very innocently and free from all Apprehenſions, paſſed without being perceived; and purſuing our Journey, arrived at *Couve*.

Then indeed we were in Safety; had we but known that this little City was out of the Dominions of *France*. It belonged to the Biſhop of *Liege*, and had at that Time a *Dutch* Garriſon; but moſt unfortunately for us we knew nothing of all this. Had we preſented ourſelves to the Governor of this Garriſon, he would have eſcorted us to *Charleroy*: but Heaven was pleaſed that it ſhould be otherwiſe, deſigning to put our Faith and Conſtancy to the Trial, by a Bondage the moſt ſevere, for thirteen Years: as may be ſeen in the Sequel.

When we arrived at *Couve*, our Cloaths were wet quite through; we therefore entered an Inn to dry and refreſh us. When we were ſet down to Table, the *Landlord* brought us a Pot of Beer, but without *Glaſſes; upon our* calling for ſome, I perceive, ſaid *our Hoſt, that you are Frenchmen*; it is the Cuſtom *in our Country to drink from the Pot.* This calling for

Glaſſe

Glaſſes, how trifling ſoever it may ſeem, was without Doubt the Cauſe of all our enſuing Misfortunes. There were in the ſame Chamber two Men, one an Inhabitant of the Town, the other one of the Biſhop of *Liege*'s Game-keepers. This laſt hearing the Hoſt call us *Frenchmen*, examined us with the utmoſt Attention, and had even the Aſſurance to accoſt us in this Manner; "I'll lay any Wager that neither one or t'other of you "carries a Pair of Beads about him." My Companion ſhewing his Tobacco Raſp, which he was then uſing, imprudently replied, here are my Beads.

This Anſwer ſerved to confirm the Game-keeper in his Suſpicion of our being Proteſtants, who were eſcaping from *France*: And as the Rewards ariſing from our being apprehended were given to the Informer, he laid a Deſign of arreſting us if we paſſed through *Mariemburgh*, a Town in the Dominions of *France*, but a League diſtant from *Couve*. We had deſigned to follow the Inſtructions of the good Peaſant, of turning to the left upon our leaving *Couve*, by which Means we ſhould have avoided paſſing through any Territory belonging to *France*. But who can avoid his Deſtiny? As we left the Town we eaſily perceived the Road to the left; but obſerving a Man who had the Appearence of an Officer come riding towards us, and as even a Shadow affrights the Apprehenſive, to avoid him we took the fatal Road which conducted us to *Mariemburg*. This is a ſmall Town with but one Gate, which was however ſufficient to forbid our Paſſage through it; but as we were aware of this, we determined to leave it on the right, and thus make the beſt of our Way to *Charleroy*. The treacherous Game-keeper followed, reſolved to arreſt us when we ſet Foot upon *French* Ground. In the Evening we arrived at *Mariemburg*, and ſeeing an Inn near the Gate, we concluded to paſs the Night here. On entering, they ſhewed us a Chamber, and kindled a good Fire to dry our wet Cloaths; we had not been here above half an Hour, when a Man enters whom we took for our Hoſt; after ſaluting us very civilly, he aſked from whence we came, and whither we were going? We informed him that we were come from *Paris*, and deſigned to go to Philipville

Philipville. He told us we muſt go before the Governor of *Mariemburgh*. We hoped to trick him as we had our Hoſt at *Maeſtricht*, but in this we were deceived, for he bluntly replied we muſt follow him that very Moment. We ſet the beſt Face we could on the Matter, and without ſhewing the leaſt Signs of Fear, prepared to obey. I whiſpered my Companion ſoftly, that as the Night was very dark, we might give him the Slip before we came to the Governor's. But it may be eaſily conceived how great were our Terrors, when we found him to be the Serjeant of the Guard with a File of Muſquetteers come to apprehend us. The deſigning Game-keeper was one of the foremoſt; and the Soldiers with their Bayonets fixed were placed in ſuch a Manner, that it was impoſſible to eſcape. We were in this Manner conducted before the Governor, whoſe Name was *Pallier*; he aſked of what Country we were, and where we intended to go? With reſpect to the firſt Queſtion we anſwered the Truth, but to the ſecond we replied that we were Peruke-makers, who were making the Tour of *France*; that we intended going to *Philipville*, *Maubeuge*, *Valenciennes*, &c. and ſo to return home. The Governor's Valet de Chambre, who was himſelf a Peruke-maker, was called to examine us; by good Fortune he began with my Companion, who was actually a Peruke-maker, and he by his Anſwers convinced him that we were what we pretended to be. The Governor again demanded of what Religion we were; we anſwered without Heſitation that we were Proteſtants, making it a Point of Conſcience to diſguiſe the Truth in this Particular. Would to God we had anſwered all other Queſtions that were put to us with equal Sincerity; we ſhould at leaſt have avoided a Breach of our Duty, and conſequently ſhould not have Conſcience as well as our Enemies for our Accuſers. Nothing can happen wrong to that Man whoſe Actions are right. We were aſked whether we had any Deſigns of leaving the Kingdom? We denied that we had. After this Examination, which continued a full Hour, the Governor gave the Major ſtrict *Orders to* conduct us to Priſon; the ſame Guard that *arreſted us* were employed again on this Occaſion. In

going

going from the Governor's to Priſon, the Major, whoſe Name was *de la Galle*, aſked me if we really came from *B?* I affirmed it a ſecond Time. I was born, ſays he, but a League from the ſame Town; and hearing my Name and Family; good God! cried he! your Father was one of my deareſt Friends; take Comfort, my Children, I'll endeavour to diſengage you from this troubleſome Affair; and after two or three Days Confinement you ſhall be ſet at Liberty. We were now arrived at the Priſon, when the Game-keeper requeſted the Major that we ſhould be ſearched, imagining we had more than ſufficient to reward him for his Information. But, alas, our whole Capital amounted only to one Piſtole; which the Major, without ſtripping us, begged we might depoſit in his Hands. This Gentleman, touched with Compaſſion at our diſtreſſed Situation, was apprehenſive that if we had been ſearched, ſuch Sums might be found upon us as would aggravate the Suſpicion of our leaving the Kingdom; and that the Informer, whom he held in the utmoſt Deteſtation, might be rewarded, inſtead of finding the Puniſhment he wiſhed him. In ſhort, he forbad our being ſearched, but kept, as he was obliged, the Trifle we delivered up, which was to be tranſmitted to the Governor. The Game-keeper perceiving that we were not ſearched, had the Impudence to tell the Major that it was not uſual to treat *Huguenots* thus kindly. I'll find their Money in an Inſtant, ſaid he; applying himſelf to our Pockets: I'll produce—Raſcal, interrupts the Major; I don't know what prevents my knocking you down. Do you preſume to teach me my Duty? And at the ſame Time drove him out of his Preſence. This was all the Recompence this Wretch had for his Information; beſides, at the Solicitation of the *Dutch* Governor, the Biſhop of *Liege* diſmiſſed him his Service, and baniſhed him his Dominions for ever.

We were now conducted into a moſt frightful Dungeon, the Sight of which chilled us with Horror. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, what have we done to be thus treated like the moſt atrocious Criminals! Thoſe whoſe Crimes have merited the Gallows or the Rack, could not have *been uſed* more ſeverely. Such are my Orders, my poor

poor Children, replied the good Major, endeavouring to conceal his Emotion; but I am deceived, or you ſhall not remain long in this Situation. In Conſequence of this, he went immediately to the Governor, to give an Account of the Manner in which he had executed his Commiſſion; ſaying that he had ſearched us carefully, and found our Circumſtances to be very trifling; which, added he, is a certain Indication that they had no Deſign of leaving the Kingdom, and confirms their own Accounts of their Innocency. We had now been diſcharged, had not, unfortunately for us, the Governor, while we were conducting to Priſon, wrote to Court concerning our Detention; and it was out of his Power to enlarge us without Permiſſion. This Obſtacle mortified the Major to the laſt Degree; however, he requeſted that we might be delivered from the frightful Apartment to which we had been conſigned, and that our Priſon might be the Gaoler's Houſe; that he would place a Centinel at the Door to obſerve us, and that his Life ſhould anſwer for our Conduct. The Governor acquieſced, and after about an Hour's Abſence, the Major returned with a Corporal and Centinel, to whom he ſhewed us, giving them Orders to let us have the free Uſe of the Gaoler's Houſe, and that we might have Liberty to chuſe what Room we thought proper to lie in: At the ſame Time he depoſited in the Hands of the Gaoler the Money which had been taken from us, ordering him to provide us with all Neceſſaries while that laſted; and until we were found more criminal than we now appeared to be, he ſhould diſpenſe with ſtinting us to the King's Allowance of Bread. He aſſured us that he was vaſtly ſorry for the Governor's haſty Letter, but he would employ his utmoſt Intereſt with him to have us enlarged; adding, that he had the Governor's Promiſe for our Releaſement, if upon cloſer Examination any favourable Circumſtances were found for us. The kind Uſage of this worthy Man, in ſome meaſure ſoftened our Diſtreſs.

Soon after the Governor ſent up our firſt Examination to Court, which was drawn up greatly in our Favour: But, as we had declared that we were Proteſtants, *the Marquis de la Vrilliere*, then Prime Miniſter,

was

was ſo much incenſed againſt us, that he regarded no Appearances that were in our Favour, as to our Intentions not to leave the Kingdom; but directed the Governor of *Mariemburgh* to prepare the Procedure for condemning us to the Gallies, as being found on the Frontiers without a Paſſport. That in the Interim the Curate of the Town ſhould employ his utmoſt Efforts to bring us to the Roman Catholic Perſuaſion; and if he ſhould ſucceed, when we had abjured, and after proper Inſtructions in our Duty, we might be enlarged and reconducted to *B*———. We were permitted by the Major to read thoſe Orders in the Original, and as he obſerved us tremble, I give you no Advice, ſays he, touching your preſent Conduct; in that your Faith and your Conſcience muſt direct: All I have to ſay is, that your Abjuration will open to you the Doors of your Priſon, otherwiſe you will certainly be ſent to the Gallies. All our Hopes, replied my Companion, are placed in God alone; reſigned to his Holy Will, no Miſery can ſink us, nor do we fear what Man can do againſt us. We are determined, added I, for the Gallies, or for Death, when his holy Word is to be ſupported; to God we will pray without ceaſing, for he can ſoften the Severity of our Bondage and make even Death itſelf pleaſing: It is not a perverſe Obſtinacy, continued I, that thus makes us reject the proffered Indulgence; no, we have been inſtructed by our Parents in the Principles of our Religion, and in the Falſehoods of yours. We gave him our ſincereſt Thanks for his Endeavours to ſerve us; and as in our helpleſs Situation it was impoſſible to teſtify our Gratitude by Action, we promiſed ſtill to remember him in our Petitions to Heaven. This worthy Gentleman, who (tho' to outward Appearance a Roman Catholic) was in his Heart a Proteſtant, embraced us with Tenderneſs, declaring that he found himſelf more miſerable than we; and intreating us not to take it ill if we ſhould ſee him no more, as he ſhould not have Courage to ſtand ſuch an Interview, he withdrew, the Tears falling down his Face, in great Abundance.

The Money which had been depoſited in the Gaoler's *Hands, for our Uſe*, was at laſt exhauſted, and we

were

were put upon the King's Allowance, a Pound and an half of Bread a Day; but the Governor and the Major every Day ſupplied us with neceſſary Proviſions. The Curate alſo, who expected to make us Proſelytes, and the Religious of a Convent in Town, ſent us Victuals in ſuch abundance, that we maintained in our turn the Gaoler and his whole Family.

We were viſited in Priſon every Day by the Curate, who gave us a Polemical Catechiſm in Defence of the Roman Catholic Religion. To this we oppoſed the Catechiſm of Mr. *Drelincourt*. We had to do, as it ſeemed, with a Man who was by no means well verſed in his Buſineſs; for having given us our Choice of either taking from Tradition or the Scriptures the Proofs of our Controverſy, we choſe the Scriptures; in which as he did not find his Account, after two or three Conferences, he drew Stakes and declined the Diſpute. He then attempted us by the proffers of temporal Advantage. He brought his Niece, who was young and beautiful, to our Priſon, under the ſpecious Pretext of a charitable Viſit: This young Woman was offered me, with a large Fortune, if I would conform. The Curate making ſure of my Companion if he could influence me. But ſuch was my Deteſtation of the Popiſh Clergy, and all their Race, that I rejected his Offers with contempt. He was now exaſperated to the laſt Degree, and went immediately to inform the Governor, and our Judge, that he deſpaired of converting us; that we were obſtinate Heretics, who ſtopped our Ears to the plaineſt Demonſtrations; and that we were evidently under the Power of the Devil.

It was now reſolved to expedite our Trial with the utmoſt Diligence: The Judge, with his Secretary, came in Form to examine us in Priſon; and two Days after, they returned to read our Sentence, which was in Subſtance thus:

"That, Whereas we were found without a Paſſport "from Court, on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, and "being of that Religion which pretends to be Reform-"ed; we were found guilty of having endeavoured "*to quit the Kingdom* againſt his Majeſty's Ordinances

"to

" to the contrary. Wherefore we were Condemned " to ſerve in his Majeſty's Gallies for Life, and our " Goods to be confiſcated, *&c.*"

Our Sentence read, the Judge demanded if we would appeal to the Parliament of *Tournay*, to which his Tribunal was Subordinate. No, ſays I, we appeal, from the Injuſtice of Your's, only to the Throne of God: All Mankind are exaſperated againſt us, whom then ſhould we rely on but him only? And to his righteous Will we ſubmit with the utmoſt Humility. Do not attribute to me, replied he, the Rigour of your Sentence; it is in purſuance of his Majeſty's Inſtructions that I condemn you. Yes, Sir, returned I, but the King cannot know that we intended to leave the Kingdom. Our Religion alone is not ſufficient to condemn us to this Puniſhment, and I cannot think we are found guilty of having had Intentions to quit the Kingdom. But our Sentence runs as if you were furniſhed with the moſt convincing Proofs. This, ſaid the Judge, is only a Form requiſite in complying with the Orders of the King. You are not a Judge then, ſaid I, but merely the Executor of the King's Orders. Why do not you appeal then, returned he? No, ſays I, the Parliament is as much inclined to a ſervile Submiſſion to his Majeſty's Commands as you are. Then I muſt appeal for you, returned he: (Of this we were apprized, for no ſubordinate Judge can execute a Sentence, which inflicts corporal Puniſhment, without acquainting the Parliament,) Wherefore prepare, continued he, to go to *Tournay*.

We were now conducted not to our former Priſon, but to the Dungeon already mentioned; where we remained 'till we ſet out for *Tournay*, accompanied by four Archers, who Hand-cuffed and tied us together: In this Manner we went thro' *Philipville*, *Maubeuge*, *Valenciennes*, and, as we were obliged to walk all the Way, our Journey was extremely painful. Every Evening we were confined in ſuch loathſome Priſons, as ſhocked even us, though by this Time familiarized to Diſtreſs. Bread and Water were our only Suſtenance, without a Bed to lie on, and all our Treatment equally *ſevere with thoſe* whoſe Crimes merited the Wheel.

At

At length we arrived at *Tournay*, where we were confined in the Priſon of the Parliament. As we were without Money, and as this Priſon was aſſiſted by no charitable Contribution, we were obliged to be content with the King's Allowance, which (being but a Pound and an Half of Bread every Day) we were almoſt ſtarved to Death. As an Addition to our Calamities, the Curate of the Pariſh obtained the Liberty of attempting our Converſion, before the Parliament ſhould recognize our Sentence. But this good Father, either through Indolence, or deſigning to ſtarve us into Compliance, viſited us only every Week or Fortnight, and even then ſpoke ſo little about Religion, that we had ſcarce an Opportunity of making a Defence. Even when we attempted to controvert his Opinions, he was ſure to interrupt us, 'This at a more convenient Op-'portunity,' would, he ſay, and ſo march off. In the mean Time we became ſo thin and emaciated, that we were no longer able to ſtand upright. We lay continually upon an old Pallet, quite rotten and ſwarming with Vermin, placed near the Door; through an Hole in which our daily Allowance of Bread was thrown. If our Bed had been farther off, we ſhould never have had Strength to creep to the Door to receive it, ſo much were we by this Time enfeebled. In this Extremity we ſold the Turnkey our Waiſtcoats for a little Bread; in the ſame Manner we parted with our Shirts, only reſerving thoſe which we then wore, which ſoon grew rotten and ragged. In this forlorn Situation we never ſaw any Creature but the Curate, who ſometimes paid us a Viſit, but rather with a Deſign to inſult than relieve us: The principal Topics of his Converſation, were to demand if we were ſtill reſolved to ſuffer; that we had none to blame but ourſelves, ſince we were the Arbitrators of our own Deſtiny. Such were his Diſcourſes, which appeared ſo inſipid and trivial, that we at laſt diſdained to anſwer him.

In this Situation we had remained ſix Weeks, when one Morning about Nine o'Clock the Turnkey handed us through the Wicket a Broom, deſiring us to ſweep our Priſon, for we ſhould preſently have a Couple of *Gentlemen to keep* us Company. We aſked of what Crimes

Crimes they were accuſed: Of being *Huguenots* like you, returned he, and ſo left us. About a Quarter of an Hour after the Door of our Dungeon was opened, and the Gaoler, with ſome Soldiers armed with Swords and Guns, led in two young Men very richly dreſſed, and laced from Head to Foot. After they had been ſearched by the Soldiers who were their Conductors, they were left with us, and the Priſon-Doors faſtened as before. We inſtantly remembered their Faces; they were two of our Countrymen, Sons of very eminent Citizens of *B*———, with whom we had been formerly School-fellows and extremely intimate. On their Part, they did not recollect our Faces, ſo much had Miſery altered our Appearance. We firſt accoſted them, addreſſing them by their Names. One was called *S*——, the other *R*——; they had aſſumed the Character and Appearance of Gentlemen, *S*—— calling himſelf *Chevalier*, and *R*——, *Marquis*; only to favour their Deſign of leaving *France*. Perhaps their Hiſtory may not be unentertaining to the Reader; but before I digreſs, it will not be improper to continue my Account of their Behaviour on firſt entering the Dungeon. Hearing themſelves addreſſed in ſo familiar a Manner, they demanded, Who we were? And being informed, they ſeemed ſurprized to the laſt Degree. Our Parents and Relations, as they told us, having received no Account of us ſince our Departure, concluded that we were aſſaſſinated on the Road; for after our firſt Detention, we had not been permitted to write.

After a while regarding each other in Silence, during which we ſeemed loſt in the Greatneſs of our Calamity, we crawled from our Beds and affectionately embraced each other, ſhedding Tears of mutual Compaſſion, each for his Friend's Diſtreſs. They now aſked if we had got any Thing to eat, alledging that they were almoſt famiſhed. We preſented them the little Bit of Bread, which was to be our Banquet for the Day, and the Water which was given us to drink. Heavens! And ſhall we, cried they, be treated in this Manner? And cannot Money procure better Treatment? Yes, I interrupted, Money will procure it; but where is that? *If that be all,* anſwered they, we ſhall ſoon be ſupplied.

Thus

Thus ſaying, they produced from the Waiſtbands of their Breeches, and the Soals of their Shoes Four Hundred Louis d'Ors. I muſt confeſs that I never felt ſincerer Satisfaction than at the Sight of ſo much Money, having now the pleaſing Hope of being ſoon relieved from Hunger, of which I was ready to die. Accordingly they put a Louis d'Or into my Hand, requeſting I would order what I thought proper. I now knocked at the Wicket with what Vigour I had left. The Turnkey appeared: Here, ſays I imperiouſly, take this, and bring Dinner; giving him the Louis. Very well, Gentlemen, replied he, and what are you for? Are you for Soup and Bouillé? Ay, ay, anſwered I, that will do; but let the Soup be in a very large Bowl; let us have ten Pounds of Bread, if you pleaſe; and be ſure do not ſtint us in Beer. You ſhall have all in an Hour, ſaid the Turnkey. An Hour, ſaid I; an Age! Can't we have it in half an Hour?—The long-wiſhed-for Hour at laſt arrived; in came a capacious Bowl of Soup, Meat in Proportion, and Bread as ordered. I ſurveyed the whole, yet ſtill thought it too little: I feared my Companions had been furniſhed with Appetites like myſelf: However, our two new-Comers eat very little; but for me and my Friend we leaned over the Soup with famiſhing Eagerneſs, and eat almoſt till ready to burſt: But the Conſequences had like to have been fatal to us both; to me in particular. The Apothecary was ſent for, who preſcribed a Vomit, by which I was ſaved from imminent Death. After I had recovered, our Companions enquired by what Accidents we were reduced to this miſerable State. We informed them of every Occurence ſince our Departure from *B.* They wept at our Misfortune, but more at our Conſtancy, declaring that they ſhould never have Reſolution to ſuffer like us; and that, before being condemned to the Gallies, they would certainly abjure. Is this the Example, Gentlemen, ſays I, that you ſet us? Better that we had not ſeen you than ſee you in Reſolutions ſo oppoſite to your Education and real Principles. Do you not dread the avenging Hand of God, who declares, *that they who know the Will of their Father, and do it not, ſhall be beaten with many* Stripes? Never think

think, ſaid one of them, we can reſolve to go to the Gallies: You, who have ſufficient Reſolution for ſuch a Trial, are happy; and though we cannot imitate, yet we muſt admire. We entreated them then to oblige us with the Hiſtory of their Adventures ſince their Departure from *B.* with which Mr. *R.* complied in the following Manner.

My Friend *S.* and I, were ſaved from the Perſecution raiſed by the Duke of *F.* at *B.* by our Flight into the Country, where we lay concealed; but as he left very ſevere Orders with regard to us at his Departure, we ſaw no Means of Safety but by flying into *Holland.* For this Purpoſe we employed a Guide of great Experience, who made it his dangerous Employment to conduct ſuch as we to *Amſterdam:* I call it dangerous, for if taken in the Fact, he muſt expect the Gallows without Mercy. This Man had every Talent requiſite for ſuch an Occupation, prudent, ſubtil, and perfectly acquainted with every Part of the Road. He was commonly called the little *Gaſcon*, for in that Country he was born. Him then we employed to conduct us; and having obtained Permiſſion from our Parents, and being furniſhed with what Money they could ſpare, we equipped ourſelves as Officers, who were going to join our Regiments: It was to be a marching Regiment ſomewhere near *Valenciennes*; and the little *Gaſcon* ſerved as our Valet-de-Chambre. In this Manner we croſſed the Country without the leaſt Moleſtation. The *Gaſcon* went on Foot, and we on Horſeback. But he deſignedly never accompanied us, only telling the Inns at which we ſhould bait, where we were always ſure to find him. In this Manner we arrived at *Paris*, where we ſtaid ſome Days to cut a Figure, and gratify our Curioſity. One Day at *Verſailles* we happened to meet an Officer of our Acquaintance, who, though a Papiſt himſelf, had married a young Lady of *B.* who was a Proteſtant, and had two Brothers Refugees abroad. As their Goods were confiſcated, this Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Maiſon*, ſolicited their Effects for himſelf, as being their Brother-in-law. We introduced ourſelves to him, who, on his Part, received us very

politely;

politely; and knew ſo well how to worm himſelf into our Confidence, that we diſcovered to him our whole Deſign.

He applauded our Probity only with a View of drawing from us every minute Circumſtance relative to our Intentions, which we declared with the utmoſt Sincerity. At length taking an affectionate Farewell, we ſet forward on our intended Flight; and he to the Levee of M. *Vrilliere* at *Verſailles*. Could you think it? This perfidious Wretch, to gain that Miniſter's Favour, informed him of the whole Affair, and deſcribed the Road which we intended to purſue. We deſigned going to *Mons*, a City in the *Spaniſh* Provinces, with a *Dutch* Garriſon, in which we were ſure of Protection. The Prime Miniſter did not fail of diſpatching a Courier to *Quevrin*, ſituated between *Mons* and *Valenciennes*. This little Town was then ſubject to the Crown of *France*; it was ſituated on a River which ſeparated *France* from the *Spaniſh* Provinces; on this there was a Bridge which we were to paſs. As there was no Garriſon here, the Prime Miniſter ordered the Mayor to ſet a Guard of the Peaſants of the Country on the Bridge, who ſhould ſtop and detain two Men who pretended to be Officers, going to join their Corps at *Valenciennes*. The Mayor aſſembled the Peaſants, and placed a Guard of twenty-five Men well armed, on that End of the Bridge next *France*. Of all this Tranſaction we were intirely ignorant; our Guide aſſured us we had nothing to fear; which, were it not for *Maiſon*'s treacherous Information, was really the Caſe. We at length arrived at this fatal Bridge in the Duſk of the Evening. The Centinel of the Guard giving us the Word, Who goes there? His Majeſty's Officers, reply'd we. Of what Regiment? *la Marche's* returned we. Halt, cries the Centinel; and at the ſame Time the whole Guard with their Pieces cock'd, advancing in good Order, ſurrounded us. Our Guide ſurprized at an Incident ſo unexpected, gave us all the Encouragement in his Power; at the ſame Time aſſuring us that *our Safety depended* on our Courage alone; for could *we gain the other Side* of the River, we ſhould be upon

Spaniſh

Spaniſh Ground, and abſolutely out of the Power of *France*. Animated by this Aſſurance we reſolved to oppoſe, and our Guide jumping up behind me, we fired our Piſtols, though without doing any Miſchief, among the affrighted Peaſants, who took to their Heels, and left us at Liberty to paſs the Bridge without further Moleſtation. Our Guide congratulated us upon our Succeſs, alledging that we were now in as much Security as if we had been at *Amſterdam*. At his Perſuaſion, we entered the firſt Inn we met, to make our Abode for the Night. We ſupped very merrily, and ſlept all in one Chamber in the upper Part of the Houſe. Early in the Morning our Guide getting up, according to Cuſtom, and putting his Head out of the Window to obſerve the Weather, perceived the Houſe ſurrounded by more than an hundred armed Peaſants; ſurprized at ſuch an Appearance, he runs to alarm us; adding, that he feared they deſigned to apprehend us. Aſtoniſhed at ſuch terrible News, we jumped out of Bed; and being confirmed, by looking through the Window, of the Truth of his Information, I was going to knock him on the Head, for having, as I imagined, betrayed us; when the poor Fellow falling on his Knees, and imploring Mercy, ſolemnly proteſted his Innocence; that we ſhould ſoon be ſenſible of it; and that there muſt certainly be ſome late Revolution in the Government which had eſcaped him. In the mean Time the Landlord came up to our Chamber to inform us, that we were to be arreſted by Order of the King of *France*. Of the King of *France!* reply'd I; ſure we are not in the Dominions of *France*. We were then, but too late, made acquainted with a Treaty between *France* and *Spain*, by which all the *Spaniſh* Provinces were ceded to the former, and which had taken Place but five Days before. This well known Treaty happened in the Year 1701. We now held a Conſultation on what was moſt proper to be done in a Caſe of ſuch Emergency. We firſt determined to enquire of the Commander of the Peaſants, through our Chamber Window, what *were his Deſigns?* To arreſt and bring you Priſoners to *Valenciennes*, reply'd he. But we are Subjects, ſaid I, *to the Court of Mons*. Oh, Sir, rejoined the Mayor, the

changing our Religion, the other it was againſt his Duty to tell; but he would ſoon put it into our Power to gueſs. We readily conjectured that he would give us an Opportunity of eſcaping by the Way, in which his Conduct ſoon after confirmed us. Before we left *Ham*, it was conſulted together which to chuſe, to change our Religion, or eſcape our Guards on the Road. We held to the former, as we reflected, that by eſcaping, we muſt lead an obſcure and vagabond Life in *France*, or run the Riſque of leaving it in a clandeſtine Manner; which, from our late Experience, we dreaded. In a Word, our Conſtancy and our Religion forſook us; and we reſolved to ſuffer ourſelves to be tamely conducted to *Tournay*, and there go through the Ceremonies of Abjuration. The Day following the Governor ſelected from his Garriſon, (which conſiſted of Invalids) a Party to eſcort us. It was compoſed of an old decrepit Serjeant and three Soldiers, one of which wanted an Arm, and the other two were almoſt Cripples. He gave the Serjeant preſſing Inſtructions not to let the Guide eſcape; but with regard to the two Gentlemen, continued he, be under no Apprehenſions about them, for their being guarded is only a mere Matter of Form, as this Journey is for their Advantage. After theſe Inſtructions, he cordially embraced us, wiſhing us all Happineſs in our Journey; bidding us take every Opportunity in our Favour; and if it be practicable, continues he, let me hear of your Succeſs. We ſufficiently underſtood his equivocal Meaning; but our Reſolution to conform to the Church of *Rome* was already taken. We were each mounted on good Horſes, while our Guards limped feebly by our Side, conducting the little Gaſcon bound with Cords and Handcuffed. In a Word, my Friend and I performed this Journey, as if going upon a Party of Pleaſure; galloping our Horſes ſometimes to the right, ſometimes to the left, frequently out of Sight of the Guards, who were no Way uneaſy, as all their Attention was employed in obſerving the poor Guide. You ſee, Gentlemen, continues Mr. *R.* that nothing was more practicable than our Eſcape, if we had any Intention to *put it into* Execution. But though we had no Deſigns

of

of this Nature, our Guide was not ſo eaſy. He never let ſlip an Opportunity of beſeeching us, (when out of the Guards Hearing) to have Pity on ourſelves and him, to ſeize one of thoſe favourable Minutes that ſo often preſented, to reſcue us all from imminent Peril. I can do nothing alone, ſaid he; give me but the leaſt Aſſiſtance, and thus bound as I am, I engage to maſter the Serjeant, and the other three may then be deterred by the ſlighteſt Menace. Conſider, Gentlemen, conſider if I am carried to *Tournay*, I ſhall be inevitably hanged. We refuſed to liſten to his Supplications; for as we had no Deſigns of eſcaping, we did not chuſe to render ourſelves culpable by abetting his Eſcape. The Time proceeded but ſlowly till we had abjured; though I muſt confeſs our Converſion was to be more the Effects of Conſtraint than Sincerity; but as we had numerous Examples in *France* of thoſe who thus exchanged the Rewards of an eternal, for the Advantages of a temporal Life, we determined to imitate them, and leave Repentance to old Age. But to return from this Digreſſion; when we came to *Valenciennes*, we were, (as is the Cuſtom in fortified Cities) conducted by a Centinel to the Governor's Houſe. Mr. *Magallotti*, who was then Governor, being informed of our Situation; a Trifle, cried he; you will ſoon waſh away all Guilt by a little Holy Water, and by once going to Maſs. Then caſting his Eyes on our Guide, he inſtantly remembered him: Ah, my little Gaſcon, cries he; and is it thee? Thou haſt this good while eſcaped the Halter. Then addreſſing our Serjeant; my Friend, you and your Detachment will never be able to conduct ſo finiſhed a Rogue as this to *Tournay*. He was laſt Year condemned to be hanged in this City, but broke Priſon the very Eve of his intended Execution. I think it will be prudent to reinforce your Detachment by ſome Grenadiers; for I have ſtrong Apprehenſions of his being too many for you. The Serjeant piqued at theſe Precautions, replied, that he had ſafely eſcorted greater Rogues than this, and added that the Governor of *Ham* had been ſufficiently apprized of his Abilities when he choſe him for the Expedition. Very well then,

ſaid Mr. *Magallotti*, be ſure you take good Care of him.

Next Morning we continued our Route to *Tournay*, ſeven Leagues from *Valenciennes*; but as it was too much for our Eſcort in one Day, we could only reach St. *Amand*, a little walled Town two Leagues from *Tournay*, that Night. Our Serjeant thought proper to lodge without the Gates, on the other Side of the City, not to be obliged to wait next Morning for the opening them, as he intended to ſet out early. We accordingly paſſed through the City, and took up our Lodging in a large Farm Houſe ſtrongly walled round; a Precaution neceſſary in this Country, for their Defence againſt flying Parties in Time of War. We were all ſeven crowded into one Apartment, where we ſupped with great Tranquillity, and with good Appetites; the Gaſcon only excepted, whom the Apprehenſions of approaching Death rendered penſive. He ſat by the Fire in a melancholy Attitude, and with his Groans ſo interrupted our Converſation, that the Serjeant ordered him to bed. It is impoſſible, cried he, to ſleep in my Cloaths, which I have not put off during the whole Journey. Were I unbound, and my Handcuffs taken off, though but for a Minute, I ſhould in that Time be able to undreſs, and find ſome Repoſe from Miſery. But, alas! continued he; how can ſuch a Wretch as I expect ſo great a Favour? We all ſolicited the Serjeant to grant him ſo ſmall a Requeſt; that there could be no Danger; for when undreſſed, he might be bound as before. The Serjeant ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, and unbound him. The Priſoner, ever watching an Opportunity, now pretended neceſſary Buſineſs below Stairs; and after the Soldiers had examined the outer Gate, and found it faſt, he was permitted to go down with two of his Guards. Here he loitered ſome Time, when the Servant of the Houſe, whom he knew was ſoon to return, opened the Gate on the Outſide; and the Gaſcon, ſwift as lightning knocking him down with a Blow of his Fiſt, bolted out, and vaniſhed in an Inſtant. The two old Soldiers regarding each other for ſome Time with ſilent Amazement, at laſt recovered

Preſence

Preſence of Mind, ſufficient to limp after him; but what could they do, feeble as they were, with Age and Infirmities; or where could they purſue in ſo dark a Night? In ſhort, after the Formalities of a Search, they returned to us quite diſconcerted, and in the utmoſt confuſion. They propoſed that we ſhould go where we thought proper; but for their Part they had no Intention either of Proceeding to *Tournay*, or returning to their Garriſon, dreading the Deciſions of a Court Martial. We, who were as deſirous of going to *Tournay* as they were againſt it, diſſuaded them from this Reſolution, and drew up an Account of the whole Affair, greatly exaggerated in their Favour, which we ſigned, and with which they were content. This Morning they conducted us to *Tournay*, (continued Mr. *R.*) and here we are in certain Expectations of a ſpeedy Enlargement.

Here Mr. *R.* diſcontinued his Hiſtory, which I ſhall beg Leave to purſue, to their being ſet at Liberty at *Liſle*, of which Tranſaction my poor Companion and I were Witneſſes. Two Days after their Confinement they were brought before the Parliament Chamber. After a ſlight Examination, the Preſident demanded if they would conform to the Church of *Rome*. They heſitated not to anſwer that it was what they deſired with the warmeſt Ardour. 'Tis well, ſaid the Judge; you muſt be inſtructed in the Principles of that Religion which you are going to embrace; after which we will proceed to your Diſmiſſion. This over, they were again ſent back to our Dungeon, in Raptures at receiving ſuch Aſſurances of ſpeedy Liberty, and ſuch Hopes of a Recompence from the Crown for their eaſy Compliance, which ſome of the Counſellors of the Parliament had given them Room to expect. They mutually congratulated each other on their approaching Happineſs, while my gloomy Companion and I inwardly deteſted their Cowardice and Apoſtacy. Two Hours had ſcarce been elapſed, when the Chaplain of the Parliament paid them a Viſit; and after having praiſed their moſt pious Reſolutions, he gave each a Catechiſm; adding, that their Deliverance depended *upon the Speed* and Diligence with which they got it by

by heart. Our Gentlemen now ſet themſelves to work in earneſt; they continually repeated their Taſk; but, alas! at the end of three Days, their Studies were interrupted by a Stroke of Fortune more dreadful, as being unexpected. Two Officers belonging to the Parliament, came with Orders to conduct them before the Criminal Chamber, and they were inſtantly put into Irons. This preſaged nothing good in their Favour, but regarding it as a neceſſary Piece of Formality, they felt no Emotions at ſuch harſh Proceeding.

When they appeared before the Aſſembly of Parliament, the Preſident accoſted them in a Manner which at once baniſhed all their pleaſing Deluſions: "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "three Days ago you promiſed this Aſſembly to abjure your Errors, and embrace the Catholic Religion, in Conſequence of which you were promiſed your Deliverance: we will not abuſe you, we are no longer at Liberty to perform our Promiſe: Behold the King's Letter, which gives Orders to the contrary. We are commanded to puniſh your Attempt to quit the Kingdom, with the utmoſt Rigour of the Law: Happy it is for you that your imprudent Behaviour to the Mayor of *Quevrin* is not mentioned: Had this been known at Court, your Puniſhment would have been more ſevere: Thus whether you abjure or no, the King's Pleaſure is, that you be condemned for Life to the Gallies. You are at Liberty however to make your Abjuration; a Conduct ſo pious will merit our Praiſe, but at the ſame Time it cannot ſave you from Puniſhment. The Priſoners quite aſtoniſhed, anſwered, that if Things were ſo, they would quit their Deſign of abjuring, and continue in their own Religion. Fine Catholics! ſaid the Preſident; let them be re-conducted to Priſon. Thus we ſaw our Proſelytes return with an Air very different from that with which they left us, being now filled with the utmoſt Conſternation, and with mortifying Reflections on their complicated Folly. The Parliament haſtened on their Trials, and in leſs than eight Days their Sentence was read, by which they were condemn'd for *Life to the* Gallies. The enſuing Day four Archers *came to conduct* them to *Liſle* in *Flanders*, where the Galley-

Galley-ſlaves were to be aſſembled. It was a Sight equally moving and extraordinary, to behold Men in the Bloom of Youth, ſet off with all the Elegance of Dreſs, in Scarlet Cloaths laced with Gold: To behold them, bound with Cords and handcuffed, paſſing on Foot through *Tournay*, guarded by four Archers, and ſcarce able to move forward through the Crowd of Spectators, who flocked from all Parts to behold ſo extraordinary a Proceſſion; for all thought them Men of the firſt Diſtinction. They were brought thus on Foot to *Liſle*, five Leagues from *Tournay*, and immured in the gloomy Dungeon of the Galley-ſlaves, in St. *Peter's* Tower, which ſhall be deſcribed hereafter. However, our Gentlemen did not long remain here: The Jeſuits of *Liſle*, (as thoſe Holy Fathers are acquainted with all that happens) paid our Priſoners a Viſit, and having demanded if they would become Roman Catholics, upon Condition of having their Pardon from Court, and being ſet at Liberty? Eager for Freedom, they immediately aſſented: Upon this the Jeſuits requeſted the grand Provoſt of *Liſle*, who has the Direction of the Galley-ſlaves, to deliver the two Priſoners to be inſtructed in their Convent, and to make their Abjuration there; promiſing that after the Ceremony they ſhould be again delivered back. To this the Provoſt aſſented very willingly. Thus again we behold thoſe weak and wavering Spirits fallen into their former Apoſtacy. The Jeſuits, after having inſtructed them in the Principles of Popery, and having taught them to exclaim with the utmoſt Virulence againſt the Reformed Religion, cauſed them to make a public Abjuration. It was conducted with the utmoſt Pomp and Solemnity, the principal Governor of *Liſle*, and every Perſon of any Diſtinction in the City, being invited to aſſiſt at the Ceremony: This over, they were again lodged not in the Priſon of the Galley-ſlaves, but in a commodious and well-furniſhed Chamber, the Expences of which, with their Maintenance, were furniſhed by the Jeſuits, who made a Collection for that Purpoſe among the principal Inhabitants of the City. After this, they ſollicited their *Pardon at Court, imagining* they could have it without

further Trouble; but again they were deceived: The King gave them an abrupt Denial, and added that their Sentence was leſs rigorous than they had deſerved: The Holy Fathers, however, did not ſtop here; they left no Means untried to accompliſh their Ends; their Sollicitations reached even Madame *de Maintenon.* They gave her to underſtand, that theſe Gentlemen were of the beſt Families in *P.* that the Affair at *Quevrin,* which ſo much diſpleaſed his Majeſty, was rather one of the Sallies of juvenile Folly, than a premeditated Deſign of giving Offence. Laſtly, That they were now become as good Catholics as any in *France.*

This Lady ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded by the Jeſuits; and ſhe had Influence enough over the King, who granted them their Pardon; with a Commiſſion of a Lieutenancy of Foot to Mr. *R.* and that of a Lieutenancy of Dragoons to Mr. *S.* but at the ſame Time with this Reſtriction againſt the latter, that he ſhould remain in Priſon ſix Weeks after his Majeſty's Mercy. It appears, notwithſtanding, that the moſt culpable was beſt recompenced, as a Lieutenancy of Dragoons is preferable to one of Foot; perhaps his Majeſty conſidered his Raſhneſs as a Symptom of Courage; at leaſt ſuch was the Opinion at *Liſle.* During the ſix Weeks of *S*'s Confinement, he was accompanied by his Friend *R.* who, though at Liberty, choſe rather to give this Inſtance of Friendſhip, for which he was univerſally commended. At the Expiration of the appointed Time they were enlarged; and after waiting upon their Benefactors, they parted to join their reſpective Regiments. I have ſince learned they were both killed at the Battle of *Hekeren.*

Thoſe who regard this Hiſtory in a Philoſophic Light, will find it a Source from whence to deduce uſeful Reflections. Though Puniſhment ſlowly follows the Criminal, yet it ſurely follows. Apoſtacy, the moſt atrocious of all Crimes, will never paſs unpuniſhed. But as mine is the Province of an Hiſtorian, let me purſue my Narrative, leaving the Reader to make what Reflections his good Senſe may ſuggeſt. I haſten to reſume

ſume that Part of thoſe Memoirs which regards myſelf and the dear Companion of my Diſtreſs.

It has been already ſeen how we were reſcued from Famine, by the Arrival of the above-mentioned Gentlemen; but we were apprehenſive, and with great Reaſon, that upon their Departure we ſhould be reduced to the ſame Circumſtances in which they found us. As we knew they had large Sums of Money, we implored with lifted Hands, the Loan of three or four *Louis d'Ors*. I offered a Draught on my Father, payable to them or their Order at *B.* but all my Entreaties could not prevail for more than about Ten Shillings, which I afterwards repaid at our Interview in the Priſon of *Liſle*, a few Days before their Deliverance. We managed this Trifle with the utmoſt Frugality; but before it was all ſpent we were removed from this Priſon, to that in the City of *Befroy*, upon the following Occaſion.

It may be obſerved, that the River *Scheld* paſſes through *Tournay*; on the South of which is built the Parliament-Houſe: This Part of the City belongs to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*; the oppoſite Side, North of the River, to the Biſhop of *Tournay*. I have already mentioned, that the Curate of the Pariſh paid us now and then a Viſit, rather to ſee if our Sentiments, with Regard to Religion, were changed, than by proper Arguments to perſuade us to a Change.

The Biſhop of *Tournay* perceiving the Indifference, or rather the Ignorance of the Curate, in making Proſelytes; ſent one of his own Chaplains to make an Eſſay of his Abilities upon our Conſciences. The Chaplain was a good Sort of an old Gentleman, who had more Faith than Divinity, (at leaſt, he appeared in ſuch a Light to us.) After having informed us that he was ſent on this Occaſion by the Biſhop of *Tournay*, and that his Lordſhip ſincerely regretted our Obſtinacy; he has employed me, continued he, to convert you to the Chriſtian Religion. The Chriſtian Religion, ſays I; we are Chriſtians already, both by Faith and Baptiſm. And pray what are your Names then, ſays he, looking upon his Memorandum-Book, leſt we ſhould deceive *him? We told him our* Names and Surnames. But you

cannot be Chriſtians, cried he, his Lordſhip informed me otherwiſe? Let me ſee, can you repeat the Articles of your Belief? Very willingly, ſaid I, and at the ſame Time repeated the Apoſtles Creed. How, replied he, do you believe all this? To which we anſwered in the Affirmative. Why, rejoined he, I believe this as well as you. His Lordſhip has ſurely had Thoughts of making me an *April* Fool, to turn me into Ridicule at my Return. This was really the firſt of *April* in the Year 1701. Upon this he took an abrupt Leave, quite chagrined that his Lordſhip ſhould thus turn into Ridicule a Man of his Age and Character.

The next Morning the Biſhop detached Mr. *Regnier*, his Vicar-General, againſt us; a Man of a Character very different from our former Opponent. He found us, however, inſtructed in the Truths of the Reformed Religion, and guarded againſt the Errors of Popery better than he expected. This made him labour with the greater Zeal at our Converſion; hardly a Day paſſed in which he did not viſit us: Skilled in all the Arts of Perſuaſion, ſubtle in avoiding the Force of the Truths we urged againſt him: and ever having Recourſe to Tradition, where the Scriptures oppoſed his Doctrines. Such was our Adverſary: Yet, even he, either from former Conviction ſtill with-holding our Aſſent; or, perhaps, from his being unable to oppoſe Truth, tho' delivered by ſuch feeble Opponents, made no great Progreſs towards our Converſion, ſo that he retired as ineffectually as he had entered.

This was a moſt charitable, good-natured Man, with Virtues equal to his extenſive Knowledge. Obſerving us without Cloaths, Linen, or neceſſary Food, he had us privately ſupplied with each, though he endeavoured to keep it a Secret that he was the Donor: And on *Holy Week*, at a Time when the Biſhop diſtributed his Bounty among the Priſoners; this good Man viſited all the Priſoners (of which there were a great Number) and gave them a Shilling a-piece by his Lordſhip's Directions: But when he came to the Cell where we were confined, he begged us to accept of four Louis d'Ors each, as a Mark of his Lordſhip's Reſpect and *Diſtinction*. We made ſome Difficulty of accepting

his

his generous Offer; but he preſſed it upon us in a Manner ſo polite, (aſſuring us at the ſame Time that his Lordſhip would be diſguſted at our Refuſal, as he would attribute it to Pride) that we found it impoſſible to refuſe.

The Reader has been told more than once, that the Curate of the Pariſh ſometimes obtruded his Viſits upon us. It was in one of theſe that he found the Vicar-General in our Priſon, reaſoning with us in that calm perſuaſive Manner, for which he was ſo much diſtinguiſhed. The Curate, with Rage truly ſacerdotal, in an inſulting Manner, demanded, How he came to officiate out of his own Pariſh? The Vicar meekly replied, that he came from the ſame Motives which brought the Curate there; to bring back ſtrayed Sheep to the Fold of the Lord. I can bring them back, without your Aſſiſtance, anſwered the ſurly Curate: And the Biſhop of *Cambray* will by no means ſuffer any Man to encroach upon the Rights or Duties of his Dioceſe. I order you in his Name to depart, and return no more. The Vicar obeyed; but making a Report to the Biſhop of *Tournay* of what had happened, his Lordſhip, bent upon our Converſion, entreated the Procurator-General of the Parliament, to have us removed to a Priſon in that Part of the Town which was in his Dioceſe; which Requeſt was complied with.

We were accordingly removed to *Befroy*, where our Priſon was infinitely more commodious than that we had quitted. We were viſited by the Proteſtants of *Tournay*; ſome of whom were principal Men in the City: They bribed the Gaoler to permit us to take the Air in a little Yard adjoining the Priſon, for ſome Hours every Day. We now felt all the Comforts of Society: our zealous Brethren came frequently to ſee us, conſoled us in the beſt Manner they were able, and exhorted us to Perſeverance. The Vicar-General frequently found them there, without ever teſtifying the leaſt Diſpleaſure: on the contrary, he uſed them with all the Civility in his power. Whenever they offered, thro' Reſpect, to retire, he would entreat them in the moſt humane and preſſing Manner, to ſtay and hear our *Converſation*: And I hope it may not be imputed

to Vanity, if I add, that they found they greateſt Satisfaction in our Defence; nor were they a little pleaſed at the charming Manner with which our Adverſary produced his pretended Demonſtrations againſt us. Frequently, after two or three Hours ſpent in Diſpute, which produced Conviction on neither Side, the good Father called for a Bottle of Wine, and we drank like good Friends together, without talking more about Religion. At length, finding us obſtinate to all the Proofs he could adduce, he had Recourſe to the following Propoſal, to abridge the Controverſy: You ſhall be diſpenſed with, ſays he, from believing the greateſt Number of thoſe Doctrines, which to you ſeem erroneous; as the Invocation of Saints, and the Holy Virgin: the Worſhipping of Images; the Doctrine of Purgatory; the having Confidence in Pilgrimages and Indulgencies: provided you ſubmit heartily to believe Tranſubſtantiation, and abjure the Errors of *Calvin*. We too well underſtood his Meaning by ſuch ſeeming Conceſſions, and refuſed to compromiſe. After this, he by Degrees leſſened the Number of his Viſits, and at laſt left us. No Prieſt after him attempted to ſollicit us; which not a little encreaſed our Satisfaction.

This Tranquillity which we enjoyed in each other's Converſation was, however, ſoon after interrupted by the Arrival of five Priſoners more, whom our Gaoler introduced into the Priſon in which we lay. We ſoon diſcovered three of them to be of our Acquaintance of *B.*— but could not recollect the other two, who came to embrace us as the former three had done; ſhedding Tears in great Abundance, and accoſting us with all the Marks of Intimacy. Surprized at our not knowing Perſons who teſtified the utmoſt Friendſhip for us, and Sorrow for our Calamities; we demanded from the Sieur *Dupuy*, who was one of the Three whom we had recollected, who thoſe were of whom we had not the ſmalleſt Knowledge. What, replied he, can their Diſguiſe conceal Miſs *M.* and Miſs *C.* of *B.* with whom you have been ſo intimate? They have expoſed themſelves to all the Dangers of this Journey with us, diſguiſed like Men; they have ſupported all the Fatigues of travelling the whole Way on Foot, with amazing

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Reſolution: And tho' educated with all the ſoftneſs and delicacy of People of Faſhion, tho' before this they could hardly have walked three Miles ſucceſſively; they have performed, for the Sake of Religion, a Journey which might fatigue the Strongeſt. We ſaluted the Ladies, but at the ſame Time I repreſented it to them as highly improper to continue their Diſguiſes, and remain in the ſame Priſon with five young Fellows, for ſuch we all were; for our Enemies might take Advantage of ſuch Behaviour. I requeſted them to permit my acquainting the Gaoler with their Names and Sex, nor make a Secret of what could be no longer advantageous to conceal. The Gentlemen were of my Opinion, and the Ladies acquieſced. The Gaoler was called, and being informed of the Occaſion, he appointed them a ſeparate Chamber, and the Judge whom he had apprized of their Sex, ordered ſuitable Cloaths; ſince that Time we never ſaw them more. They were condemned to ſpend the Reſt of their Days in the Penitents Convent in *Paris*; where they were ſent, when their three Companions were ordered to the Gallies.

After our mutual Condolence was over, and the Anguiſh of our Interview had a little abated; we entreated the three Gentlemen, whoſe Names were the Sieurs *Dupuy*, *Mouret* and *La Venue*, to give us their Hiſtory; with which Requeſt the Sieur *Dupuy*, complied in the following Manner.

Nothing extraordinary befell us from our Departure from *B.* till our Arrival at the River *Scheld*, two leagues from *Tournay*; at which Place we were betrayed by a Peaſant, in whom our Guide had confided to conduct us over the River. The particulars of this unfortunate Affair are as follow.

Being arrived in the Country, bordering the River *Scheld*, which divides *France* from the *Spaniſh* Provinces, our Guide brought us by Night to the Houſe of a Peaſant, who made it his Buſineſs to ferry Refugees out of the Dominions of *France*.

The Peaſant was not a little pleaſed at ſuch good Cuſtomers, for we had agreed to advance two Louis D'Ors a Piece for our Freight. As the Time for paſſing the River (which was to be in the Abſence of G

Guards who patroled along its Banks) was not yet come, the Peaſant provided ſomething for us to eat, till the Opportunity offered. But happening to caſt his Eyes on a Grey Cloath Cloak, that the Sieur *Mouret* had on, he requeſted it for himſelf. *Mouret* replied, that nothing could prevail on him to part with this this Cloak, becauſe it belonged to his Father, who was a Refugee at *Amſterdam*; and he was reſolved to have the Pleaſure of returning it to the Owner. The Peaſant perſiſted in his Requeſt, and *Mouret* in his Refuſal. Which determined him to betray us merely thro' ſpite, which he effected in the following Manner.

He amuſed us with different Excuſes till Midnight, when he deſired us to follow him to the Boat, which we did with all the pleaſing Expectations of being ſoon in ſecurity.

Inſtead of conducting us to the Water Side, he brought us to a public Houſe not far from his own, bidding us wait there till he brought his Boat to a convenient landing Place. We waited with our Guide in a Chamber of the Houſe, impatiently expecting his Return, which was not till an Hour after. At laſt he returned; and coming into our Chamber, he took our Guide aſide, and bringing him with him to the River Side, he ferried him over. After this, accompanied by about twenty armed Peaſants, he enters the Room where we were, and, in ſhort, arreſted and conducted us hither.

Thus ended the Sieur *Dupuy*, his Relation;—but before I proceed with my own Hiſtory, let me inform the Reader how this perfidious Wretch was rewarded in *Tournay* for his Treachery.

The Cities of *Aeth* and *Tournay*, at that Time carried on a contraband Trade with each other, inſomuch that hardly a Day paſt, without ſome Goods taken and confiſcated. *Baptiſt*, (for this Peaſant was ſo called) together with one of his Aſſociates, having learned that a Merchant of *Aeth*, had a Waggon loaded with contraband Goods, on the Road to *Tournay*; they were reſolved to meet it on the Way, and extort what Money they could from the Merchant, under pretence of being Officers appointed for that purpoſe.

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They accordingly ſtopped the Waggon, and with their Guns preſented, ſeemed as if they intended to bring it before the Seneſchal, and get the Effects confiſcated. But it was thought proper at laſt to liſten to the Merchats Entreaties, and accept of ten Piſtoles, which he offered for Permiſſion to purſue his Journey without Moleſtation. Unluckily for our two Adventurers, the Waggon was again ſtopped by the Commiſſaries at the Gates of *Tournay*; and confiſcated to the Uſe of the Farmers General. The Merchant perceiving his Goods gone, thought of nothing but being revenged of the two Peaſants, who, like Robbers, plundered him by the Way. For this Purpoſe he lodged an Information againſt them, with Mr. *Lambertie*, Grand Provoſt of *Flanders*.

They were both arreſted and conducted to the Priſons of *Befroy*, but not to that in which we were lodged. The Grand Provoſt, who was well acquainted with *Baptiſt*'s Character, knowing him to be a Fellow who would not heſitate to commit any Crime; knowing him alſo to be guilty of conveying *French* Proteſtants over the *Scheld*, was reſolved, if poſſible, to have him broke alive upon the Wheel, for the Robbery he had lately committed upon the Merchant. His Indictment was accordingly laid in due Form, and he was examined very minutely. But *Baptiſt*, who was not leſs acquainted with the Art of Defence than that of Aſſault, pleaded in his own Cauſe very powerfully, alledging that with reſpect to his pretended Robbery on the Highway, every Man could and ought to do what he did. That Informers upon ſuch Occaſions, were allowed Rewards, and that in truth he and his Companion had no other Intentions, but that of Informing, till they were ſeduced by the Offers of the Merchant. This Defence was thought plauſible, nor could they proceed againſt him upon the Merchant's Information alone; but ſoon a freſh Accuſation was found againſt him upon the following Occaſion.

The three Gentlemen and two Ladies were convicted *ſoon after* their Confinement; but remained in Priſon *with us*, till the Parliament thought fit to confirm *their Sentence*, which was not till about ſix weeks afte

In this Interval the Gaoler frequently gave us his Company, and we paſſed the Evenings in Converſation. In one of theſe the Sieur *Dupuy* gave him a Relation of the Manner in which he was betrayed by *Baptiſt*; he related how much this Wretch had boaſted of his former Succeſs in conveying ſeveral Proteſtants out of the Kingdom. He added alſo an Account of the Manner in which the Guide was carried ſafe over the River; for which ſingle Crime, *Baptiſt* was by the Laws of *France*, guilty of Death. Some Time after this Converſation, the Grand Provoſt giving the Gaoler ſtrict Orders to put *Baptiſt* into the cloſeſt Confinement, till more convincing Proofs could be found againſt him; the Goaler replied, that there were the ſtrongeſt Proofs of his having conveyed Proteſtant Refugees out of the Kingdom; and repeated to the Provoſt, the Sieur *Dupuy*'s Converſation. The Provoſt was extremely pleaſed with his having an Opportunity of detecting ſo much villainy. He inſtantly repaired to our Priſon, and calling the three Gentlemen to him, he ordered them to appear next Morning by ten o'Clock before his Tribunal, to declare upon Oath, what they knew concerning *Baptiſt*. But Gentlemen, added he, I exhort you not to harbour any Sentiments of revenge; only return true Anſwers to ſuch Queſtions as ſhall be demanded. Upon this, he retired, and left them in the utmoſt Joy at having it in their Power, without tranſgreſſing the Bounds of Truth, ſoon to be amply revenged of their greateſt Enemy. I muſt confeſs that at firſt I was of the ſame Sentiments, but upon Reflection, I give my Advice in this Manner.

It is certain, Gentlemen, that giving a Depoſition of all you know, concerning this unhappy Wretch, will be a certain Means of having him hanged. But I entreat you will conſider the Conſequences. You can gain no Honour by your Information among our Friends, and you will loſe much by it among our Enemies. Both ſides will be convinced that malice dictated your Depoſition. And as it is impoſſible to ſhew the Sincerity of your Intentions, the World, naturally inclined to Calumny, will look upon them in a malicious Light; and even Conſcience itſelf, will ſcarce be able to ſupport you under the Malevolence of Cenſure.

Add.

Add to this, you will be guilty of Injuſtice, in thus cauſing a Man to be hanged, for what you are conſcious is no Crime; I mean the conveying Refugees out of the Kingdom. To this it was replied, by one of the Three, Here is the Dilemma, either to hang the Criminal, or make a falſe Oath; ſurely we ought to avoid the latter. 'Tis certain, anſwered I, you ſhould not ſwear falſely for the World; but a Thought has juſt ſtarted, (tho' as I am unacquainted with the Laws, I can't pretend to be certain of its Urgency) I have frequently heard it ſaid, that every Perſon condemned to the Gallies, has a Right to refuſe his Teſtimony before the Magiſtrate. If in your Place I would plead this Right, when called upon. This will at leaſt convince the World, that you are not prompted by Revenge, whether the Court admits this Plea or ſets it aſide.

This Advice was approved and followed. The enſuing Morning, the Gaoler attended by two civil Officers, conducted our three Companions into the Provoſt-chamber; where the Provoſt and Counſellors were all aſſembled. *Baptiſt* was at the Bar loaded with Irons, and dreading the juſt Vengeance of his Proſecutors; whom his Treachery alone had plunged into every Calamity. The Provoſt firſt demanded, if he knew thoſe Gentlemen? To which he replied in the Negative. The Provoſt then required of them, whether they knew the Criminal? They anſwered, that they knew him to be the Man who had arreſted them. The Governor upon this tendered them the uſual Oath, which they boldly refuſed, as not being Members of Society, ſince their Condemnation to the Gallies. How! cried the Provoſt, are you not required to ſpeak the Truth? Yes, replied Sieur *Dupuy*; we are ready to ſuffer every Calamity for the Truths of the Goſpel, but we cannot look upon it as Juſtice in us to hang a Man for what we think no Crime; eſpecially, as the Laws diſpenſe with us in the preſent Caſe. The Provoſt upon this, turning to the Criminal, Wretch, ſaid he, for ever pray for theſe Men, who have reprieved you from the Gallows. By your Means they have been condemned to the Gallies; be you a Partaker in their Puniſhment. *And raiſing himſelf* from the Bench, he thus diſſolved

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the Court, while the Priſoners were conducted to their reſpective Apartments.

Sentence was ſoon after paſſed upon *Baptiſt*, and his Companion *Pitous*; they were condemned to the Gallies for Life, as Extortioners. The Sentence alſo of our three Friends was confirmed, and ſix Archers came to conduct them to *Liſle*, where the Galley Slaves were to be aſſembled. They were bound together by the Arms, two by two, and then all Five together; and whether it happened by Chance or it was done in purſuance of the Governor's Orders, the Sieur *Dupuy* and *Baptiſt* were tied together. In this Diſpoſition they ſet out at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, on their Route to *Liſle*. All the Inhabitants of the City of *Tournay*, who were apprized of what had happened, left their Houſes, and every Street was crowded with Spectators, deſirous to ſee (as they expreſſed it) Virtue and Vice bound with the ſame Chain. The bittereſt Imprecations were poured upon the Head of the unfortunate *Baptiſt*, while every Bleſſing was beſtowed upon his generous and forgiving Enemies.

Thus we were again deprived of our new Gueſts, and felt no ſmall Pain in the Separation. We were edified by their Piety and amuſed by their Converſation. Our good Vicar, who had long diſcontinued his Viſits, came ſoon after their Departure again to ſee us. I come, ſaid he, to try whether my paſt Converſation has not induced you to embrace more favourable Sentiments of the Catholic Religion. Reflection, replied I, only ſerves to confirm us in our former Sentiments. Well then, ſaid he, if I cannot be of Service to your Souls, let me know if I can be in any Reſpect ſerviceable to your Perſons. But in the mean time the Biſhop muſt fulfill his Promiſe to the Procurator General, of remanding you to the Priſon of the Parliament. At theſe Words we grew pale with Fear, recollecting all the Hardſhips we ſuffered in that frightful Abode. He perceived our Emotions, and ſtrove to leſſen our Apprehenſions, promiſing to apply to his Lordſhip to have us continued where we were till the Parliament had reviewed our Sentence; and that he would bring back his Lordſhip's Anſwer that very

very Day. We teſtified the moſt grateful Senſe of his charitable Behaviour, as the Apprehenſions of returning to our former Dungeon filled us with Horror. He performed his Promiſe, and the ſame Evening returned, with the agreeable Aſſurances that we ſhould not be transferred to any other Priſon while we remained in *Tournay*. We repeated our Thanks, and he departed, filled with Compaſſion, and even ſhedding Tears at our Diſtreſs.

Some Days after, a Counſellor of the Parliament (whoſe Name I have Reaſons for concealing) came to our Priſon, and informed us that we were very ſtrongly recommended to him, and he would take the firſt Opportunity of doing us what Service lay in his Power. We were unable to account for this Turn of Fortune in our Favour, nor could we conjecture who it was that had ſo kindly ſolicited on our Behalf. We could not attribute it to the Endeavours of our Parents, as they had not apprized us by Letter of any Service they had done us in this Way. We could only fix upon our good Friend the Vicar, who, at his laſt Departure, had given us the ſincereſt Aſſurances, that he wiſhed nothing more than to ſee us at Liberty. Be this as it will, this Counſellor ſtaid with us a full Hour, queſtioned us of our Journey, the Place where, and the Manner how we were taken. He made us repeat over the Circumſtance of the Game-keeper at *Couvé*, and demanded, whether we could prove our ſetting up at a Public Houſe in that little Town. Being anſwered, that nothing was more eaſy than to make that appear; Take Courage then, my Lads, ſays he; I hope to extricate you from this troubleſome Buſineſs. In the Morning I will ſend a Lawyer, with a Petition, which you muſt ſign, and which, I hope, may have ſome good Effect. So ſaying, he left us, nor had we an Opportunity of ſeeing him again till we were brought before him as one of our Judges. The Day following, the Lawyer beforementioned entered our Priſon, with the Petition, which we read, and ſigned. It was addreſſed to our Judges, and in Subſtance thus: "That "we were not liable to be condemned to the Gallies "*for Religion alone*, but for deſigning to leave the

"King-

" Kingdom without Permiſſion from the Government:
" That we could prove, that we had no Intentions of
" leaving the Kingdom, as we had actually left it
" when we were at *Couvé*, but came again into it,
" when we were arreſted. Had we ſuch Deſigns, it
" was but putting ourſelves under the Protection of
" the Governor of the *Dutch* Garriſon, who would
" readily have conducted us to *Charleroy*." This Petition was left upon the Table of the Chamber for criminal Cauſes.

Two Days after, we were brought by three Officers before the Council; when the Preſident, ſhewing us the Petition, demanded if we had ſigned and delivered that Inſtrument. We replied in the Affirmative, and entreated the venerable Aſſembly to take our Caſe into Conſideration: Upon which the Preſident informed us, that after examining our Petition, he had found we laid great Streſs upon our paſſing through *Couvé*; but that this Fact needed no Proof, as it was impoſſible to come to *Mariemburgh* without going firſt through the Town aforeſaid. But what ought to be proved, continued he, is, that you were actually certain that *Couvé* was out of the *French* Juriſdiction when you paſſed through it. This was an unexpected Queſtion: However, we anſwered, without Heſitation, that we knew that perfectly well, And how did you know it? Returned the Preſident; you are young Men, unacquainted with the World; and *Couvé* is more than two hundred Leagues from *B*—. I muſt own that I was quite at a Loſs, but my Companion helped me out, by aſſerting, that he knew of *Couvé*'s being out of the *French* Juriſdiction, before he left home; for being Surgeon-Barber in a Regiment of *Picardy*, which was quartered at *Rocroy*, he was there made acquainted with the Boundaries of the two Countries, as adjuſted by the Treaty of *Ryſwick*. He added, that if he was inclined to leave the Kingdom, he had Opportunities of going either to *Holland* or *Germany*, when he was diſcharged from *Straſburgh*. If you have been diſcharged the Service, interrupted the Preſident, you muſt have that Diſcharge about you. That I have, *Sir, replied my* Companion; and taking it from his Pocket-

Pocket-Book, delivered it to the Preſident, who handed it about to the Aſſembly: After which the Secretary tied it up with our Petition, and we were remanded to Priſon.

My Companion's Defence was but in ſome Part true; he had actually been a Surgeon-Barber in the Regiment of *Picardy*, and after the Peace of *Ryſwick* was diſcharged at *Straſburgh*. But neither he nor his Regiment were ever quartered at *Recroy*. This Falſhood, however, he left the Parliament to detect, which he knew they would not be at the Trouble of doing. Certain it is, they were almoſt one and all more inclined to pardon than condemn us; ſo well had the Counſellor, our Protector, pre-diſpoſed the Aſſembly in our Favour.

We had not been in Priſon two Hours, when the Gaoler, quite out of Breath, came running into our Apartment, to give us Joy for our approaching Deliverance. A Clerk of the Parliament had informed him that he had ſeen our Diſcharge, and that we were entirely acquitted of having any Intentions of leaving the Kingdom. Our Friends of the Town came in Crowds alſo to felicitate us; and ſo much were we perſuaded of our approaching good Fortune, that every Time our Priſon was opened, we expected a Meſſenger from the Parliament to ſet us free.

All this, however, produced nothing; it was true, indeed, that the Parliament had abſolved us; but as we were State Criminals, we could be enlarged only by Orders from Court. The Procurator General wrote to the Marquis *de la Vrilliere*, informing him of the Reſolution of the Parliament in our Favour; and that the definitive Sentence of Court was expected. This Miniſter deſired the Parliament to examine the Proofs before they acquited us. They replied, that all had been examined with the utmoſt Precaution, and that the Evidences in our Favour were inconteſtable. The definitive Orders of the Court did not arrive till a Fortnight after: Our flattering Hopes were now at an End. We were ordered to appear before the Chamber for criminal Cauſes, where the Preſident, demanding if we could read, put the Marquis *de la*

Vrilliere's

Vrilliere's own Letter into our Hands. The Laconic Contents will never eſcape my Memory. It ran thus:

" Gentlemen,
" J. M. and DANIEL LE GRAS, having been taken on
" the Frontiers without a Paſſport, it is his Majeſty's
" Pleaſure that they be condemned to the Gallies.

" *Yours*, &c.
" *The Marquis* DE LA VRILLIERE."

You ſee, my Friends, ſaid the Preſident, not ours, but the Sentence of his Majeſty. We compaſſionate your Misfortunes, and recommend you to the Favour of Heaven and his Majeſty. We were then remanded to Priſon; and the ſame Evening a Counſellor and Secretary coming to us, ordered us to kneel down before God and Juſtice, and give Attention while our Sentence was reading. We obeyed, and the Secretary read over our Sentence, drawn up in pretty much the ſame Terms as that pronounced againſt us at *Mariemburgh*, condemning us for Life to the Gallies.

When the Secretary had done reading, How, Sir, ſaid I, (addreſſing the Counſellor) How could ſo venerable a Body as the Parliament, pronounce us guilty of Crimes of which they are conſcious we are innocent? The Parliament, replied he, has abſolved; but the Court, which is ſuperior, condemns you. But where then is Juſtice, ſaid I, by which every Tribunal ſhould be directed? Don't go ſo faſt, interrupted he; it is not for you to dive into Political Proceedings. Silenced on this Head, I then requeſted a Copy of my Sentence, with which he complied: A ſmall Alleviation of the Diſtreſſes it occaſioned.

Three Days after, four Archers came into our Priſon; and having bound and handcuffed us, they conducted us to *Liſle*, where the Galley-ſlaves were aſſembling. It was Evening when we arrived at that City, extremely fatigued with having travelled from *Tournay* thither on Foot, which is fifteen Miles; as our Handcuffs were to the laſt Degree inconvenient. We were conducted to the Tower of St. *Peter*, where (as the Walls

Walls are of a prodigious Thickneſs) the Galley-ſlaves are always confined. Before we entered this Priſon, the Gaoler rummaged us from Head to Foot; and as two Jeſuits were preſent, (brought thither either by Chance or Deſign) they took from us our Books of Devotion, and the Copy of our Sentence; not without making ſome Reflections on the Imprudence of the Parliament, in thus giving an authentic Copy.

This Rummage being over, we were led into the Dungeon for Galley-ſlaves; an Abode the moſt frightful that ever my Eyes beheld. Never admitting the ſmalleſt Gleam of Light, the unhappy Convicts wander about its damp and ſpacious Confines not knowing when it is Day, but by the Pittance of Bread and Water, which they receive in the Morning. Neither Lamp nor Candle are ever allowed here; an old Mattraſs, ſwarming with Vermin, the only Bed afforded: the only Company, that of Wretches ſoured by their own particular Misfortunes into an Hatred of their Kind. This was the gloomy Manſion to which we were conſigned, where we found above thirty Wretches condemned for various Crimes; perhaps more unhappy than we, as being more vicious.

Their firſt Demand, on our Entrance, was for *Garniſh*, under Penalty of being toſſed in a Blanket. As we had no Intention to rely on their Clemency, in the Adminiſtration of this Puniſhment, we were content to advance ten Shillings, which was their Demand.

And well it was that we were able to anſwer this Piece of Extortion; for a poor Creature was almoſt bruiſed to Death, a few Days after, upon not being in a Capacity to advance what was expected. The Gaoler, inſtead of diſcountenancing ſuch Proceedings, encouraged them through the Wicket; and as he was a Sharer of the Spoil, only laughed to ſee his Priſoner almoſt killed by the Falls which he received in the Operation.

The Priſon was every Evening examined by the Gaoler and four Turnkeys, attended by a Guard conſiſting of twenty Men armed with Piſtols, Swords, and Bayonets fix'd. They obſerved the Walls and the

Flooring

Flooring very narrowly, leſt we ſhould make Holes in them, with a Deſign of eſcaping. One Evening, after their Search was over, and as they were retiring, the Turnkey, who ſtaid laſt to faſten the Wicket, condeſcended to hold a ſhort Converſation with me, by which I then thought myſelf not a little honoured. As he ſeemed to ſmile at what I had to ſay, I imagined the Creature ſomewhat gentler than the reſt of his Fraternity, and had at laſt the Confidence to aſk the Bit of Candle which he had in his Hand, to get rid of Part of the Vermin with which I was incommoded. This was a Requeſt that inſtantly put an End to our Intimacy; he gave me a ſurly Denial, and ſlapp'd the Wicket in my Face; upon which I cried out (though not, as I ſuppoſed, in the Fellow's hearing) that I was ſorry I had not ſnapped the Candle from him, while we were talking together. In ſhort, I was heard, and the Gaoler was immediately informed of my Preſumption. The following Morning, as my fellow Priſoners were chanting the Litany, which they were obliged to do, in order to receive a Charity the Jeſuits brought them every *Tueſday*, I alone was abſent. I had been aſleep for ſome Hours, but was ſoon waked by ſeveral Strokes given me with the Flat of a Sword; upon which I aroſe in the utmoſt Conſternation, and perceived the Gaoler and all his Attendants ſtanding about me. I demanded why they came to uſe me ſo ill? To which I was anſwered only by a Storm of Blows from the Gaoler, while the Turnkey, my Acquaintance, knocked me down with a Blow of his Fiſt. As ſoon as I was up again the Gaoler bid me follow him, which I refuſed to do, till I knew by whoſe Order I was treated in this Manner. If I had done amiſs, it was not from him, but the Grand Provoſt, I expected Puniſhment. Upon this they renewed their Blows, till I fell a ſecond Time: But they did not wait till I recovered; for I was taken by the four Turnkeys, under the Legs and Arms, and carried, or rather dragged, from this Priſon into another under Ground, which was to be deſcended by ſeveral Steps of Stone Stairs. This Stair-caſe, which might conſiſt of thirty Steps, was terminated at the Bottom by an Iron Door, which opened into the

Dungeon

Dungeon deſigned for me, called the *Sorcerer's Cell.* I was puſh'd in here, and the Door lock'd upon me. As I groped along, in this Abode of utter Darkneſs, in order to find a Pallet to lie on, I found myſelf half-leg deep in Water as cold as Ice. I ſtepped back to the Door, where the Floor was higher; and ſtill ſearching about, I found a little Pallet, upon which I threw myſelf in an Agony of Diſtreſs. But I had not been in this Poſture two Minutes, when I perceived the Water had ſoaked through the Pallet. What could I do? I reſigned myſelf to Deſpair, and called on Death to deliver me from the mercileſs Perſecution of my unfeeling Fellow-Creatures. I looked on myſelf as buried alive in this Dungeon, where the Light never penetrated; and found no Comfort but in my Aſpirations to the Father of Mercy. About an Hour after, the Turnkey came with my Allowance of Bread and Water, but I flung them both back at him, and roared out with a Tone almoſt approaching Madneſs. Go tell the petty Tyrant, your Maſter, I am determined never to eat more. The Turnkey retired, and in leſs than an Hour the Gaoler himſelf came unarmed, with a Candle in his Hand; and opening the Door of my Dungeon, bid me, in a mild Tone, to follow him. I obeyed, and he led me into his own Kitchen. I was all covered with Dirt and Blood, which flowed from a Wound and Contuſion I had received in my Head, being ſtruck againſt the Stairs, while I was in the Hands of the four Turnkeys. The Gaoler ordered the Blood to be waſhed off, put a Plaſter to the Contuſion, and gave me a Glaſs of Sack, which refreſhed me greatly. He then gently reprimanded me for my Imprudence in the Turnkey's Affair; and after breakfaſting with him, he led me to a Priſon that was neither wet nor dark; aſſuring me that, after what had happened, it would be highly imprudent to put me in the common Gaol. I begged that I might have my Companion with me; with which Requeſt, though he did not immediately, he gave me Reaſon to hope it might in Time be complied with.

I remained here four or five Days, during which the Gaoler *invited me* to dine at his own Table. Some

Time after he made a Propoſal of accommodating my Companion and me with a Chamber properly furniſhed, upon paying two Louis-d'ors a Month. Though we were by no means in affluent Circumſtances, yet I offered to give a Louis and an half; but we could not agree. Seeing me not to his Purpoſe, he began to alter his Manner, and endeavour by Force to bring me to his own Terms. Accoſting me then one Morning, Sir, ſaid he, your Friend in the Tower greatly longs for your Company; and, I muſt confeſs, his Entreaties have at laſt prevailed. That, replied I, was what I moſt earneſtly wiſhed for: And pray, Sir, when may he come down from the Tower? For I burn with Impatience to ſee him. As for that, returned he, you ſhall ſee him preſently: But then, inſtead of his coming down to you, you muſt go up to him: And let me tell you, Sir, there are Company as good as you in the Tower. I perceived his Deſign, and was reſolved to thwart it; wherefore I deſired to be conducted back to the common Priſon without Delay; and my Companion, who knew not what was become of me, was raviſhed at my Return in Safety.

The Gaoler, however, ſoon had Reaſon to repent of his not accepting our former Offer; for, coming into the Gaol one Morning, he gave us to know, that Mr. *Lambertie*, Grand-Provoſt of *Flanders*, and Maſter of the Priſon, deſired to ſpeak with us; and I hope, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me, that you will ſay nothing of what has happened lately. No, replied I, when I pardoned, I forgot the Injury, and conſequently any Deſire to revenge it. We were now come to the Chamber where Mr. *Lambertie* expected us. This Gentleman gave us the moſt gracious Reception in his Power. He held in his Hand a Letter from his Brother, who was himſelf of Proteſtant Extraction, and who reſided about three Leagues from *B.* This Recommendation was procured for us by my Father. Mr. *Lambertie* then told us he was extremely ſorry at not being able to procure our Deliverance. Were your Crimes of any other Nature, I believe I could have ſufficient Influence at Court to obtain your *Pardon; but no Man* is allowed, be his Station what

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it will, to intercede for a Refugee. All that can be done to ſerve you is, to make your Priſon as agreeable as poſſible, and prevent your going to the Gallies as long as I can. He then aſked the Gaoler whether he had a commodious Chamber empty. The Gaoler propoſed two or three, which he rejected. I intend that theſe Gentlemen, ſaid he, ſhould not only have every Convenience, but ſome Recreation alſo. I would have them confined among the Civil Priſoners. But, Sir, replies the Gaoler, I cannot give Priſoners, who have been condemned, the ſame Liberties with thoſe in the Priſon you refer to. 'Tis my Pleaſure, replied the Grand Provoſt, that they be indulged in thoſe Liberties; let it be your Buſineſs, and that of your Servants to prevent their eſcaping: Let them, therefore, have a good Bed, and every other reaſonable Indulgence they require, and I ſhall be anſwerable for the whole Expence; and, at your Peril, let them not pay for any thing.—Go, Gentlemen, continued he, take the Places aſſigned you. The Priſon to which you are going to be removed is more lightſome and airy than any in *Flanders*. You ſhall have every Convenience without Expence; and as this Gaol is ſupplied by frequent Benefactions, you may, by Oeconomy, ſave Money. Beſides, added he, addreſſing himſelf to me, I ſhall give the Gaoler Directions to make you Maſter of your Apartment, and will myſelf frequently come to ſee how he obſerves my Orders.

We were, upon this, conducted to this new Apartment, of which I was conſtituted Maſter, to the great Regret of the Perſon who enjoyed that Privilege before me. This was tolerably large, containing ſix Beds, for twelve Civil Priſoners, who were generally Perſons of ſome Conſideration, and much above the Vulgar. Add to this, we were attended by a couple of Fellows, impriſoned for ſlight Crimes, who made our Beds, dreſſed our Victuals, and kept the Priſon clean. They were lodged in a Corner of the Chamber, and ſerved us by way of Valets de Chambre. The Employment of Maſter, with which I had been honoured, was not without Trouble, as I was obliged to diſtribute all the *Benefactions made to this* Priſon, which are commonly

very conſiderable. A Box, hanging by a Rope from the Window, received the Charities of the Paſſengers; and the Turnkeys collected what the Tradeſmen of the Town were pleaſed to ſupply. Theſe Collections were diſtributed equally among the Priſoners, which, in all the Apartments, might amount to about ſix hundred. Though I had been conſtituted Pay-maſter, yet it was not in my Power to remedy an Abuſe in the Diſtribution of this Charity; I mean, of not letting the Galley-ſlaves receive their Quota. The Gaoler looked upon it as one of his Perquiſites, to employ this Money, as he pretended, in making Soup for them. But ſuch Soup! Made with ſtinking Tripe, and ſeaſoned with a little Salt. Even *Lacedæmonian* black Broth could not be more nauſeous.

After a Reſidence of ſix Weeks in this happy Apartment, (happy let me call it, compared to what we had experienced) Mr. *Lambertie* paid us another Viſit; he let us know, that a Company of Galley-ſlaves ſet out the next Day for *Dunkirk*, where there were ſix of his Majeſty's Galleys: That we ſhould be exempted; for he would return us as ſick, and it would be proper for us to keep our Beds till the reſt of the Slaves were departed. We obeyed, by which we enjoyed this Life of Tranquillity for three Months longer; at the End of which we departed, on the following Occaſion:

January, 1702, Mr. *Lambertie* again came to inform us, that a Company of Galley-ſlaves were to ſet out the next Day; that he could exempt us from going, but he thought proper to apprize us, that this was the laſt Company of Slaves that would be ſent to *Dunkirk*; for the future, all others were to be tranſmitted to *Marſeilles*. This, continued he, is a journey of above three hundred Leagues, to be performed on Foot, and with Chains about your Necks. He added, that he ſhould be obliged to go into the Country in the Month of *March*; and that it would be no longer in his Power to be of Service to us. He was of Opinion, that we ought to take the preſent Opportunity, as the whole of our Journey would be under his Direction. *We ſhould* be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the Slaves,

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by being carried in a Waggon the whole Way, which was about twelve Leagues. In ſhort, his Reaſons ſeemed ſo convincing, that we came into his Opinion.

We now prepared for our Departure, and accordingly the following Day, inſtead of being tied to the reſt of the Slaves who walked on Foot, we were accommodated with a Waggon. During our Journey we every Evening ſupped with the Exempt who guarded us; and when it was thought proper to retire, we had a good Bed to lie on. In ſhort, we were treated with ſuch Marks of Diſtinction, that at *Ypres*, *Furnes*, and the other Towns through which we paſſed, we were looked upon as Perſons of ſome Rank. But, alas! our Happineſs was but of ſhort Continuance; for in three Days we arrived at *Dunkirk*, where we were put aboard the *Heureuſe* Galley, commanded by Commodore *de la Pailleterie*, who had the Direction of the ſix Galleys in this Port. We were each aſſigned a ſeparate Bench, by which Means I was parted from my dear Companion. Yet ſtill could I have been happy, having nothing but Labour to aggravate my Misfortunes. I could have found ſome Comfort, though chained to the Oar for Life; had we not been ſubject to the capricious Inſolence of a Parcel of petty Tyrants, who decided without Examination, and puniſhed without Pity. The very Day of my Arrival, the Baſtinado was given to an unhappy Slave for ſome trivial Fault. His Defence was ſcarce heard, and his Puniſhment was inflicted with the moſt unrelenting Barbarity. My Blood ran cold when I obſerved his Anguiſh; but conceive my Terrors, when a little after I was going to be treated myſelf in the very ſame Manner. A Slave, who had been condemned to the Gallies for Robbery, came on my firſt Arrival to demand the Entrance-fee. I replied, that if I intended to be liberal to any, it ſhould be to ſuch only as had not his Aſſurance: For I had already given four or five Bottles of Wine among the Slaves on the ſame Bench with myſelf. Enraged at my Refuſal, he loaded me with all the Invective his Fury could ſuggeſt; to which I made no Reply. Not content with this, he informed the Sous Comite, whoſe *Employment is to* keep the Slaves to their Work and

to punish their Negligence or Crimes, that I had uttered the most horrid Blasphemies against the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints of *Paradise*. The Sous Comite, who was a Wretch divested of every Principle of Humanity, as those of his Station generally are, gave Credit to the Slave's Information. He came to my Bench, commanded me to strip, and prepare for receiving the Bastinado. Surprized and terrified, particularly as not knowing how I came to incur so dreadful a Punishment, for I was ignorant of the Information against me which was false and groundless to the last Degree, I asked him what I had committed to be treated in that Manner, and begged the Slaves who sat on the same Bench, to inform me whether it was the Custom to treat all new Comers thus. My Companions, as much surprized as I, knew not what to answer. In the mean Time the Sous Comite went to make a Report of the Affair to the Major of the Galley, who was always to be present on such Occasions. As he was going to the Quay, where the Major was at that Time walking, he happened to meet the Comite, (an Officer superior to the Sous Comite) to whom he told the Affair. The Comite asked whether he had himself heard me blaspheme, to which he replied in the negative; but that the Information came from *Poulet*, the Galley Slave. A fine Informer, truly, replied the Comite, (who for one of his Profession was a good Sort of a Man;) I'll examine him myself. He accordingly came to my Bench, and demanded how I came to have the Insolence to blaspheme the Catholic Faith? I replied that he must have been misinformed, and that even my Religion forbade my insulting that of others. Upon this, *Poulet* was called and examined, touching his former Evidence. He repeated with the most stedfast Assurance what he had already told the Sous Comite, who was also present on this Occasion. As the single Testimony of *Poulet* was not thought satisfactory, the five Slaves who were chained to the same Bench with me, were ordered to give their Testimony; after which those of the Benches next us were examined. The whole Number, consisting of nineteen or twenty Persons, concurred in the same Evidence, that I had not uttered

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the leaſt Word derogatory to the Holy Virgin, or the Catholic Religion; that the only Anſwer I made *Poulet* to all his Reproaches was, that I would give no Entrance Money to Fellows of ſo much Aſſurance. In ſhort, the Informer was flogged heartily by the Comite, chained with a double Chain to his Seat, and the Sous Comite was ſeverely reprimanded for being ſo ready to liſten to the Information of ſo noted a Liar. I was thus freed from the Apprehenſions of the Baſtinado; and the Reader may judge from the following Deſcription of it, whether I had not Reaſon to dread ſo ſevere a Puniſhment. The Criminal is ſtript from the Waiſt upward. He is extended with his Face downward, his Arms upon one Bench, and his Legs upon the oppoſite, which are held by two Slaves that ſtand oppoſite each other. The Executioner, who is generally a *Turkiſh* Slave, ſtands over him with a Rope in his Hand, with which he is to beat the Criminal without the leaſt Mercy; for if he happens to be remiſs, which is ſeldom the Caſe, the Sous Comite uſes him as he ſhould have uſed the Criminal. Thus then every Stroke is laid on with the Executioner's whole Force, ſo that each Blow raiſes a Whelk as thick as one's Thumb. Few that are condemned to ſuffer this Puniſhment, can ſuſtain above ten or twelve Blows without fainting. This, however, does not prevent the Executioner from proceeding. He continues to lay on the miſerable and ſeemingly lifeleſs Carcaſe, till the Number of Blows ordered by the Major are compleated. Twenty or thirty are generally inflicted for ſlight Offences. I have ſeen fifty, eighty, even an hundred ordered; but then thoſe who are thus puniſhed ſeldom recover. When the allotted Number of Stripes are given, the Surgeon Barber of the Galley rubs the Criminal's Back with Salt and Vinegar; which, though it may prevent a Gangrene, yet renews all the Poignancy of his former Anguiſh.

Such then is the Puniſhment for Galley Slaves: from this neither Family, Virtue, nor Diligence can ſecure the unhappy Convict; for if Caprice directs, the Puniſhment is no ſooner ordered than inflicted. But before I *proceed with* a Detail of the many Miſeries I endured

whilſt a Galley Slave, as there may ſome Names of the Parts of a Galley, and its Officers, occur in the Courſe of this Narration, which the Generality of Readers may be unacquainted with, it may not be improper to give a ſlight Deſcription of this Veſſel, its Crew, and Manner of fighting; reſerving a more particular Account to the End of theſe Memoirs.

A Galley is ordinarily a hundred and fifty Feet long, and fifty broad. It conſiſts but of one Deck, which covers the Hold. This Hold is, in the middle, ſeven Feet, but at the Sides of the Galley only ſix Feet, high. By this we may ſee that the Deck riſes about a Foot in the Middle, and ſlopes towards the Edges, to let the Water more eaſily run off; for when a Galley is loaded, it ſeems to ſwim under Water, at leaſt the Sea conſtantly waſhes the Deck. The Sea would then neceſſarily enter the Hold by the Apertures where the Maſts are placed, were it not prevented by what is called the Courſier. This is a long Caſe of Boards fixed on the middle, or higheſt Part of the Deck, and running from one End of the Galley to the other. There is alſo an Hatchway into the Hold, as high as the *Courſier*. From this ſuperficial Deſcription perhaps it may be imagined, that the Slaves and the reſt of the Crew have their Feet always in Water. But the Caſe is otherwiſe; to each Bench there is a Board raiſed a Foot from the Deck, which ſerves as a Foot-ſtool to the Rowers, under which the Water paſſes. For the Soldiers and Mariners there is, running on each Side, along the Gunnel of the Veſſel, what is called the *Bande*; which is a Bench of about the ſame Height with the Courſier, and two Feet broad. They never lie here, but each leans on his own particular Bundle of Cloaths, in a very incommodious Poſture. The Officers themſelves are not better accommodated; for the Chambers in the Hold are deſigned only to hold the Proviſions, and Naval Stores of the Galley.

The Hold is divided into ſix Apartments.

1. The *Gavon*, a little Chamber in the Poop, which is big enough only to hold the Captain's Bed.

2. The *Eſcandolat*, where the Captain's Proviſions are kept and dreſſed.

3. The

3. The *Compagne.* This contains the Beer, Wine, Oil, Vinegar, and freſh Water of the whole Crew; together with their Bacon, ſalt Meat, Fiſh and Cheeſe; they never uſe Butter.

4. The *Paillot.* Here are kept the dried Proviſions, as Biſcuit, Peaſe, Rice, *&c.*

5. The *Tavern.* This Apartment is in the middle of the Galley. It contains the Wine which is retailed by the Comite, and of which he enjoys the Profits: This opens into the Powder Room, of which the Gunner alone keeps the Key. In this Chamber alſo the Sails and Tents are kept.

6. The *Steerage,* where the Cordage and the Surgeon's Cheſt are kept, ſerves alſo during a Voyage, as an Hoſpital for the Sick and Wounded; who, however, have no other Bed to lie on than the Ropes. In Winter, when the Galley is laid up, the Sick are ſent to an Hoſpital in the City.

A Galley has fifty Benches for Rowers, that is to ſay, twenty-five on each Side. Each Beach is ten Feet long; one End fixed in the *Courſier*, the other in the *Bande*, half a Foot thick, and placed at four Feet Diſtance from each other. They are covered with Sackcloth, ſtuffed with Flocks, and over this is thrown a Cow-hide; which, reaching down to the *Banquet*, or Foot-ſtool, gives them the Reſemblance of large Trunks. To theſe the Slaves are chained, ſix to a Bench. Along the *Bande* runs a large Rim of Timber, about a Foot thick, which forms the Gunnel of the Galley: To this, which is called the *Appoſtic*, the Oars are fixed. Theſe are fifty Feet long, and are poized in Equilibrio upon the afore-mentioned Piece of Timber; ſo that the thirteen Feet of the Oar which come into the Galley, is equal in Weight to the thirty-ſeven which go into the Water. As it would be impoſſible to hold them in the Hand becauſe of their Thickneſs, they have Handles, by which they are managed by the Slaves.

The Method of rowing a Galley.

The *Comite*, who is Maſter of the Crew of Slaves, and the Tyrant ſo much dreaded by the Wretches

fated to this Miſery; ſtands always at the Stern, near the Captain, to receive his Orders. There are two *Sous Comites* alſo, one in the Middle, the other near the Prow. Theſe, each with a Whip of Cords, which they exerciſe without Mercy on the naked Bodies of the Slaves, are always attentive to the Orders of the *Comite*. When the Captain gives the Word for rowing, the *Comite* gives the Signal with a Silver Whiſtle, which hangs from his Neck: This is repeated by the *Sous Comites:* Upon which the Slaves, who have their Oars in Readineſs, ſtrike all at once; and beat Time ſo exactly, that the hundred and fifty Oars ſeem to give but one Blow. Thus they continue, without requiring further Orders; till by another Signal of the Whiſtle, they deſiſt in a Moment. There is an abſolute Neceſſity for thus rowing all together; for ſhould one of the Oars be lifted up, or fall too ſoon; thoſe before leaning back, neceſſarily ſtrike the Oar behind them with the hinder Part of their Heads; while the Slaves of this, do the ſame by thoſe behind them. But it were well if a few Bruiſes on the Head was the only Puniſhment: The *Comite* exerciſes the Whip on this Occaſion like a Fury; while the Muſcles, all in Convulſion under the Laſh, pour Streams of Blood down the Seats; which how dreadful ſoever it may ſeem to the Reader, Uſe teaches the Sufferer to bear without Murmuring.

The Labour of a Galley-Slave, is become a Proverb; nor is it without Reaſon that this may be reckoned the greateſt Fatigue that can be inflicted on Wretchedneſs. Imagine ſix Men chained to their Seats, naked as when born, ſitting with one Foot on a Block of Timber, fixed to the Footſtool or Stretcher; the other lifted up againſt the Bench before them, holding in their Hands an Oar of an enormous Size. Imagine them lengthening their Bodies, their Arms ſtretched out to puſh the Oar over the Backs of thoſe before them; who are alſo themſelves in a ſimilar Attitude. Having thus advanced their Oar, they raiſe that End which they hold in their Hands, to plunge the oppoſite in the Sea; which done, they throw themſelves back upon their Benches below, which are ſomewhat hollowed to receive them. None,

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in ſhort, but thoſe who have ſeen them labour, can conceive how much they endure: None but ſuch could be perſuaded, that human Strength could ſuſtain the Fatigue which they undergo for an Hour ſucceſſively. But what cannot Neceſſity and Cruelty make Men do? Almoſt Impoſſibilities. Certain it is, that a Galley can be navigated in no other Manner, but by a Crew of Slaves, over whom a *Comite* may exerciſe the moſt unbounded Authority. No free Man could continue at the Oar an Hour unwearied: yet a Slave muſt ſometimes lengthen out his Toil for Ten, Twelve; nay, for Twenty Hours, without the ſmalleſt Intermiſſion. On theſe Occaſions the *Comite*, or ſome of the other Mariners, put into the Mouths of thoſe Wretches a Bit of Bread ſteeped in Wine, to prevent Fainting through Exceſs of Fatigue or Hunger, while their Hands are employed upon the Oar. At ſuch Times are heard nothing but horrid Blaſphemies, loud Burſts of Deſpair, or Ejaculations to Heaven; all the Slaves ſtreaming with Blood, while their unpitying Taſk-Maſters mix Oaths and Threats, and the ſmacking of Whips, to fill up this dreadful Harmony. At this Time the Captain roars to the *Comite* to redouble his Blows; and when any one drops from his Oar in a Swoon, which not unfrequently happens, he is whipped while any Remains of Life appear, and then thrown into the Sea without further Ceremony. How much happier is that unpitied Wretch, than thoſe he leaves behind! Perhaps Heaven was pleaſed to give him all his Puniſhment here, with a View of rewarding him with an happy Immortality. The Burſts of Anguiſh which I have felt, at ſeeing my Brother Proteſtants thus inhumanly butchered, can never leave my Mind: Yet I will ceaſe lamenting; they want not my Tears, nor any human Compaſſion, to add to their preſent Felicity. But to return from this Digreſſion:

I continued about a Fortnight in the Galley, on which I was firſt put aboard. It may be neceſſary to know, that as there are different Degrees of Virtue in Men, ſo ſome *Comites* are more or leſs merciful than others. Along Side the Galley, in which I was chained, there *lay another*, the *Comite* of which was reputed to

exceed

exceed in Barbarity. He cauſed his Galley to be waſhed every Day; while all the reſt were cleaned only every Saturday. His Blows during this Operation, which continued for two or three Hours, fell upon the Slaves like Hail. To this I was every Day a Witneſs, as his Galley lay juſt by that in which I had been placed. My Brother Slaves continually repeated to me Accounts of his Cruelty; and bid me pray to Heaven to avoid the Galley of *Palma*. At length the Day arrived, on which ſixty Slaves of us were to be diſtributed each on board his reſpective Veſſel. I felt all the Inquietude that can well be imagined on this Occaſion. We were all led to the Park belonging to the Arſenal; where they ſtripped us quite naked, examined, handled, felt every Part of our Bodies, as if they had been purchaſing Oxen at a Fair. When this Examination was over, we were divided into two Claſſes, the ſtronger and the weaker. After which we were ſubdvided into ſix equal Parts, and the *Comites* drew Lots for the firſt Choice. I was claſſed among the ſtrong, and was put at the Head of my Lot. The *Comite* to whom I had fallen, bid me follow him to his Galley. Eager to know my Fortune, and not knowing the Man to be a *Comite* who commanded me, I entreated him to inform me, what Galley I was to be put on board? The Galley of *Palma*, replied he. Oh Heavens! exclaimed I, ſurely I am fallen into Hell itſelf: The *Comite* of that Galley is mercileſs as a Dæmon. I had ſcarce ended, when frowning upon me, Could I know, cried he, thoſe who have thus endeavoured to prejudice you againſt me, they ſhould feel my Reſentment. I now perceived that I had gone too far; but the Diſeaſe was paſt Remedy. Notwithſtanding this, he ſeemed deſirous of ſhewing me that I had been miſinformed with Reſpect to his Character; for having conducted his Lot aboard the Galley, he began, by an Action which teſtified ſome Regard to me in particular. As I was young and vigorous, the Keeper put round my Leg a Chain extremely thick and heavy; the *Comite* obſerved it, and roughly told him, that if he did not change my Irons, he would complain to the Captain; for he would not have one of his beſt Men thus

rendered

rendered unfit for Service: The Keeper immediately complied, and the *Comite* himſelf choſe a Chain for me, the lighteſt he could find. He then ordered me to be chained to the Bench of the *Comite*. It may not be unneceſſary to mention, that the *Comite* eats upon a Table raiſed over one of the Seats, by four Iron Feet. This Table alſo ſerves him for a Bed; and when he chuſes to ſleep, it is covered with a large Pavilion made of Cotton. The Slaves of that Bench ſit under the Table, which can be eaſily taken away where it interferes with the working below of the Veſſel. Theſe ſix Slaves ſerve as Domeſtics to the *Comite*. Each has his particular Employ; and whenever he eats or ſits here, all the Slaves of this and the Benches next it, are uncovered out of Reſpect. Every one is ambitious of being either in the *Comite's* or *Sous Comite's* Bench; not only becauſe they have what is left of the Proviſions of his Table, but alſo becauſe they are never whipped while at Work. Thoſe are called the *reſpectable Benches*; and being placed in one of them, is looked upon as being in a petty Office. I was, as already mentioned, placed in this Bench, which however I did not long keep; for ſtill retaining ſome of the Pride of this World, I could not prevail upon myſelf to behave with that Degree of abject Submiſſion, which was neceſſary to my being in Favour. While the *Comite* was at Meals, I generally was turned another Way; and with my Cap on, pretended to take no Notice of what was paſſing behind me. The Slaves frequently ſaid, that ſuch Behaviour would be diſagreeable; but I diſregarded their Admonitions, thinking it ſufficiently opprobrious to be the Slave of the King, without being alſo the Slave of his meaneſt Vaſſal. I had by this Means like to have fallen into the Diſpleaſure of the *Comite*, which is one of the greateſt Misfortunes that can befal a Galley-Slave. He enquired whether I partook of thoſe Proviſions he uſually left; and being informed that I refuſed to touch a Bit: Give him his own Way, ſaid he, for the preſent; a few Years Servitude will diveſt him of this Delicacy.

One Evening he called me to his Pavillion, and accoſting me with more than uſual Gentleneſs, unheard

by

by the reſt, he let me underſtand, that he perceived I was born of a Rank ſuperior to the Reſt of his Crew; which rather encreaſed than diminiſhed his Eſteem; but, as by indulging my diſreſpectful Behaviour, the reſt might take Example, he found it neceſſary to transfer me to another Bench: However, I might reſt aſſured of never receiving a Blow from him, or his inferior Officers, upon any Occaſion whatſoever. I teſtified my Gratitude in the beſt Manner I was able; and from that Time he kept his Promiſe; which was ſomething extraordinary in one who uſually ſeemed diveſted of every Principle of Humanity. Never was Man more ſevere to the Slaves in general, than he; yet he preſerved a Moderation towards the *Hugonots* of his Galley, which argued a Regard for Virtue, not uſually found among the lower Claſſes of People. To preſent the Reader with an Inſtance of his Reſpect for thoſe of the Reformed Religion, let me repeat what happened the firſt Summer of my Slavery.

The Chevalier *Langeron Maulevrier*, our Captain, was bred up altogether in Jeſuitical Principles. He held Proteſtants in the utmoſt Deteſtation, and frequently ordered the Comite to give the *Hugonots* an Hempen Breakfaſt, ſo he jeſtingly termed a Whipping; which Order, tho' the Comite ſeemed to obey, his Blows were always ſure to light on others. The Captain kept a very magnificent Equipage. The King's Allowance of five Hundred Livres *per* Month, for each Captain's Table, amounted to not half the Expence of his. Generally a Galley Slave is appointed to take Care of the Proviſions, and ſerve as Clerk of the Kitchen. This Employment is reckoned a very eaſy one, as the Slave is thus exempt from handling the Oar and every other Fatigue, and Feaſts every Day on the Captain's Proviſions. The Chevalier happened to detect the Clerk of his Kitchen, in ſecreting for his own Uſe, ſixty Pounds of Coffee. For this Offence he was immediately ordered a Baſtinado of fifty Strokes, and to be chained to the criminal Bench; all which was punctually executed. The Captain, after this, applied to the Comite to find him among his Crew, a Slave fit for the *Employment*, and of approved Fidelity. Of

Fidelity I

Fidelity! replied the Comite, how can that be expected in a Crew of Malefactors? Yet, proceeded he, I know a Man worn out with Age, and incapable of continuing at the Oar, whoſe Fidelity I dare anſwer for; but then I am convinced, you will have an inſurmountable Objection to him, for he is an Hugonot. The Captain ſeemed to heſitate upon this: Is there none elſe that you can recommend me? ſaid he. None elſe, returned the other, for whoſe Fidelity I can anſwer. Well then, ſaid the Captain, let me try him; let him be brought into my Preſence. The Slave, venerable tho' in Chains, appeared, bowed down with Age and Labour, reſpected by all who knew him for his Candour and Probity, and bearing in his Viſage, the Marks of an honeſt Heart. He was called *Bancillon*. The Sincerity with which he delivered himſelf, in anſwer to ſome preliminary Queſtions, greatly influenced the Captain in his Favour, and he was immediately intruſted with the Employment. His Fidelity was ſoon evident; the Captain repoſed entire Confidence in him, even to the keeping and management of his privy Purſe, in which Truſt, *Bancillon* always behaved with the utmoſt Probity and Exactneſs. In ſhort, he was held in ſuch Eſteem, that his Maſter would not be at the Trouble of Inſpecting his Accompts, but tore them in Pieces in preſence of the reſt of his Domeſtics. This Degree of Favour, however, at laſt excited the Jealouſy of a Part of the Captain's Houſhold, which conſiſted of a Maitre d'Hotel, a Caterer, and a chief Cook. This Diſlike was encreaſed by his refuſing them ſuch Wines for their Table, as the Captain ordered him to ſet apart for his own. They were reſolved, therefore, to take the firſt Opportunity of ruining him, and of ſecreting ſome of their Maſter's Effects, imagining that the old Slave alone would be ſuſpected. *Bancillon* was apprized of their whole Plot, by one of their fellow Servants; and tho' he had it in his Power to ruin them, by giving them an Opportunity of putting their Deſigns into Execution, and then publicly detecting them; yet this good old Man choſe rather to prevent Miſchief than divulge it when perpetrated. He applies to the Captain, and requeſts

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Permiſſion to reſign his Office; I am old, ſaid he, and incapable of continuing in my Employment; my Sight and my Memory fail me; let me again graſp the Oar, as it will ſoon rid *me* of a Life of Pain, and my Country of an uſeleſs Member of Society. While he was thus ſpeaking, the delinquent Domeſtics, fearing that he was making a Diſcovery of their Deſigns, and knowing that he had Evidence againſt them, ſtrove each who ſhould be firſt in Diſcovery of the whole Plot, the better to obtain a ſeparate Pardon. In a Word, this Conſpiracy, which was formed to ſupplant the Proteſtant Slave, only fixed him the firmer in the Captain's Favour: Which, on this Account, was, in ſome Meaſure, extended to four more of us, who were of the reformed Religion, aboard the ſame Galley.

In the Beginning of *July* 1702, our ſix Galleys left the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, and rowed into that of *Oſtend*. From hence we made frequent Excurſions, when the Sea was calm along the Coaſts of *Blankenburg*, and *Sluys*: From thence we returned to *Nieuport*, and the Mouth of the Channel.

One Day, when the Sea was perfectly ſerene, we obſerved a Squadron of twelve *Dutch* Men of War, becalmed at about five leagues Diſtance from *Nieuport*. We were ordered to reconoitre; and perceiving one of them ſeparated from the reſt, were reſolved with our ſix Galleys to cannonade it. The Captain of the Man of War was equally ignorant and obſtinate. As he perceived us approaching, he only ordered his Men to prepare Places of Reception for the *French* Priſoners, which ſhould be taken in the Engagement. He was it ſeems deceived by our Appearance at a Diſtance, as a Galley ſails very deep, and its real Strength conſiſts only in its Number of Hands, with which it overpowers the Enemy. His firſt Surgeon, a *French* Refugee (*Labadouz* by Name) was well aware of the approaching Danger. He entreated the *Dutch*-Man to be on his Guard, and endeavoured to convince him of the ſuperior Strength of the Enemy. But all in vain, he took not the leaſt Precaution, either to defend the Ship by his Artillery, or join the main Body of the

Squadron,

Squadron, which might eaſily have been effected, by towing the Ship with his Boats. As a Galley ſails upon ſuch Occaſions with prodigious Swiftneſs, we were ſoon along ſide of him, and with all our Force raiſed the *Chamade*, or Shout of the whole Crew, which is done in order to intimidate the Enemy. There certainly is ſomething ſhocking and terrible in the Approach of a Galley. Three hundred Men quite Naked, roaring all at once, and ratling their Chains in the moſt hideous Manner, impreſs the Mind with ſtrange Emotions; they muſt have Hearts well fortified, who can ſuſtain the Encounter without trembling. In Effect, the whole Man of War's Crew were ſo much aſtoniſhed, that they fled into the Hold and begged for Quarter. Our Soldiers and Sailors boarded without Oppoſition, and inſtantly became Maſters of the Prize. She was called the *Unicorn*, of *Rotterdam*, and carried fifty-four Guns, but had Port-holes for ſix more; ſhe was not manned, however in proportion, her whole Crew conſiſting of but an hundred and twenty four Men: a Force not able to reſiſt the Multitudes we brought to the Attack. As ſoon as the Priſoners were ſecured, we towed her away to the Port of *Oſtend*, in ſight of Eleven of the Enemy's Men of War, who were unable to give the leaſt Aſſiſtance; but, locked up by the Calm, continued tamely Spectators of their Loſs. We made no other Expedition during the reſt of the Seaſon, but laid up for the Winter, in the Port of *Dunkirk*.

The Year 1703, paſſed without any Atchievement worthy of Notice, except, when the Weather permitted our alarming now and then the *Engliſh* Coaſt along the Channel.

In the Year 1704, we were ſtationed in the Port of *Oſtend*, to obſerve a *Dutch* Squadron, who cruiſed at the Mouth of this Harbour. Whenever the Weather was calm we ſallied out, and cannonaded them at a Diſtance, as our Guns carried much farther than theirs; and thus continued to harraſs them till the Wind beginning to riſe, we were always obliged to retire. As Vice Admiral *Almonde* was one Day cruiſing with five *Dutch* Men of War, near *Blankenburgh*, he happened

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to take up a Fiſherman, who belonged to that Coaſt. Deſirous of having an Opportunity of fighting us upon equal Terms, he prevailed on this poor Man by a few Ducats, and the Promiſe of more ſhould he ſucceed, to go with his little Bark into the Port of *Oſtend*, and apprize the Commodore of the Gallies, that he had met a Fleet of five Homeward Bound *Dutch Eaſt-India* Men; the Crews of which were in ſo ſickly a Condition, that they were unable to work the Fleet into any Port of *Holland*. The Fiſherman, purſuant to his Inſtructions, entered the Port, and went to make his Report to the Commodore, accompanying his Relation with ſeveral plauſible Circumſtances. He affirmed among the reſt, that he had been aboard the Fleet, and had ſold all his Fiſh at an extraordinary Price. We eaſily believe what we wiſh. Our Commodore came into the Snare, and ordered his ſix Gallies out, tho' the Sea then ran pretty high, and tho' it was ten o'Clock at Night. Not a Soldier or Sailor who had not the moſt ſanguine Expectations. Nothing was talked of on Board, but of being ſoon poſſeſſed of immenſe Treaſures. The Slaves alone had no Reaſon to participate in the general Expectation, as they never ſhared in the Advantages.'

The Wind blew freſh from the *Eaſt*, and we rowed all Night. By break of Day, we perceived our five pretended *India* Men; who upon ſeeing us, ſeemed to crowd all their Sails to avoid us. They ſailed in a Line in ſuch a Manner, that we could only perceive the Sternmoſt of them, which was the Admiral. They were ſo well diſguiſed by covering their Ornaments at the Poop, ſtopping up their Port-holes, and taking in their Enſigns, that we actually took them for what they deſired to appear, *India* Merchantmen. It cannot be expreſſed the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of the Officers and Sailors upon this Occaſion; every Man ſeemed aſſured of now making his Fortune, and felt in Expectation perhaps more Pleaſure than he could have found in Enjoyment. We gained upon them every Minute, as their Flight was only pretended, to make more ſure of the meditated prey. We *rowed with all our might* in Line of Battle, attributing the

the ſlow Progreſs they made in avoiding us, to their being overloaded with Merchandiſe; and at laſt came within Gun-Shot. We now poured in upon them our Broadſide, which was anſwered by a Swivel in the Admiral's Stern, which reached not half Way. This confirmed our Hopes into Certainty. We ſtill advanced, keeping a continual Fire, which they bore with the utmoſt Tranquillity. At length we were arrived ſo near, that all prepared for Boarding, Battle-Ax and Sabre in Hand. All at once, upon a Signal given, the Enemy veered about. We now ſaw ourſelves encompaſſed by five Men of War, who having had full Time to prepare their Artillery, opened their Port-holes and let looſe all their Fury upon us, in a moſt horrible Broadſide. Our Maſts fell, vaſt numbers of our Men were killed, and all ſeemed in the utmoſt Confuſion. Then too late we perceived our Miſtake; we then perceived that all their Stratagems were calculated to draw us from a Sand Bank, that runs at about three leagues Diſtance along this Coaſt. In ſhort, we were ſo rudely received, that our Commodore gave the Signal for every Galley to ſave itſelf in the beſt Manner it could upon this Sand Bank, which the enemy ſtrove, but in vain, to prevent our gaining. Notwithſtanding they eſcorted us thither very rudely; their Artillery inceſſantly annoyed us, and that ſo fiercely, that we were in the utmoſt Danger of ſinking. Upon this Bank, however, we ſaved ourſelves, from whence we gained the Port of *Oſtend*, in a moſt ſhattered Condition, having had more than two hundred and fifty Men killed, and as great a Number wounded in this unfortunate Engagement. When arrived at *Oſtend*, our firſt Concern was to find the Fiſherman, who had deceived us, with a Reſolution of making his paltry Life a ſacrifice to the Number who had loſt theirs by his Treachery. But he was too wiſe to wait our Return; and after a fruitleſs Enquiry, the Search was diſcontinued.

Our Commodore loſt ſome Reputation by this Expedition. Every one talked of his Credulity and Imprudence in riſquing his Majeſty's Galleys, and three thouſand Men, for this was the number of Hands on *Board; his Imprudence*, I ſay, for when in view of

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the *Dutch* Fleet, and holding a Counſel of War, he inſiſted upon it, that the Ships were *India* Men, nor would be perſuaded by Monſieur *Fonette*, who offered Reaſons for being of a contrary Opinion; nor would he ſend out his Brigantine to reconnoitre them. Inſtead of this, he obſtinately refuſed all Advice, and imputed *Fonette*'s Caution to Cowardice. This Imputation it was that loſt ſo many Lives; for when this laſt Gentleman found his Advice thus miſrepreſented, he cried out in a courageous Extacy, Let us then diſmiſs Councils and take Arms; let the Enemy judge whether I am a Coward. He was indeed as good as his Word; for when the Signal for flight was given, he pretended not to perceive it, but continued iſſuing Orders, and encouraging his Men with the utmoſt Tranquillity, tho' ſurrounded by the Enemy. Our Commodore, who had retired, and at a Diſtance beheld *Fonette*'s Bravery, cried out to his Men, *Fonette* invites me to emulate his Courage; advance, my Friends, once more to the Enemy. The Comite falling on his Knees, entreated him againſt ſuch Raſhneſs, but in vain; the Commodore with a cocked Piſtol in his Hand, perſiſted in his Orders, which obliged the unfortunate Comite to give the Signal for tacking about. His Galley was again got into the Middle of the Enemy, when the Comite was ſtruck dead at the Commodore's Feet by a Cannon Ball. The Signal to retire was again repeated, and *Fonette* at laſt thought proper to obey. Both the Commodore and he eſcaped without ſinking; however, numbers of unhappy Men fell a ſacrifice to their romantic Bravery.

The reſt of this Seaſon we ſeemed not at all inclinable to new Expeditions; this laſt abated the Courage our former Succeſs had inſpired; and Admiral *Almonde* became ſo formidable, that we dreaded meeting him in Diſguiſe in every Ship we ventured to purſue. How much he was feared, the following Anecdote may ſhew.

I have already mentioned our taking a *Dutch* Man of War, called the *Unicorn* of *Rotterdam*. I have alſo mentioned the Surgeon of this Ship, whoſe Name was *Labadouz*, a *French* Refugee. When this Veſſel was ſent into *Oſtend*, the whole Crew were confined in the

the Priſons of the City. *Labadoux*, to prevent being ſentenced to the Galleys, as being a *French* Proteſtant, enliſted aboard the Commodore's own Veſſel as a Soldier, but ſoon after deſerted, with a Deſign of eſcaping into *Holland*. He was taken and chained aboard the Galley till he ſhould ſtand his Trial. He was to be tried by a Council of War, which when compoſed, he was arraigned in Form, and aſked, whither he deſigned to go upon Deſertion? He candidly confeſſed he intended for *Holland*, fully reſolved to carry Arms againſt that Country, which indeed gave him Birth, but refuſed him Freedom. The Commodore, ſurprized at the Fortitude with which he delivered himſelf, Unhappy Man, ſaid he; any other Anſwer had ſaved your Life; your worſt Puniſhment would have been to be condemned to the Galleys; but by your preſent Behaviour you are almoſt guilty of Suicide, and ſentence yourſelf to be hanged. Yes, Sir, ſaid the Surgeon; I here declare before the Council, that my Conduct has been directly oppoſite to his Majeſty's Orders; and that if you act purſuant to them, you cannot chuſe but have me capitally convicted. The Council perceiving that he preferred Death to the Gallies, were reſolved to thwart his gloomy Reſolutions; and accordingly condemned him to the very Puniſhment he ſought to avoid.

Admiral *Almonde* was acquainted with *Labadoux*, for he had been Surgeon aboard his own Ship. He compaſſionated the Diſtreſs of a Man whoſe Merit deſerved Regard; but more ſo, when he received a Letter, which *Labadoux* found Means to ſend him; in which it was repreſented that he had been conſtrained to enliſt a Soldier to prevent his being made a Slave; that he had deſerted the firſt Opportunity with a Deſign of returning to *Holland*, that he was taken and condemned to the Gallies for Life, where he muſt protract a miſerable Exiſtence in the utmoſt Wretchedneſs, without Hope or Pity, unleſs relieved by the Admiral, whoſe Compaſſion he knew, and whoſe Power was dreaded by all. We had been juſt returned from our late inglorious Expedition, when a Chaloupe with an Expreſs entered the Harbour of *Oſtend*. It was ſent with a Letter from *Almonde* to our Commodore, entreating him to

himſelf with all his Forces into the City. Thus, as the Allies attacked it only with Bombs and red hot Balls, in ſo ſmall a Place ſo much crowded, hardly a Shell burſt that did not do horrible Execution. They obtained however honourable Terms, and marched out with Colours flying, but upon Condition that they ſhould not bear Arms for one Year.

During the three Days which this City was bombarding, we went every Night without Fire or Light, to endeavour to ſteal any of the Enemy's Ships that might be ſeparated from the reſt. Our Diligence happened not to be rewarded with Succeſs; we had only the Pleaſure of ſeeing the grandeſt Firework that could be imagined; for the Sky ſeemed all in a Blaze with thoſe infernal Engines, which fell as thick as Hail among the beſieged. We now had no Place of Retreat left, except the Port of *Dunkirk*; ſo that we paſſed the whole Summer without venturing to ſtir out, except in a profound Calm. This procured the harraſſed Slaves ſome Repoſe, as our Employment in Port was not very fatiguing. We always were laid up in the Month of *October*, and fitted out in the beginning of *April* to recommence Hoſtilities.

The following Year, 1707, the Galley Slaves underwent unſpeakable Fatigues; for an Eaſt Wind prevailed almoſt the whole Seaſon, which was proper for ſcouring the Channel. Here we took a ſmall *Engliſh* Privateer, and burnt one belonging to *Oſtend* near the Coaſts of *England*. We were once in great Danger of loſing two of our Galleys, which happened as follows: While in the Port of *Dunkirk*, and waiting for Weather proper for putting to Sea, the moſt inviting Calm flattered us out. Not a Cloud was to be ſeen; the Sea wore the ſmootheſt Surface; and almoſt all the Pilots of the Coaſt aſſured us of ſettled Weather. Chevalier *Langeron*, impatient to viſit the *Engliſh* Coaſts, was reſolved to give ſailing Orders. But as we were now become much more cautious than we had formerly been, he uſually, upon ſuch Occaſions, aſked the Opinion of all from whom he expected the leaſt Information concerning the Weather. Theſe Precautions *were neceſſary*; for ſhould a Storm from the South or South-

South-weſt ſurprize us, and ſhould we miſs the Port of *Dunkirk*, we muſt infallibly founder in the *German* Ocean, or drive upon ſome Coaſt belonging to the Allies, either of which would be equally fatal. The Pilots, as I have ſaid, were unanimous, that we ſhould not let ſlip the Opportunity. All except one, whoſe Name was *Peter Bart*, and who, tho' but a Fiſherman of *Dunkirk*, was Brother to the famous *John Bart*, the *Swediſh* Admiral. *Peter* was almoſt always drunk; whenever he had an Opportunity he took down Draughts of Gin like Water, and was deſpiſed by all the Pilots of the Coaſt, as being an improper Perſon to be relied on. This Man, however, had all the natural Talents of his Brother; he only wanted his Ambition to put them into Action, and make him in every Reſpect equal. He underſtood the Coaſts perfectly well, and ſeldom was out in prognoſticating the Weather, even three Days before hand. He, as has been already hinted, gave his Opinion quite different from the reſt; and, in his bad *French*, aſſured the Captain, that he ſhould next Morning have a *glorious Storm*. His Advice was rejected, and we put to Sea in the moſt ſerene Weather that Eye ever beheld; we might have carried a lighted Candle at our Maſt Head. The beſt Part of the Night was ſpent in alarming the *Engliſh* Coaſt, after which we returned to the Coaſts of *France*, but not to our uſual Port. By I know not what Whim of our Captain's, we caſt Anchor in a Creek made by the jutting of two Mountains, not far from *Ambleteuſe*, a little Village ſituated between *Calais* and *Boulogne*. *Peter* entreated us to keep the open Sea; he aſſured us that at Sun riſing we ſhould have a furious Tempeſt from the South, and as the Creek was expoſed to this Wind, it would be impoſſible either to come out, or avoid the ſunken Rocks with which the Place abounded. We made ſlight of his Admonitions, dropped two Anchors, and every Man but he compoſed himſelf to reſt. The Sun at laſt began to riſe, and the Wind ſeemed to encreaſe in Proportion. The Attention of all was now employed; we prepared to leave the Creek, but it was too late; the Tempeſt began *to rage with ſuch Fury*, that inſtead of weighing

Anchor, we were obliged to caſt two more. The Storm ſtill encreaſed, every Wave waſhed over us; and to add to our Misfortunes, the Galley dragged her Anchors. We now began to row to aſſiſt our Anchors, but our Oars were inſtantly forced out of our Hands, and ſhivered in a thouſand Pieces. Shipwreck ſeemed inevitable; we could perceive the Rocks now and then appear in the dreadful Chaſms between the Waves, and all prepared for inſtant Death. How different now was the Appearance of the Maſter and the Slave! of thoſe who were going to be ſnatched from all the Pleaſures of Life, and us who were ſoon to be delivered from a State of Miſery and Woe. What Tears did they not ſhed! What Vows did they not make! What Meanneſs of Soul did they not teſtify! While we, ſome with a joyful Serenity, wiſhed for a final Manumiſſion from Labour; ſome with opprobrious Inſult loaded the Puſillanimity of their Maſters, now become leſs than their Equals. Now for it, my good Friends, ſaid ſome of the Slaves, more hardened than the reſt, we ſhall ſoon drink out of the ſame Glaſs. Perhaps we ſhall ſoon hold the Whip in our Turn. In this Extremity the Captain had Recourſe to *Peter*, whoſe Advice had before been rejected with Contempt. He ſeemed at firſt unwilling to attempt our Delivery; but conſidering that if we were drowned, himſelf muſt go to the Bottom, he undertook our Deliverance.

He choſe out four of the moſt reſolute Sailors, put them on board the Shallop, and gave them an Anchor, but kept the Cable on board, which he bound to the Ship's Stern; he then ordered them to faſten this Anchor to a Rock we had a little before ſtruck againſt, but had got over. This, though with the utmoſt Difficulty they effected, while all the Crew were amazed, not knowing what he deſigned by ſuch a Manœuvre. He then fixed the Sails in ſuch a Manner, as to take in a quarter of the Wind, and cutting the four Cables which held the Veſſel by the Prow, ſhe neceſſarily turned about, being tied faſt by the Stern. When ſhe was turned as much as he would have her, he then ſpread his Sails, handed the Helm himſelf, and ſteered us once more into the open Sea. It was now reſolved to take

Shelter

Shelter from the Tempeſt in the firſt friendly Port that offered. *Dunkirk* lay to the leeward; it was but twelve Leagues from us, and the Tempeſt would carry us there in three Hours with the greateſt Eaſe; but all the Dread was, leſt it ſhould drive us beyond the Harbour, which would oblige us to put into ſome Port in *Holland.* This was what the Slaves earneſtly deſired, but what was equally feared by the Officers and the reſt of the Ship's Company. However, Neceſſity compelled, and they were obliged to venture. We accordingly ſoon came before the Harbour of *Dunkirk.* We had loſt all our Anchors, but the Galley of Mr. *Fonette,* who kept us Company, ſupplied us with two, which we immediately caſt; and as there was good anchorage there, remained in tolerable Security. Here we were obliged to wait ſix Hours, expecting the Tide, with which to enter the Harbour. During this Time we were in the moſt afflicting Circumſtances. The Waves every Moment roſe over, and ſeemed to bury us in their Boſom. We were obliged to keep the Hatchways cloſe, or the Hold would ſoon be filled with Water, which would certainly ſink the Galley. Not only the Ship's Company, but all the Inhabitants of *Dunkirk* were on their Knees praying for our Deliverance; the Hoſt was expoſed, and Maſſes put up in our Behalf: This was all the Aid they could afford, as no Boat durſt leave the Harbour to ſuccour us. The Port of *Dunkirk* is formed by two Moles, which jut half a League into the Sea: The Approximation of the Ends of theſe Moles form the Mouth of the Harbour, the Entrance of which is difficult to Ships coming with a South Wind, becauſe of a Sand Bank which lies before it. It requires great Dexterity to guide a Ship in between the Bank and the Mole, and then turn ſhort to enter the Harbour; and the Difficulty was greatly encreaſed by the tempeſtuous Weather. Beſides all this, the Moles were covered by the Waves; and it required a perfect Knowledge of their Situation to avoid daſhing againſt them. We were obliged again to have Recourſe to *Peter Bart*; he, inſenſible of our Danger, was ſleeping upon one of the *Benches,* but had deſired to be waked, ſhould

Neceſſity require his Preſence. Our Situation was indeed deplorable enough; we had been waſhed by every Wave for two Days, all which Time we had not the ſmalleſt Refreſhment, for if the Hold, where all the Proviſions were kept, had been opened, the Sea would have ruſhed in, and we ſhould have been infallibly drowned. *Peter* alone was not a Partaker in the general Conſternation. He directed what was proper to be done: He, contrary to the uſual Method on ſuch Occaſions, ſpread his Sails, ſteered thro' the very Midſt of the narrow Entrance, and turned ſhort into the Harbour; but, as he had foreſeen, we came in with ſuch Rapidity, that it was impoſſible to ſtop till our Galley daſh'd with the utmoſt Violence againſt the *Fiſher's Quay*. Mr. *Fonette* imitated our Manœuvre exactly, and with the ſame happy Succeſs.

The Captain uſed every Entreaty to perſuade our ſkilful Pilot to remain on Board, and offered him double Wages; but the ſurly *Dutchman* refuſed his Offers with Contempt; ſaying, that though he had once reſcued a Parcel of Fools from drowning, yet thoſe Fools might one Day drown him, ſhould he continue in their Company. After this Adventure, we kept in Port the whole Summer, and diſarmed the Galley betimes for the Winter.

The Year 1708, we fitted out for Sea in *April*, but without any other Expedition, than that of alarming the Coaſts of *England*, and keeping their Troops in Exerciſe. As ſoon as any of their Men of War, ſtationed to guard the Coaſts, appeared, we put back with the utmoſt Precipitation, and found Safety in ſome Port of *France*. Thus were we employed till the 5th of *September*, a Day never to be forgotten by me, a Day on which new Calamities were heaped upon my poor Head!

For the better underſtanding what I am about to relate, it may not be unneceſſary to return back to an Anecdote which may throw ſome Light on what is to follow.

In the Beginning of Summer, 1708, Queen *Anne*, among many other Ships which were put into Commiſſion, had one, a Veſſel of ſeventy Guns, commanded

by

by——*Smith*, a concealed Papiſt, and one who bore an implacable Hatred to his Country. His Ship was ſtationed to guard the Coaſts; and as ſhe did not compoſe Part of any Fleet, the Captain was at liberty to cruiſe with her as he thought proper. He accordingly ſailed to *Gottenburgh*, where he ſold her Majeſty's Man of War, whether to the King of *Sweden*, or to private Merchants, I do not remember. Be that as it will, the Ship was ſold, and he received the Price; and immediately after retired into *France*, to offer his Services to *Louis* XIV. againſt his native Country. The King received him very graciouſly, and promiſed him the firſt Captain's Commiſſion that ſhould be vacant; but, in the mean Time, adviſed him to ſerve as a Volunteer aboard the Galley of Mr. *Langeron* at *Dunkirk*; and that Orders ſhould be given to receive him with that Reſpect which was his Due. The Advice of Kings is but a concealed Manner of commanding; at leaſt, *Smith* took it in that Light, and obeyed. The Chevalier *Langeron* received him very politely, and entertained him at his own Expence. In all our toilſome, but fruitleſs Expeditions to the Coaſts of *England*, Captain *Smith* was one. He would often adviſe us to a Deſcent upon the Coaſt, in order to burn their Towns, where he might at once have an Opportunity of ſhewing his Bravery, and gratifying his unnatural Hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The Coaſts were guarded by patrolling Parties, where large Bodies of trained Troops were placed at convenient Diſtances from each other; a Species of Animals *French* Sailors do not much care to meddle with. *Smith*, burning with Rage againſt *England*, had his Head filled with nothing but Schemes to offend it: Among the reſt, he ſent Propoſals to the *French* Court, of burning *Harwich*, a little Town ſituated at the Mouth of the *Thames*, provided the ſix Gallies were ſubmitted to his Command. The King approved his Project, gave Orders to Commodore *Langeron* to follow Captain *Smith's* Inſtructions in the whole of the Expedition, and to the Intendant, to furniſh whatever was neceſſary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier *Langeron felt ſome Repugnance* at being ſubjected to the

Controul of a Stranger, inveſted with no Commiſſion; however, he obeyed with ſeeming Satisfaction, while *Smith* gave the neceſſary Directions for collecting Combuſtibles, and a Reinforcement of Soldiers, with whatever elſe was thought neceſſary. Every Thing being in Readineſs, we put to Sea on the 5th of *September*, in a fine clear Morning, with a gentle favourable Wind at North-Eaſt. We arrived at the Mouth of the *Thames*, without uſing our Oars, at about five in the Evening. But *Smith* being of Opinion that we were too early, and that we might be diſcovered if we came too near the Shore, ordered us to ſtand off to Sea till Night-fall, and to make our Deſcent when it was Dark. We had not lain too half an Hour, when the Sailor at the Maſt-head cried out, a Fleet to the North, ſteering Weſt, thirty-ſix Sail, Merchant-built, and eſcorted by a Frigate of about thirty Cannon. It was, in Fact, a Fleet of Merchant Ships who had left the *Texel*, and were making for the Mouth of the *Thames*.

Our Commodore immediately called a Council of War, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding *Harwich*, we ſhould endeavour to make ourſelves Maſters of this Fleet; that this would be doing the King better Service than burning *Harwich*; that an Opportunity would every Day offer for doing that; but ſo rich a Booty as this would ſeldom occur. Theſe Reaſons, nevertheleſs, did not in the leaſt influence Captain *Smith*; he proteſted againſt their Reſolutions, alledging that his Majeſty's Orders ſhould be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different Enterprize, and that we ſhould ſteer to the South, to prevent being ſeen by this Fleet.

The Council of War perſevered in their Reſolution, ſecretly pleaſed at thwarting the Deſigns of a Man, whom they regarded with Envy, and whoſe Succeſs would but give them Cauſe to repine.

The Reſult of the Deliberations of the Council was, an Order to the ſix Captains to attack this Fleet. We made all poſſible Haſte, with both Sails and Oars; and *as it approached us, while we made towards it, we ſoon came up.*

Our

Our Commodore had given Orders to four of the Galleys to inveſt, if poſſible, and maſter the Merchant Ships, which was an eaſy Matter, as ſuch Veſſels are for the moſt Part defenceleſs, while our Galley, which was Commodore, and that of Chevalier *Mauvilliers*, ſhould attack and become Maſters of the Frigate, which ſerved for Convoy.

In purſuance of theſe Diſpoſitions, four Galleys took a Compaſs to ſurround the Merchantmen, and cut off their Entrance into the *Thames*, while we went directly to attack the Frigate. The Frigate perceiving our Deſign, and the Danger which threatened the whole, or the greateſt Part of the Fleet, took its Meaſures accordingly. It was an *Engliſh* Ship, the Captain of which had the Character of being one of the moſt reſolute, yet prudent Commanders in the *Britiſh* Navy: And, indeed, his Conduct, in this Conjuncture, did not give Fame the Lie. He ordered the Merchantmen to croud all the Sail poſſible to get into the *Thames*; doubting not, for his own Part, but he ſhould be able, with his little Frigate, to cut out Work enough for ſix *French* Galleys: And let what would be the Reſult of the Engagement, he was determined not give out till he ſaw the Ships under his Convoy in Safety. Purſuant to this Reſolution, he ſpread his Sails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the firſt Aggreſſor.

Of the two Galleys ordered to attack the Frigate, ours alone was in a Capacity to begin the Engagement, as our Aſſociate had fallen back at leaſt a League behind us; either becauſe ſhe did not ſail ſo faſt as we, or elſe her Captain choſe to let us have the Honour of ſtriking the firſt Blow. Our Commodore, who ſeemed no way diſturbed at the Approach of the Frigate, thought our Galley alone would be more than a Match for the *Engliſhman*; but the Sequel will ſhew, that he was ſomewhat deceived in this Conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were ſoon within Cannon-Shot, and accordingly the Galley diſcharged her Broadſide. The Frigate, ſilent as *Death*, approached us without firing a Gun, but

ſeeming ſteadily reſolved to reſerve all her Terrors for more cloſe Engagement. Our Commodore, nevertheleſs, miſtook *Engliſh* Reſolution for Cowardice: What, cried he, is the Frigate weary of carrying *Engliſh* Colours? And does ſhe come to ſurrender without a Blow? The Boaſt was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within Muſket Shot. The Galley inceſſantly pour'd in her Broadſide and Small-arms; the Frigate, all this While, preſerving the moſt dreadful Tranquillity that Imagination can conceive. At laſt the *Engliſhman* ſeemed all at once ſtruck with a Pannick, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more Spirits than a flying Enemy; nothing was heard but boaſting among our Officers: We could at one Blaſt ſink a Man of War; aye, that we could; and with Eaſe too. If Mr. *Engliſh* does not ſtrike in two Minutes, down he goes, down to the Bottom. All this Time the Frigate was in Silence, preparing for the Tragedy which was to enſue. Her Flight was but pretended, and done with a View to entice us to board her in Sern, which, as being the weakeſt Quarter, Gallies generally chuſe to attack. Againſt this Quarter they endeavour to drive their Beak, and then generally board the Enemy, after having cleared the Decks with their five Pieces of Cannon. The Commodore, in ſuch a favourable Conjuncture, as he imagined this to be, ordered the Galley to board, and bid the Men at the Helm to bury her Beak, if poſſible, in the Frigate. All the Sailors and Soldiers ſtood ready with their Sabres and Battle-Axes to execute his Commands. The Frigate, who perceived our Intentions, dexterouſly avoided our Beak, which was juſt ready to be daſh'd againſt her Stern; ſo that, inſtead of ſeeing the Frigate ſink in the dreadful Encounter, as was expected, we had the Mortification to behold her fairly along-ſide of us; an Interview which ſtruck us with Terror. Now it was that the *Engliſh* Captain's Courage was conſpicuous; as he had foreſeen what would happen, *he was ready* with his Grappling Irons, and fixed us *faſt by his* Side. His Artillery began to open, charged *with* Grape-Shot; all on board the Galley were as *much expoſed* as if upon a Raft; not a Gun was fired tho

that did not make horrible Execution; we were near enough even to be ſcorched with the Flame. The *Engliſh* Maſts were filled with Sailors, who threw Hand-Granades among us like Hail, that ſcattered Wounds and Death wherever they fell. Our Crew now no longer thought of attacking; they were even unable to make the leaſt Defence. The Terror was ſo great, as well among the Officers as common Men, that they ſeemed incapable of Reſiſtance. Thoſe who were neither killed or wounded, lay flat, and counterfeited Death to find Safety. The Enemy perceiving our Fright, to add to our Misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty Men, who, Sword in Hand, hewed down all that ventured to oppoſe, ſparing, however, the Slaves who made no Reſiſtance. After they had cut away thus for ſome Time, being conſtrained back by our ſtill ſurviving Numbers, they continued to pour an infernal Fire among us.

Chevalier *Langeron*, ſeeing himſelf reduced to this Extremity, ſeeing a great Part of his Crew either killed or wounded, was the only Man on board who had Courage enough to wave the Flag of Diſtreſs, by which he called the other Gallies of the Squadron to his Aid.

The Galley which had laid a-ſtern was ſoon up with us, and the other Four, who had almoſt taken poſſeſſion of the Merchantmen, upon ſeeing our Signal and perceiving our Diſtreſs, quitted the intended Prey to come to our Aſſiſtance. Thus the whole Fleet of Merchant Ships ſaved themſelves in the *Thames*. The Gallies rowed with ſuch Swiftneſs, that in leſs than half an Hour, the whole Six had encompaſſed the Frigate. Her Men were now no longer able to keep the Deck, and ſhe preſented a favourable Opportunity for being boarded. Twenty five Grenadiers from each Galley, were ordered upon this Service. They met with no Oppoſition in coming on; but ſcarce were they crowded upon the Deck, when they once again were ſaluted *a L'Anglois*. The Officers of the Frigate were intrenched in the Forecaſtle, and fired upon the Grenadiers inceſſantly. The reſt of the Crew alſ did what Execution they were able thro' the G

tings, and at laſt cleared the Ship of the Enemy. Another Detachment was ordered to board, but with the ſame Succeſs; however, it was at laſt thought adviſeable with Hatchets and other proper Inſtruments, to lay open her Decks, and by that Means make the Crew Priſoners of War. This was, tho' with extreme Difficulty, executed; and in ſpite of their firing, which killed ſeveral of the Aſſailants, the Frigate's Crew were at laſt conſtrained to ſurrender. The Officers were ſtill poſſeſſed of the Forecaſtle, and ſtill kept up as briſk a Fire as before. They alſo were to be forced in like Manner, which was not effected without Loſs. Thus were all the Ship's Company made Priſoners except the Captain. He took refuge in the Cabbin, where he fired upon us with the utmoſt Obſtinacy; ſwearing that he would ſpill the laſt Drop of Blood, before he ſhould ſee the inſide of a *French* Priſon. The reſt of the *Engliſh* Officers, who had by this Time been conducted aboard us, deſcribed their Captain as a Man perfectly Fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the Frigate into the Air, rather than ſtrike, and painted his Reſolution in ſuch ſtriking Colours, that even the Conquerors trembled. Every Perſon now expected to ſee the Frigate blown up, while they themſelves muſt ſhare the Danger of ſo terrible a Neighbourhood. The Way to the Powder Room led thro' the Cabbin, and *that* the *Engliſh* Captain was ſtill poſſeſſed off; and were the Frigate blown up, it muſt have been attended with the moſt fatal Effects to the ſix Galleys. In this Extremity it was concluded to ſummon the Captain in the moſt gentle Terms, and to promiſe him the kindeſt Treatment upon ſurrendering. He only anſwered all this by firing as faſt as he could. At length the laſt Remedy was to be put into Execution; to take him dead or alive. For this Purpoſe, a Serjeant and twelve Grenadiers got orders with Bayonets fixed to break open his Door, and kill him if he refuſed to ſurrender. The Serjeant at the Head of his Detachment, would have ſoon burſt the Door; but the Captain, who expected all this, with his loaded Piſtol ſhot him thro' the Head. The *Grenadiers*, *apprehenſive* of the ſame Fate, quickly betook

betook themſelves to flight; nor was it in the Power of any of the Officers to prevail on them, once more to renew the Engagement, tho' ſeemingly ſo unequal. They alledged in their Vindication, that as they could advance into the Room but one a-breaſt, the Captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourſe was had to gentle Methods, and entreaty was uſed, which had at laſt the deſired Succeſs. All this ſeeming Reſolution, this Conduct, which appeared rather the Effect of Inſenſibility than Prudence, was artfully aſſumed only, to prolong the Engagement, till the Merchant Fleet were in Safety, which when the *Engliſh* Captain perceived from his Cabbin Window, he then began to liſten to Reaſon; yet ſtill, to prolong the Time as much as lay in his Power, he pretended another Obſtacle to his ſurrendering; he alledged it as beneath him to deliver up his Sword to any but the Commodore, and deſired that he would come down to receive it; adding, that brave Men ſhould only be the Priſoners of each other. Accordingly a Truce was agreed on, till his Demand ſhould be reported to the Commodore; who ſent back Word by his ſecond Lieutenant, that a Commander ſhould never quit his Poſt or his Ship. At laſt the Captain gave up his Sword without farther Parley, like a real *Engliſh-man*, deſpiſing Ceremony, when Ceremony could be no longer uſeful. He was now brought before our Commodore, who could not help teſtifying ſome ſurprize at the minute Figure, which had made ſuch a mighty Uproar.

He was hump-back'd, pale-faced, and as much deformed in Perſon, as beautiful in Mind. Our Commodore complimented him on his Bravery; adding, that his preſent Captivity was but the Fortune of War, the Loſs of his Ship, the Safety of the Fleet entruſted to his Care, and that he ſhould have no Reaſon to regret his being a Priſoner; ſince, by the Treatment he ſhould receive, his Bondage would be merely nominal. I feel no regret, replied the little Captain; my Duty called me to defend my Charge, tho' at the Loſs of my Veſſel. In what Light my Services may be repreſented *to my Country, I know*, nor care not. I might perhaps

have

have had more Honour among them by ſaving his Majeſty's Ship by flight, and I ſhould certainly have more Profit as I ſhould ſtill be continued in Command; but this Conſolation remains, that I have ſerved *England* faithfully, nor can I feel any private Loſs by an Action which enriches the Public, and ſerves to make my Country more happy. Your kind Treatment of me, may not perhaps be without its Reward; tho' I ſhould never have the Opportunity, you will find ſome of my Countrymen, who have Gratitude; and that Fortune which now puts me into your Power, may one Day put you into theirs. The noble Boldneſs with which he expreſſed himſelf, charmed the Commodore: he returned him his Sword, adding very politely, take, Sir, a Weapon no Man better deſerves to wear; forget that you are my Priſoner, but remember I expect you for my Friend. There was ſoon, however, ſome Reaſon to repent of this Indulgence, as the Conſequences of giving him back his Sword, had like to have been fatal. The Captain being introduced into the Cabbin of the Galley, beheld there *Smith* the Traitor, and inſtantly knew him. *England* had ſet a Price upon this Wretch's Head of a thouſand Pounds; ſo that he regarded every Thing that was *Engliſh* with the utmoſt Deteſtation. Theſe two could not long behold each other, without feeling thoſe Emotions, which a Contraſt between the greateſt Virtue and Vice occaſions; and the little Captain was all on Fire to take Vengeance for his Country on its Betrayer. Perfidious Man! ſaid he, drawing his Sword, ſince the Hand of Juſtice cannot give you the Death you merit, take it from mine; and at the ſame Time he run againſt him, reſolved to plunge his Sword in his Breaſt; fortunately for both, the Commodore was near enough to prevent the Raſhneſs of his Conduct, by taking the Aſſailant in his Arms, and ſtopped the meditated Blow, to the great Regret of the Captain; who vow'd he had been better pleaſed with ſuch an Action, than to have taken the ſix Gallies. Captain *Smith* repreſented it to the Commodore as highly unfit that the Priſoner ſhould be in the ſame Galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the Commodore refuſed; alledging, that

as he was his Priſoner, he muſt remain where he was, but that Captain *Smith* had his Choice of any of the other five Galleys for his Reſidence. We took poſſeſſion of our Prize, which was called the *Nightingale*; the Name of the brave little Fellow who commanded her I have forgot.

We immediately ſet ſail with our Prize, from the Mouth of the *Thames*, but were obliged to make ſeveral Turnings and falſe Routs to deceive four Men of War, which were ſent after us: By thoſe Turnings and by the Favour of the Night, we eſcaped the Purſuit; notwithſtanding, we could not reach the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, till three Days after, which we did without any other Adventure worthy of Notice.

Such were the Circumſtances of this Engagement, without deſcending to particulars. In every Expedition, the Poor and thoſe of humbler Stations, who ſuffer moſt, are leaſt taken notice of; the Miſeries of the Great are held up to engage our Compaſſion and Attention, while the Slave who feels the moſt complicated Diſtreſs, ſeldom finds even Pity to ſoften his Sorrows.

With reſpect to myſelf, for I muſt bring back my Reader again to the minute Subject of this Memoir; I eſcaped Death almoſt miraculouſly; the Manner is too ſtrongly imprinted on my poor maimed Body, for any of the Circumſtances to eſcape my Mind.

We have ſeen how the Frigate avoided being boarded, by dexterouſly turning to lie on our Side, by which we were expoſed to the Fire of her Artillery, charged with Grape Shot. It happened that my Seat, on which there were five *Frenchmen* and one *Turk*, lay juſt oppoſite one of the Cannons, which as I readily perceived was charged. The two Veſſels lay ſo cloſe, that by raiſing my Body in the leaſt, I could touch this Cannon with my Hand. A Neighbourhood ſo terrible, filled us all with ſilent Conſternation. My Companions lay flat on the Seat, and in that Poſture endeavoured to avoid or rather waited the coming Blow. I had preſence of Mind ſufficient to obſerve, that this Gun was pointed in ſuch a Manner, that thoſe who lay flat would receive *almoſt all its* Contents; and accordingly was determin-

ed to ſit upright, ſince as I was chained, it was impoſſible entirely to quit my Station. In this Manner then I awaited Death; which however, I had ſcarce any Hopes of eſcaping. My Eyes were fixed upon the Gunner, who with his lighted Match, was employed in diſcharging every Piece, one after the other. I ſaw him approach nearer and nearer to the fatal one, and felt all that Oppoſition of Paſſions, ſo conſonant to my Circumſtances, Dread of immediate Pain and Hope of enſuing Happineſs. I lifted my Heart to my God, in all the Extacy of fervent Devotion. Have Pity, O Father, on my poor Soul, and as thou haſt allotted me to mourn on Earth, may I be comforted with thyſelf in Heaven. I now felt ſtronger Aſſurances of Divine Mercy, than I had ever before experienced, and looked upon Death with Philoſophic, nay more, with Chriſtian Fortitude. I had the Conſtancy to obſerve the Gunner apply the lighted Match, what followed I only knew by the Conſequences. The Exploſion had ſtunned me, I was blown from my Seat upon the Courſier, which was as far as my Chain would permit. Here I remained, I cannot ſay how long, lying across the Body of the Lieutenant of the Galley, who had been killed ſome Time before. The ſpace, however, muſt have been conſiderable, as I afterwards gathered from different Circumſtances. At laſt recovering my Senſes, and finding myſelf lying upon a dead Body, I crept back to my ſeat. It was Night, and the Darkneſs was ſuch, that I could neither ſee the Blood that was ſpilled, nor the Carnage that was heaped around me. I imagined that their former Fears ſtill operated upon my Companions; and that they ſtill kept upon their Bellies to avoid the no longer threatning Danger. I felt no pain from any Wound, and thought all in perfect ſafety. I remained in this complacency of thought for ſome Time, and even took a malignant Pleaſure in the Continuance of the Terrors of my fellow Slaves. But at laſt, deſirous to free them from their Fears, I gently kicked him that lay next me; riſe my Boy, ſaid I, the Danger is over. I received no Anſwer, I ſpoke louder, but ſtill all were ſilent about me. The *Turk* of our *Seat, one remarkable* for his Truth and Probity, who had

had been chained next me, was lying among the reſt; he had been a Janiſſary, and had frequently boaſted of his never knowing what Fear was. I was accordingly reſolved to railly the Fellow upon his preſent Behaviour. What *Iſouf!* cried I, where is your boaſted Intrepidity now? for ſhame riſe, the Slaughter is over. Upon this I went to raiſe him by the Hand; when, O Horror! My Blood ſtill freezes at the Remembrance! This Hand came away from his Body; and with its deadly Coldneſs, chilled me with more than uſual Terror. I threw it back with Deſtation on the Body of the poor Wretch to whom it belonged, and quickly perceived that my Companions were maſhed to pieces, by that very Diſcharge which I avoided; and that of ſix, I alone remained the miſerable Survivor. I was ſitting in a penſive Poſture on the Slaves Seat, and had not been long in this Attitude, when I perceived ſomewhat moiſt and cold run down my Body, which was naked. I put my Hand to the Place and found it wet; but as it was dark, I was unable to diſtinguiſh what it was. I ſuſpected it, however, to be Blood, flowing from ſome Wound, and following with my Hand the Courſe of the Stream, I found my Shoulder near the Clavicle, was pierced quite through. I now felt another Gaſh in my left Leg, below the Knee, which alſo went thro', again another, made I ſuppoſe by a Splinter, which ripped the Integuments of my Belly; it was a Foot long, and four Inches broad. I loſt a great Quantity of Blood, before I could have any Aſſiſtance; all near me were dead, as well thoſe before and behind me, as thoſe of my own Seat. Of eighteen Perſons on the three Seats, there was left ſurviving only me, wounded as I was in three different Places, and all by the Exploſion of one Cannon only. But if we conſider the Manner of charging with grape Shot, our wonder at ſuch prodigious Slaughter will ceaſe. After the Cartouche of Powder, a long Tin Box filled with Muſquet Balls is rammed in. When the Piece is fired, the Box breaks, and ſcatters its Contents moſt ſurpriſingly.

I was now forced to wait till the Battle was ended, before I could expect any Relief. All on board were

in the utmoſt Confuſion; the Dead, the Dying, and the Wounded, lying upon each other, compoſed the frightful Scene. Groans from thoſe who deſired to be freed from the Dead; Blaſphemies from the Slaves who were wounded to Death; arraigning Heaven for making their End not leſs unhappy than their Lives had been. The *Courſier* could not be paſſed from the dead Bodies which lay on it. The Seats were filled not only with Slaves, but alſo with Sailors and Officers, who were wounded or ſlain. Such was the Carnage, that the Living hardly found Room to throw the Killed into the Sea, or ſuccour the Wounded. Add to all this, the Obſcurity of the Night (for we could not light a Candle, for fear of being ſeen by the four Men of War already mentioned.) All this conſidered, I ſay, where could Miſery have been found equal to mine! We continued thus embarraſſed for a great Part of the Night, till at laſt, upon the ſurrendering of the Frigate, all Things were adjuſted, as well as Time and Circumſtances could permit. The five other Gallies gave all the Aſſiſtance in their Power, putting the Wounded, the Oars, and other Tackling of the Veſſel, in the beſt Order they could. Their Loſs was by no Means equal to our's: They therefore, with all the Diſpatch, and all the Silence in their Power, gave us Aſſiſtance. Diſpatch and Silence were abſolutely neceſſary; for we could diſcern ſeveral Lights leaving the Mouth of the *Thames*; and could hear ſeveral Signals made by Cannon, which, by the Flaſhes ſeemed to approach; by which we were confirmed, that theſe were Men of War ſent out to purſue us. The firſt Concern of the Sailors was to throw the Dead overboard; and to ſtow the Wounded in the Hold. But ſo much did their Fears of being made Priſoners encreaſe their Diſpatch, that I verily believe as great a Number of the Living were thrown over for Dead, as of thoſe who were dead in Reality. For in the Confuſion of the Night, they flung over all who ſhewed no Signs of Life; though ſeveral, through Fear, or Loſs of Blood, were inſenſible; but, by proper Treatment, might eaſily have recovered. In this Manner I had like to have *found that* Death from my barbarous Countrymen, which

which I had eſcaped from the Enemy. When the *Keeper* came to unchain the Killed and Wounded of my Seat, I was fallen into a Swoon, without Senſe or Motion; lying among the Dead, bathed in their Blood and my own, which flowed from my Wounds in great Abundance. This made the Keeper and his Attendants conclude, that all in that Seat were killed. They accordingly did but unchain the Slaves, and then threw them over, without any previous Examination: It was ſufficient for them if the Body neither ſpoke or cried. In ſhort, thoſe Marine *Undertakers* did their Work ſo precipitately, that they emptied the Seat in an Inſtant. My departed Comrades, it is true, were not in very equivocal Circumſtances, as they had been too ſtrongly impreſſed with the Hand of Death to be miſtaken; and they were thrown over Limb by Limb. Mine was the only Body that remained entire; but dead to all Appearance. I was going to be unchained accordingly, in order to keep my Fellow Slaves Company. I had been chained by the left Leg; and, as I have ſaid already, was alſo wounded in the ſame. The Keeper graſped this Leg in his Hand, while an Aſſiſtant endeavoured to wrench open the Ring by which I was faſtened to the Chain. Fortunately for me, the Keeper happened to preſs his Fingers againſt my Wound ſo ſtrongly, that the Pain revived me. I roared out in inexpreſſible Anguiſh; which made the Fellow let go his Graſp. I now perceived their Intention; and fearing leſt they might ſtill put it into Execution, cried out as loud as I could, Pray do not throw me in; I am not yet dead. They upon this carried me to the Hold, among the reſt of the Wounded; and threw me upon a Cable, made up into a *Roleau*. Perhaps the hardeſt Bed of Repoſe that ever a Man, in the agonizing Pain I then felt, had to lie on.

The Wounded were thrown indiſcriminately into the Hold; Petty Officers, Sailors, Soldiers, and Slaves: there was no Diſtinction of Places, no Bed to lie upon, nor any Succour to be had. With Reſpect to myſelf, I continued three Days in this miſerable Situation: *The Blood* coming from my Wounds was ſtopped by a *little Spirit of* Wine; but there was no Bandage uſed

nor did the Surgeon once come to examine whether I was dead or alive. In this ſuffocating Hole, the Wounded, who might otherwiſe have ſurvived, died in great Abundance. The Heat and the Smell were intolerable, ſo that the ſlighteſt Sore ſeemed diſpoſed to mortify; while thoſe who had loſt Limbs, or received large Wounds, went off by an univerſal Putrefaction.

In this deplorable Situation we at laſt arrived at *Dunkirk*, where the Wounded were put on Shore, in order to be carried to the Marine Hoſpital. We were drawn up from the Hold by Pullies, and carried to the Hoſpital on Men's Shoulders. The Slaves were conſigned to Apartments ſeparate from the Men who were free, and lodged in two large Rooms; forty Beds in each Room: Every Slave being chained by the Leg to the Foot of his Bed. We were viſited once every Day by the Surgeon-Major of the Hoſpital, accompanied by all the Navy and Galley-Surgeons who were then in Port. I happened to be very ſtrongly recommended to the above-mentioned Gentleman in the Manner following.

The ſame Year in which I was confined on board the Gallies at *Dunkirk*, I had been recommended by my Relations of *Bourdeaux*, *Bergerac* and *Amſterdam*, to Mr. *P****, a rich and eminent Banker, who ſometimes reſided at *Dunkirk*. He was a Native of *B.* of Proteſtant Extraction, and ſuch in Sentiment, but outwardly he profeſſed himſelf a Roman Catholic. He lived in the utmoſt Affluence, was generous and hoſpitable to the poor, and ever ready to ſupply the Rich with ſuch Sums as their immediate Occaſions might require. This laſt Quality procured him the Eſteem and Regard of all the Great, and gave him no ſmall Importance in the Eyes of the World. This Gentleman, finding himſelf ſollicited from many Quarters in my Favour, and that by Perſons whom he held in the higheſt Eſteem, judged that his Endeavours to ſerve me, would be conferring Obligations on ſeveral, whom he moſt deſired to oblige. He ſpoke in my Favour to the Chevalier *Langeron*, my Captain, who, influenced by *his Recommendation*, for they were vaſtly intimate,

gave

gave me ſeveral Marks of favourable Diſtinction. But my Benefactor did not reſt here; he took every Opportunity of ſerving me: He even prevailed ſo far, as to obtain a Permiſſion for my going one Day, which happened to be on *Chriſtmas*, to pay him a Viſit at Eight the ſucceeding Morning. He choſe that Hour, becauſe his Wife, who was a bigotted Papiſt, ſhould not be preſent at our Interview; being to remain at Maſs till Noon. My Captain went that Evening to the Galley, as in Winter the Commanders never lodge on board, and inſtructed the Keeper to conduct me, without my Chain, to Mr. *P*'s the Banker; and to wait either at the Door, or in the Hall, till I ſhould have finiſhed my Buſineſs with that Gentleman. In conſequence of this, when I went next Morning to pay my Reſpects, Mr. *P.* introduced me into an inner Chamber, and gave his Domeſtics Orders to deny him to all beſide. He began by aſſuring me of his Inclinations to ſerve me, adding, that he had found out a Way, which would infallibly ſet me free, if I myſelf would only be aſſiſting at the Execution of his Project. I returned my ſincereſt Acknowledgments for the intended Favour, and promiſed to do every Thing in my Power, which might be conſiſtent with my Integrity as a Man, or my Conſcience as a Chriſtian. Never trouble Conſcience or Integrity, replied he, they ſhall have nothing to do in this Affair. The Sin will be but trifling, and you may have an Opportunity of waſhing all clean again when you arrive in *Holland*. Be attentive, continued he, I am like you a Proteſtant. I have Motives of Intereſt, which prevent my publickly acknowledging my Sentiments. My Sentiments I believe are right, no Force can alter them; but then I ſee no Neceſſity for making them public: A Confeſſion of this Nature, more frequently proceeds from Oſtentation than a Regard for Truth. The Manner in which I deſign to ſerve you is this, Mr. *Portchartrain*, Miniſter for Naval Affairs, is my particular Friend; let me even add, is bound to oblige me. You have only to ſign a Promiſe, certifying, that to whatever Country you go, you will live and die a true Roman Catholic: This, it *ſhall be my* Care to have delivered. No Ceremony is

to

to be undergone; not a Creature but the Miniſter and I ſhall be privy to the Secret; and conſequently you can have no Diſgrace among your Brethren for apoſtatizing. Be prudent, take the Advice of a Man who knows the World: Serve yourſelf at this Juncture; and I engage in five Days to procure your Liberty, and to have you conducted ſafe to *Holland*. Why ſo penſive? What ſay you to ſuch an Offer? I am ſorry, Sir, replied I, that my refuſing to comply, will ſeem to leſſen the Obligations I owe you; but I view your Intentions to ſerve me, in the ſame Light as if they had been actually put into Execution. Permit me then, Sir, thus obliged as I am, to endeavour to repay a Part of my Gratitude by the Concern I now take in your real Welfare; I mean the Happineſs of your Soul. Oh, Sir! deceive not yourſelf, by imagining Heaven can be deceived; nor think that *Chriſt*, whom you deny before Man, will have Mercy on you before his Father, which is in Heaven. Pardon my Youth, Sir, for this Liberty; and impute my Zeal to my Friendſhip. What are the Sentiments of our Hearts, unleſs confirmed by our Lips? They ceaſe to be our's when we no longer dare to avow them. Heaven gives Light to ſee the Truth, and we turn what was deſigned for our Happineſs, into our own Confuſion. For my own Part, Sir, I have not ſubmitted to Chains, Impriſonment and Slavery, to have the Praiſe of Men, but the Approbation of God; and unleſs you can put me into a Method of keeping the Promiſe you would have me make, a Secret to him, you muſt forgive me if I refuſe to comply. He endeavoured to anſwer, by alledging ſome Texts, to ſoften the Force of the Goſpel on this Head, which I endeavoured to refute with the little Eloquence and Learning I was Maſter of: Or rather let me ſay, my Zeal and my Conſcience ſupplied the Place of both. I concluded with ſaying, that I could not believe my Friends, who had recommended me to him, ſollicited my Deliverance at the Expence of my Conſcience. No, anſwered he, ſo far from it, that I would not for the World, they ſhould know the Subject of our preſent Converſation. Thus ſaying, and *with the Tears in* his Eyes, he tenderly embraced me,

praying

praying that Heaven might continue its Grace to make me perſevere in theſe Sentiments to the End, Sentiments, as he ſaid, worthy a Profeſſor of Truth and Chriſtianity. The Recommendations, continued he, I have had in your Favour, no longer influence me: I regard you now for your intrinſic Merit; and reſt aſſured, that I ſhall watch every Opportunity of doing you Service. He bid me draw upon him for whatever Sums I ſhould have Occaſion, and he would eſteem it his Happineſs to be able to ſupply me. After mutual Compliments I withdrew, and returned to my Galley; Mr. *P.* ſtill continuing, when Buſineſs permitted, to ſend for me; and ſtill loading me with freſh Aſſurances of his Friendſhip and Eſteem.

As ſoon as the Report was ſpread of our Galley's being returned with an *Engliſh* Prize, with the concomitant Circumſtances of our loſing a great Number of Hands by the Capture; my Friend, the Banker, ran to the Port to know what was become of me. Being informed that I had been deſperately wounded, and carried to the Hoſpital; he immediately haſtes to the Surgeon-Major, who was his Friend, and recommended me to him in the ſtrongeſt Terms. And to this Recommendation it is, that next to Heaven I owe my Life; for the Surgeon (contrary to his uſual Cuſtom, which is only to preſcribe) undertook to dreſs my Wounds himſelf. On his firſt Viſit he drew out his Tablets, and aſked for a Man called *J. M.* Accordingly, being directed he approached my Bed, and aſked if I knew Mr. *P.* to which I replied in the Affirmative, adding, that it was to his Friendſhip I was indebted for all the Comforts I had enjoyed in my State of ſtrict Servitude, for ſeven Years. The Manner in which he has recommended you, ſays the Surgeon, to me, binds me to do you all the Service in my Power. Let me examine your Wounds. The moſt dangerous was that in my Shoulder. When he took off the Compreſs, which was the only dreſſing I yet had, he obſerved, that the Negligence or Ignorance of the former Surgeon, had permitted a Mortification to ſpread; and calling him, chid him in a very harſh

Manner

Manner for his Neglect. The Surgeon excuſed himſelf in the beſt Manner he could, and begged to be permitted to repair his Fault by undertaking my Cure. The Surgeon-Major refuſed, at the ſame Time bidding all that were preſent to take Notice that I was his own Patient; and that none elſe ſhould preſume to take me in hand. In effect, he diſcharged his Duty with the utmoſt Punctuality, uſing every Precaution Care or Skill could ſuggeſt, in ſuch a Manner, that the Mortifications which were begun in all my Wounds were ſtopped, and my Life ſaved.

Three Parts out of four of thoſe who were wounded did not ſurvive, a great Number of whom were by no Means ſo dangerouſly wounded as I. The Multitudes who died, as well of the Free as the Slaves, gave Occaſion to ſome to ſpread a Report that the *Engliſh* Bullets had been poiſoned. Yet I believe that all the ſenſible Part of Mankind will join with me in attributing this malevolent Report to the Hatred the *French* Nation bears the *Engliſh*. I have heard the Surgeon-Major, who was one of the moſt famous in his Profeſſion, endeavour to undeceive his more ignorant Brethren, by attributing this great Mortality to the Want of proper Care when the Wounds were received. Perhaps it was in ſome Meaſure owing alſo to the indiſcriminate Attendance which was given; for where forty Surgeons preſcribed for the ſame Patient, which was the Caſe in this Hoſpital, it was impoſſible but there muſt be ſome Oppoſition in their Preſcriptions. In about two Months my Wounds were healed; but I remained a Month longer in the Hoſpital to compleat my Cure, and recover my Strength. Here, by the Care of the *Franciſcan* Friars, who attended the Sick, to whom alſo I was recommended, I recovered daily; and, at the End of three Months, was diſmiſſed the Hoſpital, ſleek and healthy, but maimed in one Arm, and conſequently rendered unfit for Galley-Service, of which the Surgeon gave me a Certificate. I was, notwithſtanding, aſſigned my former Seat aboard; but, as it was Winter, my Labour was but trifling.

The enſuing Campaign, in 1709, the Gallies were fitted

fitted out in *April*. The Comite claſſed the Slaves each to his proper Seat. The Reader has been told that there are ſix Slaves to every Oar; the moſt vigorous of which is always placed at the End of the Oar, as being the moſt laborious Station. The ſtrongeſt then compoſe the firſt Claſs, and have the greateſt Fatigue; thoſe of the ſecond Claſs ſit next them, and ſhare the next Degree of Labour; and ſo of the reſt, till it comes to the ſixth. Thoſe laſt have ſcarce any Fatigue, and conſequently are always compoſed of the moſt feeble. Before I was wounded, I was in the firſt Claſs; and the Comite, whether through Deſign or Neglect, had me on his Liſt ſtill in the ſame; a Station I was by no means able to fill, as I could ſcarce raiſe my Arm to my Head. I placed myſelf accordingly in the laſt Claſs, not without certain Expectations of paſſing my Examination. This Examination is indeed terrible: The Comite ſtands over the Slave who pleads Imbecillity; examines his Strength, tortures him with Laſhings to exert all his Powers at the Oar; ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible to counterfeit; and none will hold out the Trial, but ſuch as are actually diſabled.

Upon our leaving the Harbour, which was the firſt Time that Seaſon, the Comite viſited every Bench, to ſee if the Rowers were properly claſſed. He held in his Hand a Rope's End, which with great Serenity he exerciſed upon almoſt all, without Diſtinction. I was placed at the Stern, and he began his Viſitation at the Prow. Here I expected him, in the utmoſt Agony, and fortified myſelf againſt what I was almoſt ſure to ſuffer. He at laſt arrived at our Bench, where he threw his gloomy Eyes; and, ſtopping ſhort, ordered with a fierce Air the firſt Rower to ceaſe. Dog! ſays he, addreſſing me, Dog of a Hugonot! come hither. I approached him, dragging my Chain, anxious, yet reſolved, firmly perſuaded that I was called only to undergo the cuſtomary Diſcipline. I approached him in the humbleſt Poſture of a Suppliant; my Cap off, and bending to receive his Commands. Who has ordered you, ſaid he, to row? I anſwered, trembling with Fear, that being maimed, as he might ſee by my Scars, I was unable to ſit foremoſt; and entreated him

to

to have Pity, as I was reſolved to do all in my Power to aſſiſt my Companions. Anſwer me to what I aſk, interrupted he; Who has ordered you to row? My Duty, returned I. Your Duty? ſays he; I require none of my Crew, when maimed, to continue at the Oar. If the Law diſallows the wounded *Hugonot* to have his Freedom, however I will not ſuffer him to row under me. Never did an Angel's Voice ſound more harmoniouſly in the Viſionary's Ear, than this Diſcourſe, rough as it was, did in mine. He ordered the Keeper to unchain that Dog of a *Giſſe* (a cant Word for one incapable of Labour) and conſign him to the Room where the Proviſions are kept. The Keeper accordingly unchained me from a Bench where I had for ſeven Years felt every Diſtreſs, and conducted me down to the Proviſion Chamber.

The Perſon who ſerved in this Chamber was alſo a Slave; and, though a Papiſt, one with whom, ſome Time before, I had contracted an intimate Friendſhip. He was about twenty-three Years old, beautiful in Perſon, and a Gentleman by Birth. He had been condemned for what might appear rather a juvenile Folly, than an odious Crime. As ſoon as this unhappy Youth, whoſe Name was *Gujon*, ſaw me entering the Room, he flew round my Neck, and in Raptures cried out, My Boy, and ſhall we add to the Title of Friends, the Appellation of Companions alſo! We mutually felicitated each other upon the Pleaſure that we ſhould find in a Society ſo agreeable. And while the Galley proceeded without the Help of our Arms to encreaſe its Speed, as we had Leiſure ſufficient to entertain each other, he gave me his Hiſtory; which, though I remember but imperfectly, is too curious not to find a Place in this Memoir. Permit me, however, to defer the Recital, till I ſay a Word or two more relative to myſelf.

This Day and the Night following the Gallies ſcoured the Channel, after which they returned to the Harbour of *Dunkirk*: When we had dropped Anchor, and ſtretched the Tent, which covers the Galley, the Comite, ſitting in his Pavillion, Orders me to be called *before him*. When I appeared, you ſee, ſaid he, what

I have

I have done to make you eaſy on Board. I am not diſpleaſed at this Opportunity of ſhewing how much I regard you, and all of your Religion. I do not ſee, not I, what Crimes you have committed. And if my Religion damns you hereafter, I think that bad enough, without contributing to damn you here alſo. I know not however, continued he, how I ſhall conduct myſelf in this Affair, for I am convinced I ſhall have the Almoner on my Back, for favouring a Hugonot. Yet let me ſee, methinks I have found out a Way. Our Captain's Clerk is dead, and he is at a Loſs for another. I will propoſe you to him in ſuch a Manner that he cannot refuſe. By this Means you will not only be exempted from Labour, but alſo reſpected of all; and I ſhall have nothing to fear from the Almoner. Get you gone to your Room, and I ſhall again, when proper, ſend for you. He went about diſcharging his Promiſe that Inſtant; he ſtuck at nothing, not even at Falſhood, to do me Service. There is, ſaid he to the Captain, there is a Fellow I have got among the laſt Claſs, but I had been as well pleaſed to have a Bear at the Oar as he. I have firk'd him with a Rope's-End 'till I almoſt left him ſpeechleſs; but all would not do; he has got an uſeleſs Hand, it ſeems, into which all my Blows cannot put Life. In ſhort, I have been obliged to turn him into the Hold; for he rather hindered than helped his Comrades. The Captain demanded how I was maimed; and being informed, How comes it to paſs then, ſaid he, that this Slave was not ſet free among the reſt of the Wounded? (for it may be noted, that the Law ordains, that all Galley-Slaves, who are wounded in Battle, ſhall have their Freedom, of whatſoever Nature their Crimes may be, except that of being of the reformed Religion). Ay, there it is, replied the Comite, the Wretch is an *Hugonot*. But, added he, the Lad knows how to write, and behave himſelf; and, in my Opinion, would ſerve excellently well for your Clerk. Let him be called, ſaid the Captain. As ſoon as I appeared, Do you know Mr. *P.* ſays he to me. To which I replied in the Affirmative. Here then, ſays he, I appoint you my Clerk. Let this Lad

ſee her Lover no more, and proceeded even to Threats of puniſhing her Diſobedience with a Convent. A Turn ſo unexpected extremely afflicted the young Couple, who, in Deſpair of being able to bend the old Gentleman to their Purpoſe, concerted Meaſures to fly to ſome Country where they might be married in Safety, and give an uncontrolled Indulgence to their mutual Affection. This being agreed on, *Goujon* undertook to prepare every thing neceſſary for the intended Flight. For this Purpoſe, he had got a Poſt-Chaiſe in Readineſs, not far from the Town, and informed his Miſtreſs of the Hour in which ſhe was to eſcape from her Father, and come to a certain Part of the Rampart, of which he gave her a particular Deſcription.

The Difficulty lay in eſcaping out of the Town; it could be effected only by Favour of the Night, and the Gates were always ſhut in the Evening.

But Love, who too often encreaſes our Invention at the Expence of our Reaſon, ſuggeſted an Expedient, which, though ſeemingly feaſible, was notwithſtanding fatal in the Conſequences. There was, in the Ramparts, an old neglected Breach. *Goujon* had frequently, when locked out of the Town, come in this Way, though it was always guarded by a Centinel, who had Orders, on Pain of Death, to let no body paſs. But as there was no other Regiment in Town but that to which *Goujon* belonged, as he was alſo well known and loved by all the Soldiers, and never paſſed without giving the Centinel ſomething to drink, he came and went unmolested. This Breach then was the Place of Aſſignation, and his Miſtreſs was punctual to the Appointment. As ſoon as he ſaw her approach, in all the Terrors natural to the Sex; he flew, took her in his Arms, and was conducting his lovely Burthen to the Breach, when the Centinel, who had been but lately enliſted, one who had been alſo a Servant to *Goujon*'s Father, hearing him approach, cried out, Who goes there? A Friend, replied *Goujon*. Stop there, ſaid the Centinel, or I'll ſhoot you through the Body. *Goujon* endeavoured to ſooth him with all the winning Arts he was Maſter of, calling him by his Name, offering him Money, and entreating.

treating, in the moſt preſſing Manner, his Permiſſion to paſs unmoleſted. The Centinel replied, that all the Money in the World ſhould not bribe him to do what he might be hanged for the next Morning, and deſired the Lover and his Miſtreſs to keep their Diſtance. Nevertheleſs, *Goujon* ſtill advanced; and the Centinel perceiving his Obſtinacy, preſented his Piece, but luckily miſſed Fire. *Goujon*, animated with Love and Rage, inſtantly quitted his fainting Miſtreſs, jumped upon the Soldier, and, by main Strength, threw him headlong down the Rampart into the dry Foſſe beneath.

The Centinel, as ſoon as he got to the Bottom, began to examine whether he received any Hurt by the Fall, when finding himſelf out of Danger, he began to bawl with all his Force, as if he had been undone.

Near this Breach was a Gate of the City, where was an Office for Cuſtoms, and here ten or twelve Citizens were diverting themſelves. As ſoon as they heard the Cries of the Centinel, they all took Arms and ran towards the Place from whence the Noiſe proceeded. They ſoon approached the Breach, armed with Swords and Piſtols, crying out, in the uſual Phraſe, *Aid to the King.* *Goujon* perceiving the Storm coming on, and knowing that if he fled, he muſt leave his Miſtreſs to indelible Infamy, was reſolved to act a more generous Part. Fly, my dear Miſs, ſays the honeſt Creature, do what you can to get back; and in the mean time I ſhall endeavour to keep theſe Gentlemen in play till you have ſecured a Retreat. She obeyed, and got off unperceived; but it was not ſo with her unfortunate Lover; he was ſurrounded, and attacked by the whole Company. Diſdaining however to fly, he fought with the utmoſt Intrepidity. Four of the Company fell dead at his Feet; ſeveral others were wounded; nor was he himſelf without his Wounds. Near where he fought was a Public Houſe, in which was the Serjeant of *Goujon*'s Company drinking. He, hearing the claſhing of Swords, and the Groans of the Dying, ran out to aſk what was the Matter. *Goujon* immediately knew his Voice, and anſwered, *La Motte*,

One may judge of the Conſternation of the whole Regiment, at this Reverſe of Fortune. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Uncle to the unhappy Convict, was in Deſpair. He flew to the Governor, imploring on his Knees a Reſpite of twelve Days. The Governor granted his Requeſt, which he no ſooner obtained than he took Poſt, and went to ſollicit *Goujon*'s Pardon at Court. He threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet; and, with lifted Hands, and Tears ſtreaming down his aged Viſage, begged the Royal Mercy for his Nephew. The King, piqued at the diſreſpectful Manner in which the Convict had ſpoken of him and his Family, remained inflexible. Nothing, however, could abate the Lieutenant-Colonel's Ardour; he left nothing untried to ſerve the unhappy Youth, whom he conſidered as the Joy of his declining Age; he even found Means to ſollicit Madame *Maintenon*, whoſe Influence over the King was known to all. She embarked in the Cauſe; and, in ſpite of this Monarch's Repugnance to pardon *Goujon*, ſhe obtained a Reprive from Death for the Criminal; but upon Condition that he ſhould be for Life a Galley-Slave, and that the King ſhould never more be addreſſed in his Favour.

The Lieutenant-Colonel returned with the utmoſt Haſte to *Gravelines*, carrying with him this Commutation of *Goujon*'s Puniſhment. He preſented himſelf before the Governor, whom he informed of the King's Pleaſure; adding, that it was his Majeſty's Intentions that *Goujon* ſhould be ſent to the Gallies, without any Connivance or Pretence whatſoever; and that his and the Governor's Lives ſhould anſwer for a Diſobedience to theſe Orders.

It was now conſulted what was the propereſt and ſafeſt Method of behaving in this Conjuncture; and it was agreed, that, to prevent the Garriſon from forming any Deſign of reſcuing the Priſoner, it would be expedient to perſuade *Goujon* that he had a full Pardon, only that it was his Majeſty's Advice, that he ſhould enliſt as a Soldier in the Company of the Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the Gallies at *Dunkirk*. Things being thus pre-diſpoſed, the Lieutenant-Colonel went to the Priſon, where he found his Nephew in the

the Hands of two *Capuchins*, who were preparing him for Death, which he was to ſuffer the Day following.

As ſoon as the Lieutenant perceived him, Courage! my Boy, cried he; you ſhall not die, I have obtained your Pardon. The King, however, adviſes that you ſhould ſerve in Quality of a Soldier in the Company of Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the *Dunkirk* Gallies. This Puniſhment is nothing; for it laſts no longer than till we can procure you a Commiſſion. To-morrow two Archers, only for Form-ſake, will come to conduct you to *Dunkirk*, where you muſt be preſented to the Chevalier *Langeron*; but your being a Soldier will not in the leaſt abridge your Liberty. *Goujon* was too much tranſported with Joy to ſuſpect any Plot, and came readily into the Snare.

The Day following, two Archers, who were previouſly inſtructed, came to the Priſon; and, with the utmoſt Civility, bid *Goujon* mount one of the Horſes which were prepared for his Journey to *Dunkirk*. *Goujon* no longer doubted of his Liberty; he acquieſced with the utmoſt Chearfulneſs; and all his Acquaintance, equally ignorant of the Deceit, came in Crowds to felicitate his Succeſs, and to wiſh him a pleaſant Journey. He at length ſet out, the Archers riding before him like Attendants. But this was not long the Order of the Cavalcade. At ſome Diſtance from Town, one of theſe Fellows made ſome Excuſe for loitering behind, while the other ſtill kept before. In this Poſition they proceeded till they came to a narrow Paſs, or hollow Way, cut through a Mountain. Here the Archer who rode foremoſt, turning his Horſe ſhort, with a cocked Piſtol in his Hand, ordered the Priſoner, at his Peril not to make the leaſt Reſiſtance. While this Fellow kept *Goujon* in Awe, the other behind, who had been prepared, tied his Legs under the Horſe's Belly, and hand-cuffed him. I need not deſcribe the young Man's Affliction at ſo unexpected a Revolution. Imagining that they now were conducting him to be hanged, he entreated them to inform him of his Fate, and where they were

bringing him; but he could obtain nothing more than a brutal Reply, that he ſhould know when he came upon the Spot.

In this Manner they arrived at *Dunkirk*, and conducting him aboard our Galley, delivered him to the Keeper. He was quickly ſtripped of his laced Cloaths, and dreſſed in the Slave's red Habit. After this they cut off his Hair, the moſt beautiful my Eyes ever beheld, and he was chained to a Seat in the Galley. The Recommendations, however, which came from all Quarters to our Captain in his Favour, in ſome Meaſure relaxed the Severity of his Puniſhment. He was ordered to the Proviſion Chamber to diſtribute Proviſions to the Crew, and was exempted from every other Fatigue. He wore no Chain, but a Ring about his Leg, as a Mark of Servitude. I found many agreeable Hours in his Converſation, which was elegant, and mixed with the utmoſt good Nature. We remained Companions together from 1709 till *July* 1712. The Manner in which we were ſeparated I proceed to relate.

I have already informed the Reader that *Goujon* had powerful Friends at Court, who, without Relaxation, ſolicited his Pardon. His Father, a venerable old Man, accompanied by his two Sons, were reſolute enough to diſobey the King's Order, and perſiſted in imploring the royal Clemency. This diſtreſſed Gentleman, throwing himſelf before his Majeſty with a Countenance expreſſing all the Feelings of paternal Tenderneſs, offered, old as he was, to lead his three Sons to the Field of Battle, and there ſhed his Blood in the Service of his Country; but beſought his Majeſty not to ſpill it ignominiouſly under the Laſh of a Taſk-maſter. The King was ſtill inflexible; a plain Inſtance that the Great ſeldom forgive Injuries committed againſt themſelves. There were ſtill other Meaſures taken to deliver the Captive. Marſhal *Noailles* had juſt returned victorious, after having made himſelf Maſter of *Girome*. To him our young Slave was recommended, and he took the Opportunity when his Majeſty was complimenting him upon his Succeſs, to uſe ſome Expreſſions

preſſions in Favour of *Goujon*. The King reply'd, that though the Refuſal gave him Pain, yet his Reſolutions were unalterable; and this was the only Requeſt he could deny the Marſhal. Thus were all other Hopes precluded the unhappy Convict, except that either the King's death or his own would at laſt terminate his Miſeries. In his State of Servitude he had nevertheleſs ſome of the Pleaſures of Life; his Father ſupplied him with every Thing neceſſary, and his Friends and fellow Soldiers of the Regiment came frequently to viſit him, As the Galley is always open to Viſitants of every Kind, it is the Intereſt of the Comite to refuſe none Admiſſion, for as he ſells Wine by retail, it is moſtly drank by thoſe who come to conſole with their captive Friends.

Some Time in *May* 1712, a Serjeant of Grenadiers of the Regiment to which *Goujon* had belonged, and which at that Time was garriſoned in *Nieuport*, came to pay his old Maſter a Viſit. *Goujon*, after the uſual Salutations, began to utter many Complaints againſt the hardneſs of his Fortune, and the little Hopes he had of Freedom. The honeſt Serjeant was touched with Compaſſion, and addreſſed him as follows: Sir, you may depend upon me as one ready to lay down his Life to ſerve you; but I am not the only Friend you have left in our Regiment; there are four Grenadiers more, Men who have already faced every Danger, and are now ready to give any Proof of their Reſolution and Friendſhip you require. If thoſe poor Fellows and I can either ſerve you by open Force or Stratagem, you have but to point the Way, and be convinced we will either ſucceed or die in the Attempt. We are told at the Regiment, that you often have Occaſion to go into the City. If you think that five Men are ſufficient to carry you off openly, be aſſured no Danger ſhall deter us. Think upon what I have the Honour of telling you, and rely upon our Diſcretion and Courage. It is not to the Purpoſe to tell you who has put us upon this Scheme; perhaps you may gueſs without being informed. In ſhort, continued he, I ſhall come occaſionally to conſult with you upon the moſt proper

Means

Means of putting thoſe Reſolutions into Execution, and conducting all with Secrecy and Safety. I was preſent at this Converſation; for we were ſo intimate that we concealed nothing from each other. *Goujon* thanked the Serjeant for his generous Offer, embraced the Propoſal with Rapture; but added, that ſo dangerous an Expedient ſhould be well weighed before executed; that he would bend all his Attention to enſure Succeſs; and that he would at a proper Time communicate the Reſult of his Deliberations. The Serjeant upon this withdrew, and from that Hour all *Goujon*'s Thoughts were engroſſed by his Deſigns of eſcaping. It was in Fact no eaſy Talk to accompliſh. True it was, that he had frequent Occaſions of going into the City, as his Employment of diſtributing the Galley's Proviſions required. But then he was never permitted to go alone; whenever Buſineſs called him from the Veſſel, he was chained to a *Turk* in the Keeper's Intereſt, and guarded by a Centinel who was called by the Slaves *William*, a Man ſtrict and cautious to the laſt Degree.

It may be obſerved that there is a general Prohibition, forbidding all Maſters of public Houſes to entertain any Galley-Slave, whatſoever his Buſineſs may be, under Penalty of a thouſand Crowns to be paid by the Publican, and three Years Servitude in the Galleys to the Centinel. The Liberty, therefore, of going into the City was not ſufficient to procure *Goujon* his Liberty, as it was impoſſible to reſcue him by Force in open Day, and in Preſence of the Soldiers and Officers of all the Gallies. Add to this, the Garriſon of the City was very numerous, and had Guards poſted in all Quarters. Theſe Obſtacles appeared inſurmountable; and no other Means could be deviſed, but to endeavour by Preſents to ſoften the Centinel, and obtain Permiſſion to go into a public Houſe. *Goujon* fixed upon this laſt Expedient, being perſuaded that if he could once prevail on his Guard to enter a public Houſe, he would eaſily accompliſh his Deſign. Having formed his Project, he writes to his Father for a large Sum of Money, adding, that he wanted it for an Affair of Conſequence.

quence. The Money was immediately remitted, and he upon the Receipt began to lay Trains for ſpringing the Mine.

One very warm Day in the Month of *July*, *Goujon* went into the City with *William*, his ordinary Guard. After having diſpatched ſeveral Affairs relative to his Employment; as they paſſed by a little Ale-houſe in an unfrequented Street, *Goujon* perceiving his Guard look as if he wiſhed to drink, begged him to ſtop and order a Pot of Beer out into the Street, as they both ſeemed to need Refreſhment. *William* very gladly accepted the Offer, and the Beer was brought. The Landlady obſerved them deſirous of a Seat, and accordingly invited them into the Porch of her Houſe, where they might ſit and drink at Leiſure. As they were as much expoſed in the Porch as in the open Street, the Guard did not heſitate to comply with her Propoſal. Here *William* and the *Turk* were regaled beyond their Hopes; and *Goujon* at departing, inſtead of diſcharging half a Crown, to which the Reckoning amounted, complimented the kind Landlady with a Crown for her Civility. This poor Woman was ſo charmed with a Liberality to which ſhe had never been accuſtomed, invited him to come into her Houſe whenever his Occaſions ſhould call him that Way. The deſigning Captive thanked, but at the ſame Time aſſured her that nothing ſhould prevail on him to comply with her moſt generous Invitation; an Invitation which not only expoſed her to the Reſentment of the Law, but his Guard alſo, for whom he had the utmoſt Affection. Upon this they marched homeward, but not before *William* was complimented with another Crown, as a grateful Acknowledgment of his late Indulgence. The Soldier was ſo raviſhed at the Sight of all this Money in his own Poſſeſſion, that he knew not how to expreſs his Pleaſure; in fact, thoſe poor Creatures have very little Pay, and that paid only once in three Years; ſo that, to ſuch, a Crown muſt have been a Treaſure. In ſhort, he promiſed *Goujon* to indulge him in Time to come with greater Liberties than he had hitherto experienced;

and

and that he ſhould find him more like a Servant than a Guard for the future.

This *Coup d' Eſſai* almoſt confirmed *Goujon's* Hopes into Certainty; he made me the Partner of all his pleaſing Expectations; and I heartily ſympathized in his Succeſs. He ſoon found another Opportunity of returning to the City. He was apprized how neceſſary it was to keep up the good Will of thoſe he had to deal with, and not ſuffer their Affections to cool by an ill-timed Negligence. After Buſineſs had been diſpatched, they went to Breakfaſt with the kind Landlady. They were placed in the Porch, while the Maid ſtood Centinel to bring Information if any ſuſpicious Perſons appeared. After Breakfaſt, the Landlady either prompted by Intereſt, or a Deſire to oblige, gave them to underſtand, that as they ſeemed under continual Apprehenſions of being diſcovered in the Porch, ſhe had a little private Room where they might enjoy themſelves with the greateſt Tranquillity, only uſing Caution, either in coming in or going out, to obſerve that the Coaſt was clear. *Goujon*, deſirous of concealing his Satisfaction, was ſilent; but *William* (big with the Hopes of being frequently and ſafely treated at another's Expence, and paid for his good Company beſides) replied, that truly ſhe had ſpoke like a very prudent, ſenſible, generous Woman, and begged to be introduced without Delay. The Chamber was found the moſt convenient in the World. And *Goujon*, willing to catch the Opportunity, aſſured the Landlady that her Kindneſs ſhould not go unrewarded: It has juſt ſtruck my Fancy, continued he; What if you would let this Chamber to my Friend here and me: Not but I could be very content with ſitting in the Porch; but my Friend loves to do all Things ſo genteelly. No, poor Woman, it is not proper you ſhould loſe any Thing by me; I'll take this Room by the Month; ſo that whenever I come it may be at my Diſpoſal. For certain, added *William*; Mr. *Goujon* has a Genius: There's not a Man in the World could have contrived it better. I could not have done more genteelly myſelf. The Landlady left the Place to

Goujon's

Goujon's own Generoſity, who determined it at twenty Livres, advancing Payment for the firſt Month. He at the ſame Time gave *William* the ſame Sum, adding, that as he ran the ſame Riſque, it was but fitting he ſhould ſhare a like Reward. The *Turk* alſo partook of his Bounty, to prevent his blabbing to the Keeper. Things thus adjuſted, they returned to the Galley, each perfectly pleaſed with the Occurrences of the Day.

All *William*'s Thoughts were now engroſſed by good Cheer. He agreed to come next Day to hanſel the new Room, and was accordingly in the Morning ſent before to beſpeak an elegant Dinner, which, when the Hour of Rendezvous arrived, he was not backward in helping to conſume. Thus were Things conducted till towards the Expiration of the Month of *July*, the Time fixed for the Conſummation of the Enterprize.

The Serjeant, whoſe Name was *la Roſe*, never failed repeating his Viſits occaſionally to *Goujon*, who always apprized him of every Tranſaction. In Spite of all theſe favourable Appearances, ſaid the Serjeant to him one Day, a certain Circumſtance ſtill diſturbs me; I can't ſee any Means for me and my Comrades to get into the Room where you ſhall be, without ſome Conſuſion. The Landlady will never permit us to go there, leſt ſhe ſhould be informed againſt; and your Guard will take all Precautions to prevent our joining Company. Don't be in the leaſt Pain about that, reply'd *Goujon*; I foreſaw the Difficulty and am prepared againſt it. At a convenient Opportunity you ſhall ſee the Plan I have formed for my Eſcape. Leave to me the Conduct of the whole Affair. I only demand Reſolution and Courage in my Friends who are to put it in Execution. After freſh Aſſurances from the Serjeant, they both retired to their reſpective Employments. In the mean Time *William* and *Goujon* went frequently to regale at their Mother's, (for ſo they called the Landlady) and became at laſt ſo familiar in the Family, that they came and went without any Notice. The Project being at length ripe for Exe-

tion,

tion, the laſt Orders were given the Serjeant. The Inſtructions given him were drawn up in writing, to prevent his forgetting or miſtaking any of the Circumſtances, which might endanger a Failure of the whole. Now, my Friend, ſaid *Goujon* to the Serjeant, as he was taking Leave; now is the Time to put your Courage, Conſtancy, and Friendſhip to the Trial. Save my Life now, and ever after command its beſt Services. The abovementioned Plan *Goujon* communicated to me; but the Reader will have a better Idea of it by a Recital of the Manner in which it was put into Execution.

The Day fixed for the Enterprize being arrived, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers did not fail of being at *Dunkirk*, as ſoon as the Gates were opened in the Morning. Each had got the Part he was to act by Heart, to prevent any ſuſpicious Contradictions. *Goujon* being prepared for going into the City, took a final Farewell; embracing me with Tears in his Eyes. My dear Friend, ſaid he, pray to God for me; Heaven knows I want the Prayers of ſome good Man like you; this will be either the Day, from which I ſhall date my Happineſs, or it will certainly terminate a wretched Exiſtence. For if ſome Reverſe of Fortune, which has hitherto been my Foe, ſhould ſtill attend me, while I can graſp a Sword, be aſſured I ſhall never be retaken. If I die, it will only be meeting Death in defence of my Liberty; but ſhould I ſurvive that Liberty, what can I expect but an ignominious Death from the Hand of the Executioner? His Reſolution terrified me; I entreated him by all the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip to abandon his Enterprize, and wait with Patience ſome more ſafe and perhaps more happy Revolution in his Favour. No, ſaid he, turning his Back upon me; Death or Liberty is the Word, both will be almoſt equally welcome. At length my Heart foreboded ſome good Fortune to the Enterprize, and I would no longer attempt to damp his Reſolutions. He once more embraced me, and ſhedding Tears in great Abundance, went upon Deck, where being chained

to

to the *Turk*, and guarded by *William*, he ſet out for the City.

The Serjeant's previous Inſtructions were that *Goujon* would paſs at Nine o'Clock, by the Town Houſe; and if nothing unexpected arrived to hinder the Plot from proceeding, he would pull out his Handkerchief. Upon which Signal, the Serjeant ſhould punctually follow his written Inſtructions. He accordingly paſſed by the Town Houſe, pretended not to obſerve the Serjeant, gave the Signal, and with his ordinary Eſcort, went to breakfaſt at the appointed Alehouſe. At Ten, while they were yet at Breakfaſt, two of the Grenadiers paſſing by with their Knapſacks on their Backs, and looking wiſtfully at the Houſe; ſaid one to the other, Comrade, let us halt, and take a little drop of Dram in this here Alehouſe. They accordingly entered the Porch, and while the Landlady was pouring out a Glaſs of Brandy, ſeeming to take no notice of her; ſays one of them, I wonder where he can be? The D—— take him for a ſcurvy Dog of a Serjeant, replied the other, and *Goujon* and all of them, we ſhall not be able to reach Garriſon to Night. The Woman, who had heard *Goujon*'s Name mentioned, curious to know whether they were ſpeaking of her Gueſt; aſked if they knew Mr. *Goujon?* Know him! replied one; ay that we do. He was a Cadet in our Regiment, and had the Misfortune a few Years ago, to be condemned to the Gallies, for an Affair of Honour. But, poor Fellow, he has at laſt got his Pardon; our Lieutenant-Colonel pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him at Court, that he has obtained him a Lieutenant's Commiſſion. It is this that brings us to *Dunkirk*; our Serjeant, hang him, was ordered to bring his Pardon aboard the Galley; but not finding him there, nor at the Office of Commiſſary for Proviſions, he has ſent us a Wild-Gooſe chaſe to ſeek him, while he is upon the ſame Errand himſelf. And is indeed Mr. *Goujon* going to be pardoned? interrupted the Landlady. Lord, good Woman, do not delay us by trifling Queſtions, ſaid one of them; he had been pardoned an Hour ago, had we found him at the Gallies. Away the good Woman ran to inform

Goujon,

Goujon, without omitting the minuteſt Circumſtance. *William* was deceived by Appearances as well as the Landlady. *Goujon*, counterfeiting the higheſt Raptures, aſked if the Grenadiers were gone? No, replied the tranſported Landlady, they are both ſtill in the Porch. *William*, who affected ſuperior Skill, was the firſt who deſired they might be immediately called in. They were accordingly introduced by the Hoſteſs; and no ſooner were they entered the Chamber, than throwing their Arms about *Goujon*'s Neck, they wiſhed him Joy of his happy Deliverance, reciting very minutely all the Circumſtances of his Pardon, not forgetting the Trouble the Serjeant was then at in ſeeking him. Several Glaſſes were drank to his Honour's Health, and every Creature preſent partook in his fictitious Satisfaction. The other two Grenadiers were now come into Action, they arrived before the Alehouſe in their turn; and, as if conducted thither by Chance; perhaps ſays one, our Comrades may be here, let us ſtep in and ſee. No, ſays the other looking in, they are not there, marry hang them and our Serjeant both, let us give ourſelves no farther Trouble about them. The Hoſteſs, who perceived by their uniform, that theſe Grenadiers belonged to the ſame Regiment with the former, aſked who they enquired after? Our two Comrades, replied they. They are in my Houſe, Gentlemen, ſays ſhe; follow me, and I'll conduct you to them immediately. Upon their entering *Goujon*'s Chamber, Compliments and Congratulations were renew'd a freſh. And now the Serjeant only was wanting to complete the Intrigue. One of the Grenadiers was diſpatched in queſt of him; and as this Fellow knew perfectly well where to find him, he ſoon returned, introducing the Serjeant into *Goujon*'s Apartment. Thus far all Things ſucceeded to their moſt ſanguine Expectations; but now all were to be removed, who might give the leaſt Obſtruction. The Landlady, who was a Widow, had but one Maid Servant, and as this Wench might either by crying or eſcaping into the Street, alarm the Neighbourhood, and thus introduce many fatal Conſequences into an Affair that might otherwiſe be innocently tranſacted,

Goujon

Goujon was reſolved to put her out of the Way. Well, Gentlemen, ſaid he to the Grenadiers, as you are come too late for Breakfaſt, permit me to ſend for a few Oyſters, which will be here in an inſtant. They at firſt pretended to decline the Offer, alledging that they ſhould be too late back to *Nieuport*. But they ſeemed at laſt over-perſuaded by his kind Entreaties. The Maid was called, and ordered to go for Oyſters to a Fiſh-monger at the other End of the Town. After ſhe had been gone a little while, the Hoſteſs was ordered to bring in more Wine. When it was brought, Good Mother, ſays *Goujon* to the Hoſteſs, you muſt drink to my ſafe Deliverance. She very willingly accepted the Propoſal, and when ſhe had carried the Glaſs to her Mouth, *Goujon* gave the Signal. In an Inſtant the Serjeant leaped upon her, holding his Bayonet to her Throat, and threatening her with immediate Death, if ſhe made the leaſt Reſiſtance. *William* and the *Turk* were kept in awe by two Grenadiers, in the ſame Manner. The Landlady, who was fallen into a Swoon, was laid on the Bed; *William* fell flat upon the Ground, begging his Life, and promiſing not to move; and the *Turk* retired for Safety under the Table. Each of the Grenadiers had their particular Employments aſſigned them; the two remaining pulled from their Knapſacks a compleat Suit of Cloaths, and every Thing elſe neceſſary to equip *Goujon* like a Gentleman. They were alſo provided with proper Inſtruments to unrivet his Chains, and he was almoſt inſtantly dreſſed like an Officer, with a Sword by his Side, and with all the other Inſignia of military Finery. The Serjeant, two Grenadiers, and he, left the Houſe firſt, and made the beſt of their Way to the Gate that led to *Nieuport*. The two remaining Soldiers ſtaid ſome Time after to watch their Patients, but pretended at laſt to go into the Porch and take another Glaſs of Brandy, ſwearing at the ſame Time, that if any one of the three ſhould move in the leaſt, they would return, and without further Ceremony cut their Throats. In this Manner they quitted the Houſe, aud quickly joined their Comrades on the Road to *Nieuport*. Our three Patients

had

had no Inclinations to give them the leaſt Interruption, imagining them to be ſtill in the Houſe. They kept each their proper Attitudes till the Servant came back with the Oyſters. She was ſurprized to find them lying cloſe, and at laſt ventured to aſk the Reaſon. In ſhort, their Fears were ſcarce diſſipated, though ſhe moſt poſitively averred, that there was no Creature in the Houſe but themſelves. *William* was the firſt who took Courage, and getting up fled away as faſt as he could to take Sanctuary in a Church in *Flanders*. As the Churches in all Parts of the *Spaniſh* Dominions are Aſylums to Vagabonds and Delinquents, whatever their Crimes may be, he made the beſt of his Way to the Capuchin Convent in *Nieuport*, where he found *Goujon*, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, who had taken refuge there before him.

All this Time I ſuffered the utmoſt Inquietude, leſt my Friend ſhould miſcarry. I had much to fear; knowing, that in Enterprizes of this Nature, the ſlighteſt Circumſtance often diſconcerts the whole. In this State of anxious Perplexity; I placed myſelf at the Stern of the Galley, with my Eyes fixed upon the Place from whence I expected News of *Goujon*. It was not long before I perceived the *Turk* approach, carrying *Goujon*'s Chain on his Shoulder. I quickly conjectured that my Friend was in Safety, and found no ſmall Pleaſure in his Succeſs. The Keeper, who was upon the Quay, obſerving the *Turk* with a Chain acroſs his Shoulder, aſked him eagerly what was become of his Companion? A thouſand Miles off perhaps by this Time, replied *Achmet*, five hundred Grenadiers with Bombs, Cannon, and a whole Magazine of Arms have carried him away. The poor *Turk* was become an Ideot, Fear had turned his Brain, and in this State he remained ever after. The Keeper finding it impoſſible to draw a reaſonable Anſwer from this poor Creature, nevertheleſs was convinced that *Goujon* had made his eſcape: And as he knew the Rigour of a Court Martial, he fled to the ſame Church that the reſt had gone to, and took Sanctuary among the Capuchins of Nieuport. The Colonel of the Regiment of Auleſſon wrote

to Court in favour of the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, and even ventured to mention *Goujon*. The Commodore of the Gallies wrote alſo in favour of the Keeper and the Centinel. In ſuch Circumſtances a Pardon is ſeldom refuſed, and they were all forgiven, except *Goujon* alone, whom his Majeſty had reſolved to purſue with unceaſing Reſentment. This ill fated young Man was therefore obliged to leave *Nieuport* by Night, diſguiſed like a Peaſant, and ſome Days after I received a Letter from him, dated from *Bruges*, where he was expecting his Father's Determinations, with regard to his future Fortunes. Since that I never heard farther from him, nor could my Diligence ſince procure me the leaſt News of what was become of a Man, with whom I had ſuch ſtrong Connections of Friendſhip. I was ſuſpected aboard of having been privy to his Deſigns, my Enemies inſinuated as much to the Captain; but his Regards for me were too great to be influenced by Accuſations of that Nature. Perhaps any other Slave on Board would have undergone the Baſtinade, upon a like Suſpicion; for the Rule is, that if any Slave knows, but conceals the intended Flight of another, he ſhall receive the Baſtinade without Pity. Nay more, if any Slave eſcapes from his Seat, the five remaining, who belong to that Seat, and the twelve before and behind ſhall be puniſhed with the Baſtinade. This Law is a politic one, as it renders all careful to prevent each other's eſcaping; but then it is unjuſt, for by it a Man is puniſhed for the Crimes of another. But as the Laws are made to defend the Rich, where can the Poor, where can a Galley Slave find Juſtice!

After *Goujon*'s Eſcape, to my former Employment of Captain's Clerk was added that of Diſtributer of the Proviſions. I diſcharged both thoſe Truſts till the firſt of *October* 1712, when we were removed from *Dunkirk* to *Marſeilles*. But let me firſt relate an Event, which preceded our Removal, as it had like to have been fatal in its Conſequences.

Our Brethren of the *French* Churches in the United *Provinces often* ſupplied the Proteſtant Galley Slaves *with Remittances of Money*. Theſe Sums generally paſſe

paſſed thro' the Hands of a Banker of *Amſterdam*, who found means to lodge them in the Hands of ſome Correſpondent at *Dunkirk* or *Marſeilles*. One of my Friends at *Amſterdam*, an elder of the Church, thought it would be paying me a peculiar Degree of Diſtinction, to make me Receiver of thoſe Remittances. This was a very dangerous Employment; for if detected, the Slave is tortured with the Baſtinade till he diſcovers the Merchant who has paid him the Money, and upon ſuch a Diſcovery, the Merchant is ruined to all Intents and Purpoſes.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

THE

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT,

Condemned to the GALLEYS of FRANCE,

For His RELIGION.

Written by HIMSELF.

Comprehending an Account of the various Diſtreſſes he ſuffered in Slavery; and his Conſtancy in ſupporting almoſt every Cruelty that bigotted Zeal could inflict or Human Nature ſuſtain; alſo a Deſcription of the Galleys, and the Service in which they are employed.

The Whole interſperſed with Anecdotes relative to the General Hiſtory of the Times, for a Period of Thirteen Years; during which the Author continued in Slavery, 'till he was at laſt ſet free, at the Interceſſion of the Court of GREAT BRITAIN.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT.

THE Miſſionaries of *Marſeilles*, who took every Opportunity of perſecuting us with all the unguided Rage of Zeal, being informed that there were Remittances occaſionally ſent to comfort and aſſiſt us in Captivity, were reſolved if poſſible to prevent ſuch Proceedings for the future. They were well convinced that there was no Argument ſo powerful as Diſtreſs, to ſhake the Faith of the Reformed, and that every Avenue to Relief muſt be precluded, before they could expect any Succeſs in their Attempts for our Converſion. In purſuance of theſe Reſolutions they obtained an Order from Court to the Intendants of *Marſeilles* and *Dunkirk*, to have a ſtrict Eye over the *Hugonot* Slaves, to take care that they received no Remittances from their Friends, and if ſuch Practices were detected, to puniſh the Delinquents with the utmoſt Rigour. All who know the Spirit of a Miſſioner, will readily conceive what care they took in having theſe Orders punctually obeyed. Their greateſt Attention was to diſcover the Merchants or Bankers who negociated theſe Remittances. *But by the favour* of Providence they could never *ſucceed in this* Enquiry at *Dunkirk*; for tho' we fre-

quently received ſuch ſuch Supports under Bondage, yet our Affairs were tranſacted with ſuch Secrecy, that it was impoſſible to detect us. We were, however, not a little obliged to the *Turkiſh* Slaves, for their Fidelity and diſintereſted Services on theſe Occaſions. To give an Inſtance of this Fidelity, in the poor Slave *Iſouf*, who was killed in Battle againſt the *Engliſh* Frigate: I was in his Time chained to my Seat, by an expreſs Order from the Miſſionaries, without a Poſſibility of going into the City, as the reſt of the Slaves were permitted to do. Mr. *P.* my Banker, after the Orders from Court had been renewed, would no longer ſupply me by ſending his Clerk with the Remittance as uſual; but *Iſouf* undertook this dangerous Employment, and for ſeveral Years received the Benefactions, refuſing the leaſt Reward for his Trouble, and adding, that it was not me, but God he ſerved on thoſe Occaſions. After his Death I knew not what *Turk* to addreſs myſelf to; but it was not long before ten or twelve offered me their Services. It ſeems *Iſouf* uſed to confeſs all his Actions to certain *Mahometan* Doctors, called *Pappas*, all whoſe Learning conſiſted in being able to read the Alcoran. Tho' I had beſought him to reveal the Secret to no Creature living, yet his Religion perſuaded him to confeſs it to ſome of theſe, who were Slaves aboard. Thoſe good Men, (ſo let me call them, thoſe Followers of *Mahomet)* came one after the other, offering to ſerve me, and teſtifying the greateſt Piety and goodneſs of Heart. They generally called us Proteſtants, their *Brothers in God*; and teſtified the utmoſt Regard to our Opinions. I choſe from among the Number who offered, one whoſe Name was *Aly*, and he accepted the dangerous Employment with joy, diſcharging the Truſt I repoſed in him, faithfully and zealouſly for four Years. As *Aly* was extremely poor, I frequently preſſed him to accept of a Triſle for his kind Offices; but he conſtantly refuſed, alledging in his Eaſtern Manner, that ſuch Money would in his *Hands* turn to Fire. And when I pretended Diſpleaſure at his Refuſal, promiſing to have Recourſe to another, he would implore me with lifted Hands not to *ſhut upon him the Gates of Heaven.* Yet thoſe are the

they whom Chriſtians call Barbarous! Would to God that Chriſtians would but imitate their Integrity and Virtue; the Wicked can never with Juſtice be called truly polite, nor the Virtuous reproached with Barbarity. We are notwithſtanding to make a Diſtinction between Perſons of the ſame Religion, who come from different Parts of the World, and who conſequently differ in their Manners and Cuſtoms. Thoſe from *Morocco*, *Tripoli* and *Algiers*, are generally the greateſt Villains alive; thieviſh, cruel, falſe, aſſaſſins, and wicked to the laſt Degree. But the *Turks* of *Aſia* and *Europe* ſeem of a different Species. Thoſe come from *Boſnia* and the Frontiers of *Hungary*, from *Tranſilvania* and *Conſtantinople*, and are in great Numbers aboard the *French* Gallies. They are generally made Slaves by the Imperialiſts, who ſell them in *Italy*; where they are bought by the *French* to man the Gallies. Theſe laſt, I ſay, are generally well made, fair and beautiful, grave in their Deportment, zealous in the Obſervation of their Religion, tenacious of the Truth, and charitable in a ſupreme Degree. This laſt Virtue they even carry to Exceſs. I have ſeen them give all they were poſſeſſed of, to purchaſe the Freedom of a Bird in a Cage. When at Meals, thoſe who paſs by, whether *Turks* or *Chriſtians*, Friends or Enemies, if they do not taſte their Victuals, incur their Diſpleaſure, and nothing but Compliance can wipe off the Affront. They never drink ſpirituous Liquors, and conſequently are never drunk. But the *Mahometans* of *Africa*, commonly called *Moors*, get drunk as often as they have an Opportunity, and commit the moſt horrid Exceſſes of every Kind. This Diſſonance of Manners, between People profeſſing the ſame Religion, prevents the leaſt Intercourſe between them, or the ſmalleſt Affection for each other.

But to return from this Digreſſion, for which I hope the Reader's Pardon; I continued a long Time Receiver for my Brother Sufferers, without the leaſt Interruption; firſt aſſiſted by *Iſouf*, and after his Death by *Aly*; but a Proteſtant Slave at Marſeilles, who was entruſted with the like Employment for

our Brethren in that Harbour, had not the ſame Succeſs.

The Miſſionaries in *Marſeilles* came frequently on board the Gallies in that Harbour, in order to ſearch the Proteſtant Slaves, and took from them their Money, Letters, and Books of Devotion, which they were ſo frugal as never to return. To prevent the Slaves from being apprized of their coming, and conſequently from being prepared for their Reception by hiding their Effects, they took all poſſible Precautions to conceal the intended Time of Viſitation. They alſo gave the petty Officers private Inſtructions, that, at a Signal given by firing a Cannon, they ſhould each ſingle out his particular Slave, and ſearch him narrowly. Theſe Inſtructions were punctually and frequently executed, not without exerciſing the Laſh, which moſt commonly precedes and follows every Occurrence of this Nature. We had been ſurprized at *Dunkirk* frequently in the ſame Manner: But when *Bancilbon*, the old Proteſtant Slave, was made a Favourite of the Captain, we were generally apprized by him of the intended Viſitation, and prepared ourſelves accordingly.

One of our Brethren, of *Marſeilles*, whoſe Name was *Sabatier*, was, like me, entruſted with the Office of Receiver. He had received a Sum to be diſtributed among all the Gallies; and as he and his faithful *Turk* were obliged to hold frequent Conſultations about the Diſtribution, the Keeper began to entertain ſome Suſpicions. He apprized the Major of the Gallies, who took his Meaſures accordingly; and the *Turk* was one Day ſeized going out of the Galley, and there was found on him a Sum of Money, with a Liſt of the Names of thoſe Perſons, for whoſe Uſe it was intended. He was examined concerning the Manner in which he came by this Money, but reſolutely refuſed to inform. There was, however, no Neceſſity for his Evidence, for his Intercourſe with *Sabatier* rendered the latter ſufficiently ſuſpected; who alſo, upon Examination, candidly confeſſed that it was he who had entruſted the Turk with the Money.

The

The Intendant, who was informed of this Diſcovery, was in Raptures to think that the Merchant who ſupplied them would now be detected. But, as he was confined by the Gout, it was not in his Power to examine *Sabatier* aboard; therefore the Delinquent was ordered to be chained to a *Turk*, and conducted by a Centinel into his Preſence. When *Sabatier* appeared, the Intendant addreſſed him in the mildeſt Manner, ſaying, that as he made Profeſſion of the Truth, he hoped he would ſay nothing but what was true. *Sabatier* replied, that he was ready to diſcover all that concerned himſelf, and called Heaven to witneſs to the Truth of what he ſhould ſay. Right, returned the Intendant; only confeſs the Truth, and depend upon my Indulgence and Protection.

Firſt then, ſays the Intendant, from whom had the *Turk* this Money? From me, Sir, replied *Sabatier*. To whom ſent? To my Brothers in Bonds and in the Goſpel. For what Purpoſe deſigned? To relieve their Diſtreſs, and ſoften the Rigours of Servitude. From whence came this Money? continues the Intendant. From *Geneva*, my Lord, replied the Priſoner. Do you receive ſuch Contributions frequently? Frequently. Who remits them? A Banker of *Geneva* to a Correſpondent at *Marſeilles*. Well, and what is this Correſpondent's Name? Here, my Lord, replied *Sabatier* reſolutely, I muſt be ſilent. What concerns myſelf you know; if I have been criminal, I am prepared for Puniſhment. No Calamity from Man can afflict me ſo much as to be the treacherous Betrayer of him, whoſe only Fault was an endeavour to do me Service: Yes, let me repeat it, no Torments ſhall compel me to betray my Benefactor. Slave! replied the Intendant, wilt thou thus obſtinately run upon Deſtruction? I'll wring the Secret from thee, if Tortures can do it. Prepare then your Torments, replied *Sabatier*, and ſee what they can do. The Intendant, foaming with Rage, at ſo much deliberate Obſtinacy, commanded the Guard who ſtood by, to beat him in his Preſence. The *Guard, who had an Affection for the Priſoner, with whom he had been ſeveral Years acquainted, touched with Pity, entreated* the Intendant to excuſe him.

Raſcal!

Raſcal! replied the Tyrant, give me the Stick; and taking it in his Hand, ordered *Sabatier* to be brought nearer his eaſy Chair; which, when done, with the moſt inhuman Barbarity he laid on the unreſiſting Slave, who neither groaned nor changed his Attitude; till the Intendant, no longer able, through Fatigue, to continue the Puniſhment himſelf, ordered him to be baſtinaded at the Galley, till he ſhould be induced to confeſs.

Sabatier underwent this repeated Torture with the moſt unſhaken Fortitude; and, while able to ſpeak, ceaſed not to call upon Heaven for Aſſiſtance. When he fainted under the Laſh, they ſtill continued beating this miſerable and ſeemingly lifeleſs Carcaſe, till the Surgeon of the Gallies, who was preſent, gave Directions to deſiſt, alledging that he would infallibly expire, if the Executioner perſiſted; and conſequently it would be impoſſible to come at the Secret; whereas, the ſame Puniſhment might be again inflicted, at a Time when the Criminal might be better able to bear it, and more diſpoſed to confeſs. The Major acquieſced, and the mangled Body was rubbed with Salt and Vinegar; which, with its exceſſive Smart, again gave him life to feel his Miſery.

He was now conducted to the Hoſpital, in order to give him Strength for another Trial; but he continued ſo long in a State ſeemingly between Life and Death, that his intended Puniſhment was remitted, either becauſe his Conduct was at laſt forgotten, or his Treatment was thought already too ſevere. He at length recovered, but was ever after ſo feeble, and his Intellects ſo much impaired, that he remained an Object of the utmoſt Pity. I have ſeen him in *Holland*, where he died, ſeveral Years ſince, but he was then incapable of the leaſt Converſation; and with a Voice ſo feeble, that he could ſcarce be heard. Yet by all this, the Miſſionaries thought they gained Heaven!

I continued my ſecret Employment, thank Heaven, with better Succeſs. *Aly*, my faithful *Turk*, went at the Times I expected a Remittance (for the *Turks* go every where without a Guard) to Mr. P. my Banker, who gave

gave him the Money, and accepted my Receipt, and Letters to *Holland*. Mr. *P.* had at laſt, however, the Misfortune to fail; and we were obliged to have Recourſe to another Banker, called Mr. *P****, who, for two or three Years, diſcharged his Commiſſion with Punctuality and Secrecy. Beſides, we had on Board an Almoner, who took not thoſe mean Methods of bringing Hereticks to Reaſon, that his Brother Almoners were uſually accuſtomed to. But as this Term of Almoner may not be underſtood by the generality of Readers, permit me to give an Explanation of it.

Thoſe Almoners are Secular Prieſts of the Society, as they call themſelves, *of the Miſſion of St. Lazarus.* As the Heads of this Society had the Art of conciliating the King's Confidence, by a certain Air of Simplicity and Diſintereſtedneſs, their Power was greatly dreaded at *Marſeilles.*

This Order was founded by *Vincent de Paul*; who, from an obſcure Prieſt, became, by his Reputation for Piety, Confeſſor to the Queen-Mother. He afterwards had the Appointment of Miſſions into the Country for the Inſtruction of the Peaſants, and the Vulgar in general.

This gave Riſe to the Eſtabliſhment of a Society, which, poor and feeble at firſt, had the Art, in Time, of eſtabliſhing itſelf in the firſt Cities of *France*, and of acquiring ſeveral Privileges, Prerogatives, and Benefices. Among others, they got the Nomination of the Curates in all the little Towns, and of being Almoners or Chaplains to his Majeſty's Troops, Fleets, and Gallies. In ſhort, theſe good Fathers knew ſo well how to inſinuate themſelves at Court, that the Miniſters applied to them as Oracles, and the Jeſuits regarded them as potent Rivals.

The Politics of the latter, in this Affair, were too refined; they gave this growing Society all the Countenance in their Power, imagining that by this they only encreaſed the Number of their own Partizans; but the *Lazariſts* had the Jeſuits themſelves as Models before their Eyes, and were therefore, like them, reſolved to depart from the more ſimple Inſtitutions of their

Founder. They now adopted jeſuitical Maxims, and caught all their Deſire of Power. Among Eccleſiaſtics, Ambition is an epidemical Diſeaſe, which only preys inwardly. Thus the *Lazariſts* fed this growing Paſſion in their Hearts, while their external Deportment beſpoke the moſt profound Humility. Such was their Addreſs, that their Benefactors took a Pride in obliging Men, who ſeemed to accept of every Favour, not to enrich themſelves, but aggrandize the Donor. They ſaw how well the humble Deportment, and the mortified Air, had profited the Jeſuits; they knew that all are deſirous of aſſiſting Merit, before it arrives at an envied Greatneſs; and were accordingly reſolved to have the Appearance of Merit, but not of Happineſs. Their Habit was of coarſe Stuff; they let a Part of their Beards grow, and ſtudied a deſpicable Appearance, as much as the reſt of Mankind endeavour to avoid it. They had Flattery for the Court, and Sanctity for the Country, and both accordingly were Dupes to their Ambition. They were Chaplains in all the King's Churches, were Conductors of ſeveral Seminaries, and were poſſeſſed of immenſe Riches, which they had the ſecret Satisfaction of enjoying: So true it is, that we often encompaſs our Deſigns beſt, by ſeeming to diſregard them. The Officers of the Gallies were Slaves to thoſe Uſurpers; if any had the Hardineſs to diſoblige or affront thoſe Ambaſſadors from Chriſt, for ſuch they pretended to be.—Perhaps the Reader will ſay, like Chriſtians, they put up with the Affront—No, they only got the Officer diſplaced, and perhaps obliged a poor Man to ſtarve or turn Beggar.

Thoſe Fathers then, as I have ſaid, appointed the Almoners aboard our Galley; Men bigotted like their Conſtituents, and equally Perſecutors of the Reformed. The Almoner who was conſigned to our Galley before it left the *Mediterranean*, happened to die; and as Mr. *Langeron* thought it would be too long to wait for the Nomination of another, he choſe a Dominican Friar of *Rochfort* to ſerve in the Place of the deceaſed. This Almoner was at firſt ſevere, but his Prejudices *wearing off by* longer Acquaintance, he at laſt turned

his

his Treatment into the moſt extreme Complaiſance and good Nature. The laſt three Years which we continued idle at *Dunkirk*, he ſeldom let a Day paſs in which he did not viſit us, from no other Motive but Friendſhip. His Company, if not edifying, was at leaſt amuſing. He was a Man of Learning, and a good Preacher. I received from my Friends in *Holland* many Books of polemical Divinity, particularly ſeveral Volumes of *Saurin*'s Sermons, one of which he once requeſted I would lend him. Though the Requeſt ſeemed ſuſpicious I complied, and he was very well pleaſed with the Writer's Manner. In ſhort, I lent him all my Books one after the other, particularly the Works of Mr. *Jurieu*, which with the reſt he punctually returned. Our Intimacy proceeded ſo far, that he one Day aſked if I did not receive Remittances from my Friends in *Holland?* Which I thought proper to deny. However, I might have uſed leſs Precaution with him, as his Friendſhip was really ſincere.

Mr. *P**** the Banker, who had for four Years paſt tranſacted our Affairs, ſoon gave an Opportunity of putting this good Almoner's Sincerity to the Trial. He had received an Order from *Amſterdam* to pay me an hundred Crowns. He was, it ſeems embarraſſed in his own Circumſtances, and unable to pay the Draught, but yet he was willing to ſupport his Credit at *Amſterdam*. Thus circumſtanced, he thought the only Way to diſengage himſelf would be to ruin me, by which Means he might have a plauſible Pretext of deferring Payment. He accordingly applies to our Almoner, informing him that he had received a Remittance of an hundred Crowns to be paid me; but as his Majeſty had given ſtrict Orders to the contrary, he was too well apprized of the Conſequences of Diſobedience not to take Advice; and he therefore begged the Almoner's Permiſſion before he paid the Money. He imagined that the Prieſt, inſtead of giving him Permiſſion, would ſtrictly forbid Payment. Thus he expected to come off ſafe himſelf, and let the Storm light upon me in a furious baſtinading. The Almoner underſtood at once his Meaning, and looking ſteadily upon him; Are *you ſure*, Sir, ſaid he, that you have never be-

fore ſupplied this Slave with Money without aſking my Permiſſion? Would you have me think your Correſpondents in *Holland* are ſo raſh, as to charge you with this Commiſſion without knowing by Experience, that you would endeavour properly to acquit yourſelf of it? Be it as it will, as there is nothing wanting but my Permiſſion, I give it moſt willingly. This unexpected Reply quite diſconcerted the treacherous Banker; he ſeemed therefore not content with the Almoner's Leave, but ſaid he would alſo go to the Intendant for his. The Almoner was diſconcerted in his Turn; but recovering himſelf, anſwered with a ſevere Air; What, Sir, after ſaying that my Permiſſion would be ſatisfactory, will you go to the Intendant? Go then, but be well aſſured that my Arm is ſufficiently long to reach you; and that I have Intereſt enough to undo you whenever I pleaſe. *P**** was at laſt obliged to confeſs the Truth; adding, that though an hundred Crowns were more than he could at preſent ſupply, yet if I ſhould delay giving Advice for a Fortnight to my Friends in *Holland*, he would diſcharge the Sum at the Expiration of that Term. The Almoner pardoned his former Aſſurance, on thus finding him in a manner compelled to it by Neceſſity. However, to prevent any ſiniſter Deſigns, he took his Note payable in a Fortnight for the Money, and undertook to pay me the Contents himſelf. All this paſſed without my Knowledge; but the ſame Day this good Man paid me a Viſit, and acoſting me with a ſerious Air; I am ſurprized, ſays he, that a Man who makes Profeſſion of the Truth, ſhould tell a Perſon of my Character a Lie. I was ſomewhat ſurprized at his Manner of Addreſs, and profeſſed my Ignorance of his Meaning. Have you not aſſured me, ſays he, that you never received Remittances from *Holland*? Behold here, to convict your Falſehood, and at the ſame Time ſhewed the Note payable to the Bearer, given him by *P****. Do you know this Hand, added he? I ſee nothing here, Sir, replied I, but Effects belonging to you. This Money *is yours, returned* he; letting me know the Circumſtances of *P**** Falſehood. Here, take it, but let no*thing perſuade* you to tell a Lie for the future. I endeavoured

deavoured to excuſe myſelf as well as I could, by alledging that he, not I was moſt culpable, as he demanded what was not in my Power to anſwer. He was at laſt ſatisfied, and aſſured me that he would take Care to have the Money paid me at the appointed Time; adding, that the Remittances from *Holland* might be for the future addreſſed to him, which would be a Means of having them punctually paid, and at the ſame Time I ſhould run no Riſque. I thanked him for his kind Intentions, but civilly refuſed his Offer, which, however, no Way diminiſhed his Friendſhip.

There were five reformed Galley-ſlaves aboard, who equally with me partook of this good Father's Eſteem and good Offices. He was unlike the reſt of his Brethren, who uſed Puniſhment for Entreaty, and Stripes for Argument. He offered his Opinions with Candour, and enforced them with Energy. This Indulgence at laſt drew upon him the Hatred of the reſt, who accuſed him to the Biſhop of *Ypres* of Hereſy, of loving and countenancing Heretics, and of confirming them in, inſtead of drawing them from their Errors. He was cited before the Biſhop to anſwer this Accuſation. In Conſequence of this Order he went to *Ypres*, and preſented himſelf before his Lordſhip, who repeated to him the Heads of his Accuſation. My Lord, replied the Almoner, if your Lordſhip has commiſſioned me to entreat, exhort, and endeavour to prevail upon the Heretics committed to my Care; 'tis what I every Day perform. But if your Commands alſo enjoin my afflicting and perſecuting Men already wretched, for not thinking, as I do, ſend me back to my Convent; I muſt diſobey. His Accuſation terminated to his Honour; the Biſhop approved his Conduct, and the Almoners, who had purſued contrary Maxims, were ſeverely cenſured.

I now come to the End of my Reſidence at *Dunkirk*, which my fellow Proteſtants were ſoon to be obliged to leave. I now enter upon the Deſcription of a new *Species of Fatigues* and Torments which we underwent upon our leaving, or, to ſpeak more properly, our being ſtolen from *Dunkirk*, and which continue

to

from the firſt of *October* 1712, to the 17th of *January*, 1713.

It is an Occurrence well known, that Queen *Anne* in this Year made a particular Treaty of Peace with *France*; and that, among other Articles, it was ſtipulated that the *Engliſh* ſhould take Poſſeſſion of the City, Fortifications, and Port of *Dunkirk*, which were to be demoliſhed. In Conſequence of this, the *Engliſh* came to *Dunkirk* in the Month of *September*, with between three and four thouſand Men, and took Poſſeſſion of the City, Forts, and Citadel, which the *French* Garriſon had evacuated. It has been already ſaid that the Marine of *France* had been ſo ruined, that they were unable to arm the Galleys, and ſend them away by Sea from an Harbour now no longer theirs. Therefore it was agreed between the Court of *France* and *England*, that the Gallies and the Crew ſhould remain in Port till it ſhould be begun to be demoliſhed, which could not be effected till after Winter. It was alſo agreed that no Veſſel whatſoever ſhould leave the Port without Permiſſion from her *Britannic* Majeſty. The *Engliſh* had no ſooner taken Poſſeſſion of the Town, and eſtabliſhed a Garriſon in the Citadel, then they came in Crowds to ſee the Gallies, and ſatisfy their Curioſity with a Sight which few of them had ever ſeen before.

Among other Officers many *French* Refugees came, upon being informed that there were ſeveral Slaves on board who were condemned for Religion; and upon Enquiry, found the Number of the unhappy Sufferers to amount to twenty-two. Thoſe Gentlemen teſtified a true Zeal for Religion on this Occaſion; they embraced us with Tenderneſs, wept over us; nor could they refrain giving Marks of their Indignation and Pity, upon obſerving our Chains and the other Miſeries attendant upon Slavery.

They generally ſtaid a great Part of the Day with us, neither regarding the Vermin nor the ill Smells which are generally found in Company of extreme *Wretchedneſs*. They ſeemed to glory, in the Preſence of the Officers of the Galleys, in careſſing and conſoling us, and in exhorting us to Perſeverance. Their Ex-

Example drew not a few *Engliſh* Officers of the firſt Rank, whoſe Actions teſtified a Piety becoming true Proteſtants. The Soldiery alſo came in Crowds, and in their Manner of expreſſing their Zeal, ſwore that if we were not delivered by fair Means, their Swords would do it by foul: Uſually there was free Egreſs and Regreſs aboard the Gallies; but on this Occaſion, the Almoners entreated Mr. *Langeron* to permit no Perſons entering, becauſe of the Indignities which they ſaid were offered to the Roman Catholic Religion. Orders were given accordingly; and the *Engliſh* Soldiers, offering to enter, were civilly refuſed Admiſſion: They laid their Hands on their Swords, and averred that as they were Maſters of the Citadel and Town, they would be Maſters of the Galleys alſo, and were reſolved to enter by Force. The Officers were therefore conſtrained to admit all that came. Things were thus circumſtanced, when one Day an *Engliſh* Colonel, whoſe Name I forget, had a Conference with me; importing, that Mr. *Hill*, who was conſtituted Governor of *Dunkirk* by Queen *Anne*, might be ignorant of our Detention, and the Cauſe of it; he concluded, by adviſing me to addreſs him by a Petition, informing him of our Situation, and imploring his Redreſs. I accordingly drew up a Petition in the beſt Manner I was able, and had it preſented to Mr. *Hill*. The next Day this Gentleman ſent his Secretary to me, with Inſtructions to ſay that his Excellency was pleaſed with my Information I had given him of our Detention, and that he would do his utmoſt to ſet us free. But as it was out of his Power to do this without the Queen, his Miſtreſs's Leave, he would write to her Majeſty; and that her Orders, which he aſſured himſelf would be in our Favour, would determine his Actions with regard to our Deliverance. He deſired us to wait a Fortnight with Patience, and then we might be ſure, if not of Redreſs, at leaſt of having all Methods try'd, which might be conſiſtent with Juſtice. The Secretary added, that if we had Occaſion for any Sums of Money, *my Lord offered* his Purſe, which we might command. *I reply'd that* we wanted nothing but his Lordſhip's *Protection*; and that our ſincereſt Acknowledgments

were

were due to his Lordſhip for his Intentions to ſerve us. I let the Brethren know of this Tranſaction, at the ſame Time admoniſhing them to be on their guard in admitting the *Engliſh* Soldiers to any Intimacy with them, and avoid all Diſcourſe that might animate them to uſe Violence in procuring us our Liberty. On the contrary, that they ſhould be informed of the Governor's Intention of ſerving us, and his Requeſt that we ſhould wait the Queen's Orders with Tranquillity. From that Time all was calm, and each of us awaited with Patience the News from *England*. In this Interval of Expectation, the Governor became a great Friend of Mr. *Langeron*'s, our Commodore.

In Converſation one Day together, Mr. *Hill* ſeemed to wonder at the unaccountable Conduct of the *French* Court, in not taking the Proteſtant Slaves away before the *Engliſh* were poſſeſſed of the City. They could not be ignorant, he ſaid, that the *Engliſh* looked with Deteſtation on the Severity with which thoſe Sufferers were treated; and that in all the Churches of *England* Prayers were continually put up for their Deliverance; that, in a Word, the Court of *France* muſt have foreſeen that twenty-two Proteſtants in Sight of an *Engliſh* Garriſon, loaded wieh Chains for what was looked upon as a Merit not a Crime, would be extremely apt to breed a Mutiny among the Soldiers; and that the Queen of *England* muſt have been obliged to ſet them free, in order to prevent more fatal Conſequences. The Soldiery, in fact, continues he, are already prepared to riſe, and take by Force what we cannot in Juſtice allow. Mr. *Langeron* allowed that the *French* Court had acted imprudently; but, Sir, ſays he, I ſee no Method of preventing what may happen; and to your Prudence alone I muſt have Recourſe to extricate me from this Embarraſſment; for I am conſcious the King, my Maſter, will never give his Conſent to ſetting the Proteſtant Slaves free. *Hill* reply'd, that he knew only one Method to prevent any diſagreeable Conſequence. Do you write, ſaid he, to the *French* Miniſtry, *to give Orders for* their being carried off privately by *Sea; I ſhall* concur in this Meaſure, and all Danger will *be thus prevented*. Mr. *Langeron* followed his Advice, an

and received an Order from Court to act in Concert with Mr. *Hill*, and their Project was executed in the following Manner.

The firſt of *October*, which is the Feaſt of St. *Remy*, we perceived a fiſhing Bark chained along Side our Galley: A Report was ſpread that this Veſſel had been confiſcated for carrying contraband Goods; and the *Engliſh* Soldiers as well as we were thus impoſed upon. Towards Night the Retreat was beat as uſual, and all went to reſt. I was in the Proviſion Chamber faſt aſleep, when our Major entered, armed with a cocked Piſtol, and two of the Galley's Soldiers, who ſoon awaked me, holding their Bayonets to my Breaſt, and threatened if I made the leaſt Noiſe or Reſiſtance, to put me that inſtant to death. My Friend the Major added his Exhortations in a civil Manner, that I ſhould not give any Diſturbance; elſe he ſhould be reluctantly obliged to obey his Orders and kill me. I begged to know what new Crime I had been guilty of to merit this Uſage? No Crime, reply'd he; nor ſhall there be any Puniſhment if you do not force us to it by Diſobedience. I was now carried on board the fiſhing Bark, and thruſt down into the Hold, where all was dark and ſilent, which was neceſſary, to prevent the *Engliſh* Centinel of the Garriſon, who was not far off, from perceiving us. Upon coming down here, I found my twenty-one Brothers in Bonds, who had been conducted hither in the ſame Manner. Here they chained us all together, ſtill obſerving the moſt profound Silence; and though we were ſo bound as to be unable to make the leaſt Reſiſtance, yet a Soldier ſtood over each of us, and with their Bayonets fixed, bid us at our Peril not to ſpeak.

The Bark now prepared to leave the Harbour; it was neceſſary to paſs by an *Engliſh* Guard-ſhip, which was always ſtationed in the middle of the Port to prevent any Veſſel from going out without Leave. This Ship brought our Veſſel too; but the Maſter of the Bark, who was an *Engliſhman*, ſatisfied the Captain, by ſaying, that we were going to fiſh for Mr. Hill, and ſhewed his Paſs for that Purpoſe. We were in the ſame Manner examined by all the Com

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manders of the Forts and Piers, and received the ſame Anſwer, till at laſt we got into the open Sea. The Soldiers upon this left us, mounted upon Deck, but kept the Hatches ſtill cloſe ſhut upon us: However, we placed ourſelves now more commodiouſly upon the Sand, which ſerved as Ballaſt. We were confident that no Ship went to Sea without Proviſions, though no more than Bread and Water; but as we could ſee none neither here nor upon our entering, we could not help being firmly perſuaded that they deſigned to ſink us to the Bottom, and that the Soldiers were gone to ſave themſelves in the Shallop; which was faſtened to the Bark.

It can be eaſily imagined the Agony we were in, and the gloomy Conjectures we made upon this Occaſion. In utter Darkneſs, afraid to ſpeak, our Imaginations already heated by the Force uſed in conducting us hither, we felt more Terror than is ſometimes even in Death. Thus we paſſed the Night, putting up unceaſing Prayers to Heaven, with all the Fervour of Men who expect inſtant Death. Some, premature in their Fears, would at Times cry out, My Brothers we are ſinking, I feel the Water pouring in. This encreaſed our Diſtreſs, and redoubled our Devotion.

There was, notwithſtanding, one old Man, whoſe Conduct was ſo extraordinary at this Juncture, that had not our Fears prevented our Mirth, we muſt have laughed at his Frugality: He was placed on his Knapſack, and hearing it urged that the Water was coming in, he raiſed himſelf haſtily, and catching up his Knapſack, ſought carefully about for a Nail to hang it on. As he was next me, and his fumbling interrupted my Devotion; I aſked what he was about? My Knapſack, replied he, I'm in Pain leſt it ſhould get wet, and then my things in it will be ſpoiled. Think of your Soul honeſt Man, returned I; for if you are drowned, no matter for the Knapſack. You adviſe right, replied the old Man, I never thought of that, and immediately deſiſted from his ſearch.

This Anecdote, how trifling ſoever, ſhews that our *favourite Paſſions* attend us to the laſt Moment, and all

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ſudden Converſions may conſequently be ſuſpected, if not of Hypocriſy, at leaſt of Enthuſiaſtic Paſſion.

We now perceived by the Ship's Motion, that we went with Sails, but knew not what Wind blew, nor whither we were going. When Morning came, the Hatches were opened, and as I was next the Hatchway, I ſtood up and could ſee upon Deck; the firſt Object that preſented, was our Serjeant Major, a Man who had profeſſed the utmoſt Friendſhip for me, and who owed me ſome Obligations for ſpeaking to our Captain in his Favour. *Prarie*, cried I, who thought of finding you here! Yes, my Friend, ſaid he, with a facetious Air, I have been ordered upon this diſagreeable Duty; I ſuppoſe you have repoſed but ſcurvily laſt Night. I aſked him whither we were bound? which he anſwered, by pointing to *Calais*; before which we were now arrived. You are going to be landed there, ſays he, tho' you will make but a ſlight Stay in the Town; you muſt prepare your Legs to walk farther up the Country. But, Sir, ſaid I, it is impoſſible to force Men, decrepit with Age or enfeebled with Diſeaſe to walk (for ſome of our Companions were eighty Years old, and I was at that Time labouring under a *Tertian* Fever:) the King himſelf cannot expect Obedience in ſuch a Caſe, and I am certain he has ordered Waggons for the Infirm and Weak, among his general Directions. You may read here, replied the Serjeant, ſhewing his Orders, and you will find but one Waggon appointed to carry the Baggage, but no mention made of the Sick and Weak, thro' the whole. I carried my Eyes over the Beginning of the Paper, and ſtopt at the Concluſion, which ran thus: *For Havre de Grace, to the Care of the Intendant, where they muſt wait till further Orders.*

This was ſufficient to ſatisfy my Curioſity on a Subject in which my Conductor affected Secrecy. I deſcended among my fellow Priſoners, and let them know the Place of our Deſtination, but ſpoke as low as poſſible, leſt the Serjeant ſhould overhear. We were landed at *Calais*, and were conducted to Priſon, where we ſpent the Night very uncomfortably. The next Morning, a Keeper (for we were followed by one fro

from the Gallies) chained us two and two by the Legs, and after paſſed a long Chain thro' the Rings of thoſe which coupled us together, ſo that the eleven Couples were all chained together. This was the Order of our miſerable proceſſion; and thus loaded with Chains were we to walk a Journey of ſome Hundred Miles. Among this Company of Slaves were ſome old Men, who thro' Weakneſs uſually attendant on Age and their other Infirmities, were unable to walk half a Mile, even tho' freed from their Chains. We had beſide ſeveral of the Company actually ſick; and the ſedentary Life, if I may ſo call it, which we led aboard the Gallies, entirely diſqualified us for taking this Journey on Foot. It was impoſſible, therefore, for us to walk four or five Leagues a Day as our Orders imported. After we had been chained, I called to the Serjeant, who was now become our Captain: You ſee, Captain, ſaid I, if the Wretches now before you are able to proceed. Take my Advice, provide us a Couple of Waggons to carry the Sick and Weak; you have a right to demand them, thro' whatſoever Towns we paſs. I know my Orders, replied he, and ſhall obſerve them. This ſilenced me; ſo we all ſet forward. We had not advanced a quarter of a League, when a little Hill acroſs our way was to be ſurmounted; but as well might they expect *Crabs to fly*, as our old Companions to ſcale ſuch an *Alps* as this. Three or four of the poor Creatures laid themſelves upon the Ground in deſpair, unable to proceed a Foot further; and as we were all faſtened by the ſame Chain, unleſs the reſt choſe to haul them along, it was impoſſible for any of the Company to advance. Our Captain and the Guards uſed all their Eloquence to prevail upon us to take Courage and renew our Efforts to proceed; but it was impoſſible. The Captain was in a ſtrange Perplexity, not knowing how to behave. We all ſat down on the Ground to give thoſe that were wearied time to reſt, and then renew our Journey with recruited Vigour. We might, however, have ſtaid there till Doom's Day, *before Strength* would return to the Decrepit. I again *called to the* Captain, whom this unexpected Impo*tence had* embarraſſed to the laſt Degree. Sir, ſays I, ther

there are but two Methods to remedy theſe Inconveniencies; either ſhoot us immediately thro' the Heads, or ſupply us with Waggons. Permit me to inform you, that as you have always ſerved at Sea, you are an utter Stranger to the Length of the Journey, which is now before us. In all marching Orders, if not expreſsly, at leaſt it is intentionally ordered, that Carriages ſhall be provided for the Infirm, whether Soldiers or Criminals; and it is conſequently your Duty to provide them thro' whatever Towns we paſs. What you are to do is as follows, ſend a Detachment of Soldiers to the firſt Town on the Road; take as many Waggons as may be neceſſary for carrying the Sick and Weak; and to ſhew the Deſire we have of ſubmitting to his Majeſty's Orders, we will give every Day ſix Livres for the Hire of each Waggon; which will be all clear Gains to you, as the Country is obliged to furniſh theſe Waggons for nothing. This laſt Argument ſeemed to prevail; and ſome of the Soldiers, who were better ſkilled in this Affair than he, confirmed what I had ſaid, and determined him to follow my Advice. The Peaſants furniſhed Waggons to the next Stage, and thus from one Stage to another, to *Havre de Grace.*

Our Captain was a ſimple good natured Man; he had ſtrict Orders given him at *Dunkirk*, to conceal from us the Place of our Deſtination. Theſe Precautions were uſed, as it was feared the *Dutch* Garriſon of *Aire*, who make Excurſions as far as *Calais* and *Boulogne*, might be apprized of our Route, and ſo attempt our Reſcue. The Captain, as we were upon the Road, one Day rode up, for he went on Horſeback, to the Waggon in which I was carried, and entered into Converſation with me. After talking ſome Time of indifferent Matters, I at laſt aſked him to what Place we were going? Seeing him affect reſerve on this Head, I told him it was unneceſſary, for I knew as well as he, that we were deſtined to *Havre de Grace.* It ſurprized him extremely, how I could come to know, not reflecting that he had ſhewn me his Orders; and he went ſo far as gravely to aſk if I was a Sorcerer or a Prophet; I reply'd, that I was too honeſt a Ma

a Man for the one, and too great a Sinner for the other; but this is no great Secret, ſaid I, for there is not one of us that is not as well acquainted with our Deſtination as you or I.

I rallied him for ſome Time on his Circumſpection; and thus we paſſed the Day in mutual good Humour. He really was a good natured Man, and took every poſſible Method of making our Journey leſs painful, ſupplying us with proper Proviſions the whole Way: But as he could not tranſgreſs his Orders, we could be accommodated with no other Lodging than the Gaols belonging to thoſe Towns, where we ſet up at Night, or Stables where there were no Priſons to be found.

We at length arrived at *Havre de Grace*, where we were lodged much more commodiouſly than upon the Road. It may be known that in this Town there are great Numbers of *Converts*; who, notwithſtanding their forced Apoſtacy, ſtill retain a zealous Regard for the reformed Religion. Thoſe Gentlemen, apprized of our Arrival, and knowing that we ſhould be remitted to the Intendant of the Marine, waited upon him before-hand, requeſting that he would ſhew us ſome Regard; ſetting forth, that tho' now in Chains, we had formerly been their Brothers in the Goſpel, and had committed no other Crime, but adhering to the Religion of our Fathers; adding, that if we were kindly uſed, they ſhould be highly obliged, and would anſwer with their Lives, that none would abuſe his Tenderneſs by offering to eſcape. As the Gentlemen who compoſed this Deputation were the moſt conſiderable Merchants in the City, the Intendant anſwered them very obligingly, that upon their Accounts we ſhould be treated with all the Indulgence in his Power. I have Orders from Court, ſaid he, to put them in a Place of Safety: As this order does not ſpecify the Place, they ſhall have a convenient Apartment; and as I am ordered to ſupply them only with Bread and Water, they ſhall at leaſt have as good Bread as my own Table is ſupplied with, and Liberty ſhall be granted you of ſeeing them whenever you pleaſe. Things were thus happily pre-diſpoſed, when we arrived

arrived at *Hâvre de Grace*. We were carried to the Arſenal, and there provided with a ſpacious Apartment, which had been a Storehouſe for the Cordage. Here we had proper Beds to lie on, and every Thing convenient during our Stay. Upon entering this Chamber, we found the Intendant and our Protectors, who had ſolicited him in our Favour. Theſe Gentlemen ſeemed tranſported to ſee us, they embraced us, and teſtified every Mark of Eſteem for us in the Intendant's Preſence. While they were thus giving us Conſolation, the Officers of the Cuſtoms arrived and demanded the Intendant's Permiſſion to ſearch us. He, as he was obliged, granted their Requeſt; but facetiouſly added, that he feared they would find more Lice than Booty. Nevertheleſs, they examined us ſtrictly, but without finding any thing to ſeize. Seeing at laſt among our Bundles, a Box in which we kept our Books of Devotion, they demanded the Key. I was very lothe to deliver it, as being apprehenſive they would burn our little Library. The Intendant perceiving my Fears, perſuaded me to give the Key, and to be under no Apprehenſions for the Conſequence. When the Officer had opened the Box; Behold, cried he, the Library of *Calvin*; to the Flames with it! Raſcal, replied the Intendant, do your Duty, but go not a Step beyond it, or you ſhall dearly ſuffer for the Tranſgreſſion. The Officer inſtantly obeyed, ſhut the Box, and took leave with the reſt of his Company.

When ſettled in our new Habitation, the Chain which bound us all together was taken away, and only that left which coupled us two by two. The Intendant carried his Services ſo far, as to aſk if we were content with our Guards: Being ſatisfied by our Anſwers, that they had treated us with Tenderneſs all our Journey; if ſo, then ſaid this indulgent Gentleman, they ſhall ſtill be your Guards, while you ſtay; and he gave them their guard Room oppoſite to ours. Our Protectors of the Town begged Permiſſion to ſupply us with Proviſions, which was granted, and an Order to give free egreſs and regreſs to all who ſhould come from *nine in the Morning* till eight at Night, and that none *ſhould moleſt* us in our Exerciſes of Devotion. Our

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I thanked her for the Trouble ſhe was at in coming herſelf, and at ſo unexpected an Hour, with this Information; and aſked to know the Manner ſhe took to get herſelf introduced. This, ſhe replied, does not concern you to know; it is more expedient to tell you that you are going to *Paris*, where you will be lodged in the Dungeon of *Tournelle*, there to join the Slaves which are ſent once a Year from thence to *Marſeilles*. I was deſirous, continued ſhe, of being the Meſſenger of this ſorrowful News, that you may be prepared for the Event, and ſtrengthened to ſupport with Conſtancy the Miſeries that await you. After ſhe had thus ſpoke, ſhe vaniſhed, without being perceived by any of our Guards, or without our knowing how ſhe could get away.

It is very apparent that the Guard of the Arſenal permitted this young Lady to paſs thro' his Houſe, which had a Door that opened into our Apartment. But be this as it will, we continued at Supper with great Tranquillity, which, when over, inſtead of preparing our Beds, as uſual, we began to pack up our little Baggage for the enſuing Journey.

While we were thus employed, our Captain, according to his Cuſtom, came to ſit an Hour with us, and ſmoak his Pipe; but ſeeing us ſo differently engaged from what he expected, he aſked the Reaſon. Why, Sir, replied I, we are getting ready to go off at Midnight; and you ſhould prepare as well as we. You are a Fool, interrupted he; ſure I ſhould know beſt. I perſiſted in my Advice, and related the Circumſtances to him that I had juſt before received from the Lady. I tell you, ſays he, that you are deceived; I have been with the Intendant myſelf this Evening at Eight o'Clock, and he only gave the uſual Orders.

When he had finiſhed this Diſcourſe, a Servant let him know, that the Intendant immediately deſired to ſpeak to him. As ſoon as he was returned from the Intendant, he enters our Apartment with all the Signs *of Surprize*; and lifting up his Hands, In the Name *of God, cries* he, tell, if you be Sorcerers or Prophets? I am inclined, however, to believe that you

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are Favourites of Heaven; as you ſeem too honeſt, and too devout, to implore the Aſſiſtance of the Devil. No, Sir, replied I, we are neither one nor the other; and the Cauſe of your Surprize may very eaſily be accounted for by natural Means. I cannot conceive how, ſays the Captain; for the Intendant himſelf has this Minute told me, that no-body in Town, except himſelf and me, was privy to theſe new Orders: And I ſhall never be perſuaded but that Providence favours you in a peculiar Manner. Heaven ſend it may, replied I: ſo we all prepared for our Journey as faſt as we could.

Methinks, in the mean Time, the Reader deſirous to know how the young Lady could become acquainted with the Secret. This was what I was not acquainted with till ſome Time after, when in Priſon at *Rouen*, where this Lady's Father, coming to pay us a Contribution collected among our Brethren at *Havre de Grace*, informed me of the whole Affair.

His Daughter, it ſeems, was courted by the Intendant's Secretary; and the former having received his Orders from the Court the Evening before our Departure, the Secretary had an Opportunity of reading them; and as he knew it would be doing his Miſtreſs a Pleaſure, he went in Haſte to inform her. As to her Manner of procuring Entrance, that was a Secret of which he was equally ignorant with ourſelves.

But to proceed: At Midnight the Waggons came, as was expected, to carry us away. We could not help laughing within ourſelves, to ſee with what Myſtery and Silence all was conducted. The Wheels of the Waggons, as well as the Horſes who drew them, were unſhod, to prevent Noiſe; and each Vehicle was covered in ſuch a Manner as if deſigned only to carry Merchandize. Thus we were conducted out of Town, without Lights, and in the moſt profound Silence.

Nothing remarkable happened till our Arrival at *Rouen*; where, upon our Entry, we were conducted *before the Magiſtrate* of the City, to receive Orders *relative to our* Accommodation for the Night; which,

as I have already ſaid, is generally only a Formality for conducting us to Priſon. But gueſs our Surprize, when the Gaoler, to whoſe Priſon we were ordered, refuſed to give us Admiſſion. Our Captain ſhewed him an Order from the Magiſtrate, and alſo entreated him to lodge us for one Night; but the Gaoler perſiſted in his Refuſal, alledging that he would ſooner be diſcharged from his Office than venture to take us under his Care.

We were now brought to another Priſon, but were ſtill repulſed as before. At laſt we were conducted to a Place called the *Tower*, a Priſon deſtined for the moſt atrocious Criminals. The Gaoler, who was compelled to receive us, led us down into a frightful Cave; and, aſſiſted by ſix Turnkeys, chained us to the Walls in ſuch a Manner that it was impoſſible to move: Thus, without letting us have a Candle, or the leaſt Proviſion, he locked the Priſon-door, and left us. As we were famiſhing with Hunger, we roared out as loud as we could, that he ſhould ſend us ſome Nouriſhment, for which we would pay him his Demand. But we were obliged to continue our Cries at leaſt two Hours, before this reaſonable Requeſt could be complied with. At laſt ſome Perſons without approached the Wicket, and we could hear them ſay, Thoſe Folks truly talk very good *French*. Theſe Words made us conclude that there was ſome Miſunderſtanding, ſome falſe Prejudices againſt us, which made the Gaoler uſe us ſo barbarouſly. We therefore renewed our Entreaties, promiſing to pay beforehand for what ſhould be brought. At laſt the Gaoler, attended by his Turnkeys, entered our Priſon; and after having examined us all, one after the other, demanded if we were Natives of *France*. We aſſured him we were. How comes it to paſs then, returned he, that you are not Chriſtians; and what Reaſon have you for worſhipping the Devil, who thus pays you with Miſery for your Wickedneſs? My Friend, cried I, diſcontinue this trifling Behaviour; *we do not want* to be ſcoffed at, we are famiſhing with *Hunger; if this* Money (giving him a Louis-d'or) can *procure us any* Proviſions, let us have them with all *Convenient Speed*. If you are not contented with that

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Sum, ſpeak what you would have, and it ſhall be inſtantly advanced. In Truth, replied the Gaoler, you do not ſeem to anſwer the Deſcription I had of you; you appear at leaſt to be reaſonable Creatures; but tell me candidly what you are; for theſe eight Days, while we have been expecting you, we have heard nothing in Town but of your being Natives of *Lapland*, Magicians, and more wicked than the Devil himſelf; that you have been ſeveral Years aboard the Gallies at *Dunkirk*, where nothing could tame you, and are now tranſmitted to the Gallies at *Marſeilles*, to try whether they cannot bring you to Reaſon. Prithee tell me freely if all this be true? I quickly conjectured that this malicious Report in our Prejudice came from the Jeſuits, to render us odious in *Rouen*, where there are a great Number who make Profeſſion of the Reformed Religion. Accordingly I went about to undeceive the Gaoler, and gave him ſome Account of what we were, and the political Reaſons for transferring us from *Dunkirk* to *Marſeilles*.

During this Diſcourſe, our Captain came in to diſpatch ſome neceſſary Buſineſs; when the Gaoler, taking him aſide, aſked if we were really the civilized Creatures we appeared to be. Yes certainly, replied our Captain; and I would undertake, myſelf alone, to conduct them over all *France*. It is true, they are *Hugonots*; but for my Part, I can eaſily pardon that Crime. And are they guilty of no other? ſays the Gaoler; the beſt People of *Rouen* are of that Religion. I do not much like their Principles indeed, continued he, becauſe I don't know them; but then I love their Perſons, becauſe I am ſure they are honeſt Men. Then addreſſing himſelf to us, You continue here tomorrow, Gentlemen; I ſhall take care to let ſeveral *Hugonots* of this Town know what Priſoners I have got, and I am ſure they will not fail coming to ſee you; and, depend upon it, my Doors ſhall be open to receive them.

Upon this, he ordered his Attendants to unchain us, *and to give us our uſual Freedom. In the mean Time he haſted himſelf to procure us ſome Refreſhment. The next Day he kept his Word, and introduced ſeveral o our Brother Proteſtants, who ſoon ſpread the News*

our Arrival. All that Day our Priſon, which was very large, was crowded: It was here that the Lady's Father came to pay us the Contribution collected among our Friends at *Havre de Grace*, of which I have already taken ſome Notice.

I never in my Life ſaw Men ſo zealous as the Brethren of *Rouen*; they extolled, even to Exaggeration, our Conſtancy; they exhorted us, in the moſt pathetic Manner, to Perſeverance; In ſhort, their Ardour was ſo great, that ſome were for conducting us publickly a League out of Town, and would help to carry our Chains on their Shoulders. To this we would not by any means conſent, as it oppoſed the Humility of which our Religion makes Profeſſion, and in the End might involve them in troubleſome Conſequences.

We ſet out from *Rouen* in Waggons, as uſual; the Kindneſs of our Captain ſoftening all the Rigours of our Journey. He was attached to ſerve us, not only by the Gratifications which he received from our Friends at *Rouen*, but by a firm Perſuaſion that we were poſſeſſed of the Gift of Prophecy. When our Keeper uſed to take the uſual Precautions in examining our Chains, our Captain always told him that his Pains were unneceſſary; for that we were very willing to obey the King's Pleaſure without Compulſion. But, added he, if they were diſpoſed to eſcape, neither yours, nor the Precautions of all the Men on Earth, could hinder them. We would willingly have undeceived this honeſt Man, but he was obſtinate, and had determined to believe we had ſupernatural Endowments.

On the 17th of *November* 1712, at three in the Afternoon, we arrived at *Paris*. We were brought to the Caſtle of *Tournelle*, formerly an Houſe of Pleaſure belonging to the Royal Family, but now converted into a Priſon for Galley Slaves, of whatſoever Crimes convicted. We were conducted into this vaſt but diſmal Abode. But Heavens! what were our Apprehenſions upon entering! The Appearance of the wretched Inhabitants of this ſpacious Cavern filled us with Horror, particularly as we were going to encreaſe the deſpairing Number. I muſt confeſs that all accuſtomed as I was to Dungeons, Chains, Bolts

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and every Inſtrument of Cruelty, which the Tyranny of Man has invented, or his Crimes have rendered neceſſary, I had not Reſolution to behold this Manſion of Deſpair without trembling. As it is impoſſible to give an adequate Idea of it, the Reader muſt be content with the following faint Deſcription.

This Priſon, or rather Cavern, is round, and of vaſt Extent. The Floor is made uneven by large Oak Beams, which are placed at three Feet Diſtance from each other. Theſe Beams, are two Feet and an half thick, and ranged along the Floors in ſuch a Manner, that at firſt Sight they might be miſtaken for Seats, were they not deſtined to a much more diſagreeable Purpoſe. To theſe are faſtened large Iron Chains, a Foot and an half long: At Intervals of two Feet from each other; and at the End of each Chain, is a large Ring of the ſame Metal. When the Slave is firſt brought into this Priſon, he is made to lie along till his Head touches the Beam; then the Ring is put round his Neck, and faſtened by an Hammer and Anvil kept for that Purpoſe. As the Chains are fixed in the Beam, at two Feet Diſtance from each other, and ſome of the Beams are forty Feet long, twenty Men are thus chained down in a Row; and ſo in Proportion to the Length of the Beams. In this Manner are faſtened five hundred Wretches, in an Attitude certainly enough to melt the hardeſt Heart.

Imagine a Man unable to ſtretch himſelf along, as the Beam to which his Neck is fixed is too high, and alſo unable to ſit or ſtand upright, as he is chained down too ſhort; in a Word, the Poſture is between ſitting and lying; Part of the Body on the Block to which it is chained, and Part on the Floor; than which Situation nothing can be more incommodious.

In this Manner we were chained among the reſt, and though ſufficiently enured to Fatigues and Hardſhips of every Kind, our preſent Situation ſurpaſſed all our former Wretchedneſs. We felt Pains beyond Expreſſion in all our Limbs, particularly the old Men among us, who called a thouſand Times on Death to *give them Eaſe*, and prayed to God to give them either

The Governor replied, that they who were only chained by the Leg, paid ſo much a Month for Indulgence. Be pleaſed, Sir, then ſays our Friend, to indulge theſe poor Creatures with the ſame Liberty, and I will anſwer for the Expence. The Governor promiſed to comply, and next Morning entered the Priſon. He enquired, which of us was Treaſurer to our Society: When I was pointed out, the Governor aſked, if we would be glad to be chained by the Leg before the Grate. I teſtified the utmoſt Satisfaction at his Propoſal, and at laſt agreed to give him fifty Crowns for his Indulgence during our abode in this Priſon, and inſtantly paid him from our common Stock. We were now unchained from the Beams, and faſtened by the Leg as near the Grate as poſſible. We were alſo much at our Eaſe, as the Chain on our Legs had by long Uſe become as eaſy as our Stockings. It was two Ells long, ſo that we could ſit, lie, or ſtand with eaſe, and compared to our former Situation we were extremely happy. Mr. *Giradot* came frequently to viſit us, and we converſed together thro' the Grate, tho' with that Caution which was neceſſary among a Number of other Slaves, who might over-hear our Converſation. We remained here but a Month, at the Expiration of which we ſet out with the reſt of the Slaves for *Marſeilles*.

Eight Days before our Departure, a young Jeſuit (for the Jeſuits have the Direction of ſpiritual Affairs in this Priſon) came to preach to the Priſoners, in order to prepare them for Confeſſion and receiving the Sacrament. He ſeemed very ignorant; and though I had heard him frequently, his Text was always the ſame, viz. *Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will eaſe you*, &c. He maintained and endeavoured to prove, that our Saviour meant by the Words of his Text auricular Confeſſion, and attempted to ſtrengthen his Arguments by ſeveral Paſſages from the Fathers. We were obliged to hear his Sermons, and were amazed at his Abſurdities, but never had an Opportunity of refuting them. He always *avoided our* Converſation with the utmoſt Caution; *believing a Report* which was ſpread, that we were *Miniſters*, and conſequently more than his Match.

Match. Such were his Fears of an Interview, that either going out or coming in, he always went a great Way about to avoid us. The other Jeſuits in the mean Time were not unemployed; they were buſy in confeſſing theſe Wretches, and adminiſtering the Sacrament to them in that frightful Attitude above deſcribed. Even we, who had not ſo much Faith in the Sacrament as they, were diſguſted at the Indecency. I obſerved that after giving them the Hoſt they were made to take a Sup of Wine from a Chalice which the Prieſt preſented. I aſked one who was next me, if they received the Communion in both Kinds: To which he replied in the Negative; adding, that the Wine which was given was not conſecrated, and was only a Precaution uſed in this Priſon to oblige the Slaves to ſwallow the Hoſt. This Cuſtom was continued ſince one of them, inſtead of ſwallowing the Sacrament, kept it by him, having made a Bargain, it ſeems, with the Devil, by which he promiſed to furniſh an Hoſt, upon condition, that the Devil would ſet him and all the Slaves at Liberty upon the Way. The Devil, ſays the Story, ſtood to his Bargain, and one fine Night having broke their Chains, all the Priſoners eſcaped, to the great Aſtoniſhment of the Guards, who readily perceived that the Devil was in it. I could have puzzled the ſimple Slave who gravely told this Story, by aſking what the Devil could have done with that which he believed to be the Body and Blood of Chriſt; but I choſe rather to be ſilent than draw upon my Head the Indignation of the Jeſuits, who eagerly deſired to have theſe Sort of Stories believed, tho' they themſelves gave no credit to ſuch idle Tales. On the tenth of *December*, at nine in the Morning, we left our diſmal Abode, and were conducted into a ſpacious Court before the Caſtle. We were chained two and two together by the Neck, with a heavy Chain three Feet long, in the Middle of which was fixed a Ring. After being thus paired we were placed in Ranks, Couple before Couple; and a long and weighty Chain paſſed thro' the Rings, by *which means* we were all faſtened together. This *Train, which* conſiſted of more than four hundred *Slaves, made* a ſtrange Appearance. We were

where he received twenty Crowns for every one that ſurvided the Journey, he was as ſaving as poſſible, and refuſed us Bedding, nor was any allowed the whole Way. Here, however, we were ſuffered to repoſe, if it might be called Repoſe, till nine at Night, when we were to undergo another Piece of Cruelty; which almoſt diſgraces Humanity to think a Man could be guilty of.

At nine o'Clock, while it yet froze exceſſive hard, our Chains were again unrivetted, and we all led from the Stable into a Court ſurrounded with high Walls before the Inn. The whole *Train*, which was ranked at one End of this Court, were commanded to ſtrip off all their Cloaths, and lay them down each before him. The Whip was exerciſed unmercifully on theſe who were lazy or preſumed to diſobey. Every one promiſcuouſly, as well we as others, were obliged to comply with this unneceſſary Command. After we were thus ſtript naked as when born, the whole *Train* was again commanded to march from the Side of the Court in which they were, to the Side oppoſite to them. Here were we for two Hours ſtark Naked, expoſed to all the Inclemency of the Weather, and a cutting Wind that blew from the *North*. All this Time the Archers were rummaging our Rags, under pretence of ſearching for Knives, Files, or other Inſtruments, that might be employed in effecting our Eſcape; but in reality Money was that for which they ſought ſo earneſtly. They took away, however, every thing that was worth taking; Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Snuff-boxes, Sciſſars, and never returned any thing they laid their Hands on. When any Slave entreated to have his Goods reſtored, he was only anſwered by Blows and Menaces, which effectually ſilenced, if not ſatisfied the Queriſt. This Rummage being over, all were ordered to march back to the Place from whence we came, and take again each his reſpective Bundle of Cloaths. But it was impoſſible! We were almoſt frozen to death, and ſo ſtiff with cold, that ſcarce one in the whole *Train* could *move*. And tho' the Diſtance was but ſmall, yet frozen *like Statues*, every Wretch remained where he was, *ntly* awaited freſh Inſtances of their Keeper's Cruelty.

Cruelty. But they did not long wait, the Whip again was handled, and by the mercileſs Fury of theſe Strangers to Pity, the Bodies of the poor Wretches were mangled without Diſtinction; but all in vain, for this could not ſupply vital Warmth, where Life was no more. Some actually dead, others dying, were dragged along by the Neck, and thrown into the Stable without further Ceremony to take their Fate. And thus died that Night, or the enſuing Morning, eighteen Perſons. With reſpect to our little Society, we were neither beat nor thus dragged along, and we may well attribute the ſaving of our Lives to the hundred Crowns, which had been advanced before our ſetting out. The Archers gave us all the Aſſiſtance in their Power to walk, and even carried ſome of us in their Arms to the Place where our Cloaths lay. Happily, and I may add, ſurprizingly we eſcaped, and not one died, tho' we were thrice ſtript upon the Road in the ſame Manner, and at Times when the Weather was equally cold. While we were thus cruelly treated at *Charenton*, our four Friends of *Paris*, whom I have already mentioned, beheld this Tragedy from the Windows of their Apartment, which opened into the Court. Such a Spectacle filled them with the higheſt Compaſſion for the Sufferers; they implored the Captain in the moſt earneſt Manner to have pity. But the Barbarian would not hear; all they could do was to recommend us to Heaven, and exhort us to Perſeverance. From that Time we never ſaw them more; for inſtead of being permitted to join Company with us, as the Captain gave them reaſon to expect, they were refuſed the leaſt Intercourſe, and we ſent back to the Stable, and chained up to the Manger as before. We were even deny'd any other Refreſhment, than a Bit of Bread and Cheeſe, and half a Pint of ſour Wine; which, however, ſerved to refreſh and add ſomewhat to our vital Warmth. But what contributed moſt to our Recovery was the Dung on which we lay. Some buried themſelves in it entirely, and the Warmth of this Bed, however *naſty* the Remedy might be, was perhaps what *ſaved the* Lives of half this vaſt Multitude.

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ſoon diſtributed; but our Society remained, as the ſix Gallies of *Dunkirk* were ſoon expected; and it was thought adviſeable we ſhould reſume our former Stations in them, upon their Arrival. Thus we greatly encreaſed the Number of the Reformed aboard the *Real*, for we now amounted to above forty. Our Brothers in Affliction of this Galley received us with the utmoſt Marks of Affection and Tenderneſs, feeling all that Oppoſition of Paſſions which was natural in ſuch Circumſtances. Rejoiced to have us for Companions, to find us in Health, and ſtill piouſly reſolute; grieved to ſee us loaded as we were with Chains; and though Companions, only Companions in Adverſity.

Father *Garcin*, Superior of the Miſſionaries of *Marſeilles*, was at *Paris* when we were confined in the *Tournelle*. He came there frequently to ſee us, and often had exhorted us to conform, by ſetting temporal Advantages in our Eyes, as the Recompence of Compliance. Here you are Priſoners (would he ſay) loaded with Chains, and ſuffering every Calamity; only change your Sentiments, and you ſhall be free in a few Hours; and that Liberty ſhall only be your Introduction to greater Happineſs. To what Purpoſe do you thus go on to torment yourſelves? Nothing more probable than that three Parts of your Society will ſink under the Fatigue and the Severity of the Seaſon, in your Route to *Marſeilles*; and thoſe who eſcape will, in all Probability, conform, by my Perſuaſions, like moſt of them who have been already confined in that Harbour. To this we anſwered, that the Example of thoſe laſt mentioned did not affect us, as each was only reſponſible for his own Conduct; and we were accordingly reſolved to perſevere.

This Miſſionary left us for that Time, but was ſooner at *Marſeilles* than we. The Day after our Arrival, he came to pay us a Viſit on board the *Real*; and having ordered us into the Cabbin at the Stern of the Galley, counted our Number; and having found it not decreaſed ſince we left *Paris*: Gentlemen, ſays he, I *congratulate your* good Fortune in thus eſcaping: you *muſt, I ſuppoſe,* have ſuffered much on the Journey.

But

But ſay, are you not yet wearied with ſuffering? Sir, replied I, you miſtake the human Heart, if you think Perſecution can alter its Sentiments, or weaken its Zeal. Perſecution, indeed, may make us Hypocrites; it may make us Liars, but can never change our Opinions, which can be influenced only by Reaſon; and it is as much out of our Power to believe againſt this Reaſon, as it is impoſſible not to ſee Light when our Eyes are opened at Noon-Day. How ſophiſtical is the Gentleman? returned the Miſſionary. Not ſo ſophiſtical as you, Sir, when you averred at *Paris*, that you had converted all the Proteſtants at *Marſeilles*. How, in the Name of Truth, could you advance ſuch a————? Prithee, Peace with thy Abſurdities! interrupted he, and left the Room abruptly.

For two or three Months after our Arrival at *Marſeilles*, nothing worth repeating happened; but about the Beginning of *April*, the Miſſionaries made a general Exhortation, in order to perſuade us to change our Religion, employing, to this Effect, rather Promiſes of temporal than eternal Rewards. They flattered themſelves that they ſhould at leaſt gain over one or two, to execute a Scheme, they had ſome Time before projected, which was as follows:

During the Congreſs at *Utrecht* for a General Peace, we had ſtrong Expectations that we might be included in the Treaty; and that our Deliverance would be ſtipulated, among other Articles. We knew that the Proteſtant Powers greatly intereſted themſelves in our Favour; but ſoon all theſe pleaſing Hopes were fruſtrated, by the Concluſion of the Treaty, in which no mention was made of us.

Thus, expecting nothing from Man, we relied ſolely upon God, and reſigned ourſelves up to his Direction. The Miſſionaries thought no Time more proper to ſtrike the meditated Blow than when thus in Deſpair of the Aſſiſtance of our Friends, we might be apt gladly to catch at the Aſſiſtance which they were pleaſed to offer.

We were ignorant of what paſſed at London in our Favour; but the Miſſionaries, who were informed of all, had Advice that Queen *Anne* was ſtrongly ſolicited

cited to employ her Intereſt with the King of *France* for our Deliverance. Their Knowledge of the State o Affairs, with reſpect to *France* and *England*, convinced them, that if the Queen made this Requeſt, the King could not refuſe to grant it. This made them take a Reſolution of endeavouring to perſuade his Majeſty, that all the Reformed would ſoon be converted to the Church of *Rome*; which would be a ſufficient Anſwer from the *French* Court to the Queen's Solicitations. But our ſcheming Fathers were not able to entice one ſingle Proteſtant to a Change, though they had occaſion for a few Converts to put their Deſigns into Execution. What was to be done in this Dilemma? They ſolicited two Galley Slaves, who had been condemned, one for Robbery, the other for Deſertion, both Roman Catholics, and who had made Profeſſion of that Religion for ſeveral Years after their Conviction; they ſolicited theſe, I ſay, to pretend that they were Proteſtants, and after to make their Recantation to the Church of *Rome*. The Terms of their Compliance was to be their future Freedom. A Condition ſo flattering ſoon induced theſe Wretches to liſten to their Propoſal, and it was acccordingly agreed on. As we were utterly ignorant of what was in Agitation, we were ſurprized one *Sunday*, when Maſs was ſaying aboard the Galley, to ſee theſe two Slaves abovementioned ſeparate themſelves from the reſt, and ſit wrapped up in their great Coats like the other Proteſtants aboard, affirming that they were of the reformed Religion. This Toleration is allowed the Proteſtants; and perhaps the Reader deſires to know the Origin of ſuch an Indulgence, which ſeems ſo contradictory to the Spirit of Perſecution and Prieſtcraft which prevails at *Marſeilles*, and ſeems to degrade from the Reverence which is paid the Sacrament, particularly by the Jeſuit Miſſionaries.

After the Peace of *Ryſwick*, the Miſſionaries undertook to force the Proteſtant Slaves, while Maſs was ſaying, to kneel with their Heads uncovered, and obſerve the ſame Poſture of Devotion with the Roman Catholics. To ſucceed in this, they found no great

Trouble

Trouble in bringing over to their Intereſts Mr. *Bonbelle*, Major General of the Gallies, a Man poſſeſſed of all the Spirit of inquiſitorial Perſecution. It was reſolved between them, that every one of the Reformed ſhould undergo the Baſtinade till he ſhould comply, and promiſe to kneel while Maſs was ſaying. To make all more ſure, and more methodical, it was alſo determined that the Major ſhould begin the firſt Day with one of the Gallies, the next with another, and ſo on till all was gone through and then he was to renew the Puniſhment till he forced a Compliance, or till the Slave ſhould expire under the Laſh. *Bonbelle* began this bloody Buſineſs, and executed his Commands without Mercy.

His brutal Manner of exhorting them to a Compliance is remarkable enough. *Dog* (he uſed to ſay) *fall on your Knees, and in this Poſture if you won't pray to God—pray to the Devil if you will, for what I care.* All who were thus inhumanly treated, perſiſted in their courageous Reſolution without ſhrinking; and while the Executioner was mangling their Bodies, ſeemed with unfeeling Serenity to give their Maker Praiſe for this Trial of their Conſtancy.

While Things were proceeding in this Manner, the Ambaſſadors of the Proteſtant Powers, who reſided at the Court of *France*, were informed of the Miſeries of the reformed at *Marſeilles*. Struck with ſuch Inſtances of Cruelty, they repreſented it to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, as the higheſt Injuſtice to puniſh Men anew for profeſſing the reformed Religion, who were already condemned to the Gallies for no other Crime. The King confeſſed it, and declared that theſe Violences had been inflicted without his Orders. He diſpatched a Courier immediately to *Marſeilles*, to prohibit any further Perſecution; and with Commands to have the Grievances of the Proteſtant Slaves redreſſed. But all that was done to this Effect, was an Acknowledgment from the Miſſionaries, that their Exceſſes were ill adviſed, and they were ſorry for having committed them. But to proceed:

The two unhappy Slaves whom the Miſſionaries had *bribed to a Pretence of being Proteſtants, lay on their Seats, as they ſaw the reſt of us behave on ſimilar Oc-*

caſion

caſions. The Comite, who was alſo in the Secret, going about as uſual to obſerve that all behaved with Decency, ſtopped before their Seat, and demanded why they did not join in public Worſhip? Our two Gentlemen ſwore they would no longer join in popiſh Idolatry, for they were true Proteſtants, as alſo were their Fathers before them. The Comites (for this was tranſacted on board two different Gallies) apprized the Almoners. Theſe laſt came with great Formality, and exhorted them to return into the Pale of the Church. They at firſt pretended ſome Reluctance, but ſoon comply'd, and ſeemed converted by the Arguments brought in favour of Popery. We readily perceived all this to be a Trick of the Miſſioners, but were at a Loſs what End it could anſwer. This we could not dive into, 'till theſe Gentlemen themſelves thought proper to explain it ſome Days after.

The two falſe *Hugonots* having publicly abjured, received a few Days after, their Liberty, as a Recompence for their Compliance. The Day of their Deliverance being come, Father *Garcin* and the reſt went from Galley to Galley, declaring the King's Indulgence, and their own Aſſiduity in obtaining the Freedom of the Converted. The grand *Real* in which there were forty *Hugonots*, you may imagine was not left unviſited. They ordered the Keeper to unchain us all, and ſend us to them into the Cabin. We were ſoon introduced, and after ſome fulſome Civilities which theſe Gentlemen generally have at Command, they began their Harangue to this Purpoſe. You know, Gentlemen, what Pains we have taken, and what Methods employed for your Converſion. We have privately adviſed, and publicly exhorted without reaping the leaſt Advantage from our Diligence: But as God diſpenſes his Grace to whom, and in what Manner it pleaſes him, two of your Fraternity have been at laſt converted, and have with great Zeal publicly abjured their Errors. As we are convinced nothing can pleaſe his Majeſty more than the Converſion of his Subjects, *ſo we thought* proper to inform him of our Succeſs; *and this which* you ſhall now read is the Purport of his Majeſty's

Majeſty's Pleaſure. So ſaying, one of them drew out a Letter from Mr. *Portchartrain*, Miniſter of State, which imported that his Majeſty was highly pleaſed to hear of two ſuch notable Hereticks being brought back to the Boſom of the Church, and that he was in Hopes they would be able to make good their Aſſurances of converting in like Manner all the reſt. If accordingly any of them were found to follow ſo good an Example, his Majeſty not only promiſed them their Freedom, but alſo his Royal Favour upon Application.

We readily perceived by this, that the Miſſionaries had endeavoured to perſuade his Majeſty that theſe were Chiefs of the reſt of the Reformed, whoſe Example had influenced them to former Obſtinacy, and would now influence in like Manner to future Obedience. And that Solicitations in our Favour would now be uſeleſs, as we ſhould ſoon all be converted, and conſequently that Way obtain our Freedom. What Impudence and Impoſture! Impudence to vouch a Falſehood, in which they muſt ſoon be detected; Impoſture in aſſuming a Skill at Converſion, which they only ſupported by Falſehood. But what will not Men do, who have, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, ſchooled away every Principle; who ſubtilize upon the commoneſt Duties until they no longer appear appear binding? Lies, Hypocriſy, Cruelty, take with them the Names of Virtue, if exerciſed in (what they imagine the Cauſe of Virtue) the Deſtruction of Hereſy. All Frauds with them may be uſed to circumvent an Enemy; and all Men are Enemies who happen to differ from them in Opinion. Bred up in all the unfeeling Apathy of a monaſtic Life, they have neither Joy nor Diſtreſs among themſelves, and conſequently are ſeldom elated with the Good, or depreſſed with the Calamities of others. Thus they praiſe the Happy without being ſincere, and puniſh the Miſerable without feeling the Diſtreſs they inflict. By Study they freeze every Sentiment of Humanity, and at laſt become mere Man-haters, becauſe themſelves are actually miſerable.

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After this Letter was read, Father *Garcin* harangued us with ſome Eloquence; extolling the Goodneſs of the King, who was not only ſolicitous for the eternal Good of his Subjects, but deſirous of their proſpering alſo in this Life, of which this Letter was a ſufficient Indication. He then enlarged on the Kindneſs and Clemency of the Church of *Rome*, which, like its Founder, uſed only Perſuaſion and Clemency to make Proſelytes. Attribute not to us, continued the Friar, a Spirit of Perſecution; far be it from us to harbour a Spirit ſo deteſtable and repugnant to the Rules of the Goſpel. Return, the Church invites, but not forces you to her Boſom; the King ſolicits, and the Truth from our Lips all perſuade you to return.

Having finiſhed his Oration, one of our Fraternity anſwered, that we were truly ſenſible of his Majeſty's Tenderneſs, and kind Concern for our Welfare. As for our Duty, his Majeſty might depend upon it, in whatever State Fortune was pleaſed to fix us. But as to our Faith, that was a Duty due to the King of Kings; and we muſt, it was impoſſible not to diſobey. Our Belief was almoſt involuntary, and we were determined our Tongues ſhould never give our Sentiments the lie.

Here Father *Garcin* determined the Conference, ſaying that each might reflect upon the Offers of his Majeſty, and if wiſe, profit by accepting them. We now left the Chamber, the Jeſuits continuing in it ſome Time after we were gone, apparently waiting to try if any would return and own themſelves convinced. The Keepers proceeded to chain us to our Seats; but as there were forty of us, and this Buſineſs of chaining took up at leaſt an Hour, I entered into Converſation with three of my fellow Proteſtants till our Turn to be chained came on.

I let them know that I knew not how to contain the Indignation I felt at the falſe Aſſertion of Father *Garcin*, in ſaying we were not perſecuted for Religion. *My Companions more prudent than I, repreſented it as better to liſten without replying to ſuch Falſehoods, than draw down the Malice of a Set of Men, whoſe* Kindne

Kindneſs was but Art, and Compaſſion but meditated Cruelty.

Gentlemen, reply'd I, we have already ſuffered ſo much, that no new Misfortune can much afflict us; we are too well uſed to Calamity now to fear its Rage; and the Conſtancy which Heaven has been pleaſed to grant hitherto will ſtill make us a Match for the Cruelty of our Enemies. In ſhort, I'm reſolved to go back to the Cabbin where the Jeſuits are, and unload my Heart in your Preſence. I ſhall ſupport the whole Argument, and be aſſured no Expreſſion either of Anger or ill Manners ſhall drop from me, to give them a Pretext of uſing us ill. They acquieſced, and we accordingly entered the Chamber where thoſe Fathers were ſtill in Conference together. As ſoon as they ſaw us enter they aſſumed an Air of Pleaſure, which was, I ſuppoſe, inſpired by a Perſuaſion that we returned to confeſs ourſelves their Proſelytes. They ſaluted us with the utmoſt Civility, bidding us ſit down; no little Honour done to a Galley Slave. As I promiſed to ſpeak, I was the firſt who returned an Anſwer to Father *Garcin*, who aſked if we had reflected on the King's generous Offers, and the Truths that had been lately delivered. Father, ſaid I, we are fully convinced of his Majeſty's Bounty and Sincerity, and only a few Scruples remain, of which we deſire an Explanation. I aſſumed while I ſpoke thus, I muſt confeſs, an hypocritical Air; by which I would ſeem to intimate that we only returned with a Deſign of capitulating. I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing them, unſuſpecting my Deſign, and greedily catching at the ſeeming Victory. I proceeded then, without minding the Fears of my Companions in an apparent Acquieſcence, in the Truth of all their Aſſertions, and at laſt artfully led them to acknowledge that we ſuffered Perſecution, in the Manner following.

I informed the Fathers that we had ſeriouſly reflected on what had paſſed, but that ſtill an Obſtacle ſtood in the *Way to our* Converſion, which I hoped might be *removed. This*, cries *Garcin* in Raptures, *this is acting like Men*; propoſe your Scruples and you ſhall *quickly* be ſatisfied. I can aſſure you, Sir, reply'd I th

that I have been inſtructed very carefully by my Parents in the Principles of the reformed Religion; and I muſt aver that nothing ſerves ſo much to confirm me in thoſe Principles, as thinking that I am perſecuted for adhering to them. For when I conſider that Chriſt, the Apoſtles, and ſeveral other faithful Adherers to Chriſtianity have ſuffered Perſecution, I can't help thinking myſelf in the right Way; for methinks that in this one Thing at leaſt I imitate them. Therefore, Sir, if you can demonſtrate that we are not perſecuted, as you juſt now affirmed, I ſhall confeſs myſelf your Proſelyte. I'm pleaſed, reply'd the Jeſuit, that you ſo candidly propoſe your Doubts; and more ſo, becauſe it is ſo eaſy a Taſk to reſolve them. Firſt do you know what Perſecution is? Alas! Sir, can I be ignorant of it? though I ſhould ſtrive to forget, would not theſe Chains ſerve to remind me? You certainly miſtake, returned he, and call Puniſhment Perſecution; but you ſhall ſoon be convinced of what I ſay. Why are you confined to the Gallies; and what were the Motives that induced the Court to paſs your Sentence? I anſwered that being perſecuted at home, I endeavoured to find an Aſylum abroad, where I might openly avow my Principles; but was arreſted on the Frontiers of *France*, and ſo condemned to the Gallies. Juſt as I was ſaying, reply'd the Father; you do not know what the Word Perſecution imports. Perſecution in Religion is, when a Perſon is uſed ſeverely with a View of making him renounce the Principles of which he makes Profeſſion. But in your Caſe Religion has no Part; for the King having ordered all his Subjects not to quit the Kingdom without his Permiſſion, you diſobeyed thoſe Orders, and therefore are juſtly puniſhed for Diſobedience. Your Crime is of a political, not a religious Nature. He then addreſſed himſelf to another of my Companions, to know the Cauſe of his being confined to the Gallies, which was anſwered for his having frequented an Aſſembly.

The King, ſays Father *Garcin*, had forbid any aſſem*bling to worſhip* God, except in Churches; you alſo *have diſobeyed*, and are conſequently puniſhed. Ano*ther of my* Companions reply'd, that upon the Point of

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Death profeſſing himſelf a Proteſtant, when he happened to recover, he was ſentenced to the Gallies. Still a Diſobedience to the King's Orders, reply'd the Jeſuit: It is his Majeſty's Will that all his Subjects ſhould live and die in the Catholic Faith: this you refuſed to do; and the King has been obliged to enforce his Commands by Puniſhment. No, Gentlemen, the Church has nothing to do in this Affair; it neither drew up your Indictment, nor preſided at your Trial. All was tranſacted without her Knowledge, and conſequently without her Participation.

I found I ſhould never conquer in this Diſpute without continuing my borrowed Air. I ſeemed pleaſed with his Explication, but demanded whether I might not be ſet at Liberty before I had made my Abjuration; after which my other Doubts might be cleared up at a more convenient Seaſon. It is impoſſible, reply'd the Father, to leave the Gallies till you have formally abjured. But when I have abjured, ſhall I then be ſure of my Liberty? Upon my Prieſthood you ſhall in leſs than a Fortnight be as free as I am. O Sir, now reply'd I, raiſing my Voice; Truth will break through every Miſt that human Art would throw round it; even I, untaught, artleſs, and without Eloquence as I am, have drawn a Confeſſion from you, that Religion keeps me in Slavery. We ſhall be free, if our Sentiments change; but Slaves, if we perſiſt in our Opinions—I was going to proceed, when at once he broke off the Debate, and in a Rage ordered the Keeper to chain up thoſe mad Enthuſiaſts without Delay.

The Treaty of *Utrecht* being concluded without any Thing ſtipulated in our Favours, the Marquis of *Rochgaude*, a Native of *France*, and a Refugee among the Cantons of *Switzerland*, had been employed by the Cantons at the Congreſs at *Utrecht* to ſolicit in our Favour: But failing in this, he was reſolved to purſue his Deſign ſtill with a Vigour ſurprizing for a Man of his Years and Infirmities. He went from *Utrecht* to the North, where he obtained a Letter from *Charles the XIIth* to the Queen of *England* in our Behalf; another from the King of *Denmark*, others from the

King of *Pruſſia*, and ſeveral *German* Princes, from the Proteſtant Cantons of *Switzerland*, the *United Provinces*, and all the Proteſtant Powers of *Europe*, recommending us to the powerful Interceſſion of her *Britannic* Majeſty. The Marquis upon this went over into *England*, and demanded Permiſſion of my Lord *Oxford*, to be admitted to an Audience of her Majeſty. His Lordſhip aſked what his Buſineſs might be with the Queen? I have, ſaid the Marquis, Letters to deliver to her from all the Proteſtant Powers of *Europe*. Give them then to me, ſaid my Lord; I'll take Care to deliver them, and back them with my Intereſt. This the Marquis refuſed; but his Lordſhip, however, procured him the Audience deſired. The Queen, upon Receipt of the Letters, committed them to her Secretary of State, who had Orders to examine them, and return the proper Anſwer.

About a Fortnight paſſed over before the Marquis heard any more of this Affair. Uneaſy at ſuch Delay, and being informed that her Majeſty was to walk that Day in St. *James's-Park*, he was reſolved to throw himſelf in her Way, ſo as to be taken Notice of.

This Project ſucceeded; for the Queen obſerving the old Gentleman, ordered him to be called, and ſaid to him, Mr. *Rochegaude*, I entreat you will let thoſe poor Creatures on board the Gallies know that they ſhall ſoon be ſet at Liberty. This Anſwer was pious, and without Equivocation. The Marquis quickly informed us of her Majeſty's Anſwer, which again inſpired us with Hopes; and we gave Glory to him on high who had again intereſted even crown'd Heads in our Favour.

Some Time after there came from Court an Order to the Intendant of *Marſeilles*, to ſend up a Liſt of all the Proteſtants who were on board the Gallies. This was accordingly done, and a few Days after, towards the latter End of *May*, an Order was ſent down to the Intendant to deliver an hundred and thirty-ſix of the *Proteſtant Slaves*, whoſe Names were contained in a *Liſt* accompanying the Order.

It was impoſſible to determine by what Policy the Cou

Court was influenced in not manumitting the whole, which amounted to upwards of three hundred who ſuffered for the ſame Cauſe. Whatever was the Reaſon, they were not delivered till about a Year after.

The Intendant having received the above-mentioned Order, communicated it to the Miſſionaries, who were in the utmoſt Confuſion; they ſaid that the King had been deceived; and that our Deliverance would be an eternal Blot upon the Church of *Rome*. They requeſted the Intendant to ſuſpend the Execution of his Orders, and to grant them fifteen Days, in which they might ſend an Expreſs to Court and receive an Anſwer. The Intendant, who could not refuſe without incurring their Hatred, granted their Requeſt, and concealed the Order he had received from Court for delivering an hundred and thirty ſix Proteſtants.

We were notwithſtanding informed the Day after by a Domeſtic of the Intendant concerning our Deliverance, and he ſpecified the Names of each of thoſe who were ſo fortunate as to be on the Liſt at different Times; ſending us by Intervals a Bit of Paper, with a few Names wrote upon it. Thus he continued ſending for three Days, during which Time I felt the utmoſt Anxiety, for I happened to be laſt upon the Liſt, and was in ſhort almoſt reduced to Deſpair. I had at laſt the Happineſs to ſee my own Name at the Bottom, and felt a Joy that even at this Diſtance of Time riſes to my Memory with Pleaſure, and in recollecting, gives me Satisfaction. I was happy; but judge of the Affliction of thoſe poor Creatures, who were left unnamed. Yet ſtill they had ſome hopes left, for Queen *Anne* had demanded all and had obtained all; and therefore it was reaſonable to expect their Turn would come at laſt.

We thus continued in a State of the utmoſt Inquietude, between Hopes and Fears for three Weeks longer. He who ſhewed us the Liſt having apprized us of the Machinations of the Jeſuits to have the Order revoked, we feared their Power and knew their Falſehood; we were convinced their Influence at Court was very great, and dreaded the Conſequences. We wer

without Reſt either Day or Night, till the Expreſs ſent by the Miſſionaries returned; but, to the Aſtoniſhment of the good Fathers, it brought no Anſwer either favourable or otherwiſe, which convinced the Intendant that the King deſired an Obedience to his Commands. Still, however, the Miſſionaries did not loſe all Hope, they deſired eight Days more, till the Return of another Expreſs, whom they had diſpatched after the former. He alſo returned without any Anſwer. As the Order for our Deliverance was committed as a Secret to too many, it quickly took vent, and came as News to the Miſſionaries. This procured us another Viſit from them, in which they aſſured us, that the News of our Deliverance was utterly falſe and groundleſs; but when the laſt Expreſs returned, they appeared utterly diſconcerted, and no longer concealed their Diſpleaſure at our approaching Happineſs. They demanded from the Intendant in what Manner we were to be delivered? To which he replied, that we were to have full Liberty of going where we thought proper. To this they very warmly remonſtrated, that Heretics ſo atrocious as we, being ſuffered to ſpread thro' the Kingdom, would pervert not only the newly converted, but even good Catholics themſelves. By this means they prevailed upon the Intendant to declare, that we ſhould be ſet free only upon condition, that we left the Kingdom by Sea; upon pain of being remitted to the Gallies, if we preſumed to return. This was a malignant Stroke againſt us, for how could we leave the Kingdom by Sea? There was no Ship in the Port to convey us to *England* or *Holland*. We were not in Circumſtances to employ one to carry us away to either of theſe Countries. All which the Miſſionaries had foreſeen, and thus imagined they had precluded every Reſource.

It is cuſtomary when Slaves are to be delivered, to apprize them of it ſome Days beforehand. Accordingly, upon an appointed Day, the Keeper received an Order of the Intendant to conduct the hundred and thirty ſix Slaves, who were to be releaſed, into the Arſenal of the City. When we appeared, the Intendant called us over one by one, and declared that

King granted us our Liberty at the Solicitation of the Queen of *England*; upon condition we left the Kingdom at our own Expence. We remonſtrated againſt this as being a very hard Condition, and almoſt impoſſible to perform, as we were to hire a Ship to convey us away. This is not my Buſineſs, returned he, but the King will not advance you a Shilling. Then, Sir, anſwered we, let us be permitted to try if we can find a Ship for our Purpoſe. That is but reaſonable, ſaid the Intendant, and gave our Keepers Directions to permit our going along the Port with a Guard, in queſt of a Ship, when and as often as we pleaſed. In the mean time the Miſſionaries, to throw more Obſtacles in our Way, bethought them of another Project; which was, that we ſhould declare to what Port we were bound. Their View in this was, that as they knew our Friends reſided in different Parts of *Europe*, we ſhould be conſequently divided in our Councils, to which Country we ſhould go, as each would be for ſailing to that Country, in which his Friends found Refuge. Thus divided in our Deſigns, they concluded we ſhould never be able to get off without their Permiſſion. This Scheme ſucceeded no better than the preceding; for all the Proteſtants who had been releaſed, being conducted aboard a Galley, where were preſent the Commiſſary of the Marine, and two Jeſuits, we were ranged here expecting ſome new Stroke of Adverſity, but not knowing what it might be. Fortunately for us, the Perſon who was firſt upon our Liſt, had his Friends in *Geneva*. He therefore being aſked whither he deſigned to go? Replied to *Geneva*. The Perſon who ſtood next, being aſked the ſame Queſtion, concluding that all ſhould make the ſame Reply, made the ſame Anſwer, to *Geneva*. Thus the Word went on among the reſt, and we at laſt all cried out, to *Geneva*. The Commiſſary upon this, informed us, that we muſt then provide a Veſſel to carry us to *Italy*; for as there was no going to *Geneva* by Sea, and as it was not permitted to go thro' *France*, we had no other Paſſage but by *Italy*; which tho' very far about, we muſt be obliged to undertake.

We accordingly endeavoured to find a Ship for Italy, be

but were not ſo ſucceſsful as we at firſt imagined we ſhould be. One Day, however, when we were almoſt in deſpair of ſucceeding, a Pilot of the Galley *La Favourite*, whoſe Name was *Jovas*, informed one of our Brethren, with whom he had been acquainted aboard his Galley, that he had a Tartan (a ſlight Bark made uſe of in the *Mediterranean)* which could carry us from *Marſeilles* to *Villa Franca*, a Port in the County of *Nice*, belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*, afterwards King of *Sardinia*. From hence we might go by *Piedmont* to *Geneva*. We liſtened to his Propoſal with Pleaſure, and bargained with this Pilot at the Rate of ſix Livres a Head, upon ſupplying our own Proviſions. Thus both were contented, we by being ſoon to be delivered, and he by being well paid for ſo ſhort a Voyage; as *Villa Franca* is from *Marſeilles*, not above twenty or twenty five Leagues. It was now determined to acquaint the Intendant with our having found a Ship. The Pilot and one of our Brothers went upon this Meſſage. The Intendant appeared ſatisfied, and prepared to give us our Paſſports. We expected our long-wiſhed-for Liberty next Day; but the Miſſionaries had ſtill an Obſtacle left to prevent us. Being informed that we had bargained for a Ship to *Villa Franca*, they again went to the Intendant, repreſenting it as unſafe to ſend us to this City, becauſe too near the Frontiers of *France*; and it was neceſſary, to prevent a Return into the Kingdom, that we ſhould be ſent to *Geneva* or *Leghorn*. Theſe Gentlemen, who choſe to ſupport their Animoſity to the laſt, knew well that this was ſending us far out of the Way; the Roads alſo from *Italy* were more difficult to paſs, and we had by this Means the *Alps* to croſs, which were to us almoſt inacceſſible, as we had in our Company, Numbers decrepid with Age, maimed with Wounds, or paralytic with Diſeaſes. The Reader need not be informed that theſe Mountains cannot be paſſed by Carriages, and that even Mules, Animals trained up to theſe Precipices, can ſcarce paſs in ſafety. They alſo knew well that we had no Deſires of returning to France, that we had every Reaſon to avoid it, ſtill bleeding as we were with the Stripes we had received from the Hands

our cruel Countrymen. The Intendant himſelf looked upon this as a malignant Pretext of the Miſſionaries to continue us under their Authority. But they were powerful, and they muſt conſequently be obeyed. He therefore let us know that our Bargain with *Jovas* could not take Place, for the Reaſons already aſſigned. Thus were we again diſconcerted, and ſeemingly as far from our Liberty as before. We apprized *Jovas* of this croſs Accident, who was not a little ſevere in his Invectives againſt thoſe *Brothers of the Beard*, as he termed them. The Truth is, they are hated by the Poor, and feared by the Rich. Notwithſtanding *Jovas* gave us ample Conſolation; for either thro' ſpite, or not willing to loſe ſo good a Bargain, he told us, that our Agreement with him ſhould ſtill ſubſiſt, and that he would carry us for the ſame Price, even to the remoteſt Harbour in the *Mediterranean*. He entreated one of us to accompany him to the Intendant to declare this Reſolution, with which that Magiſtrate was perfectly ſatisfied; inwardly pleaſed to be at laſt diſengaged from ſo troubleſome a Buſineſs. For, as we afterwards learned, he feared a Complaint from Queen *Anne*, which would ruin him at the *French* Court to all Intents and Purpoſes. He therefore aſſured us, we ſhould be ſoon at L[illegible]. But the Miſſionaries, ſtill expecting counter Orders from Court, took every Occaſion to delay our Departure. They repreſented to the Intendant, that the Tartan of *Jovas* was too ſmall to carry ſuch a Number of Men in the Hold; wherefore we ſhould be obliged to ſtay upon Deck, and conſequently might ſeize upon the Veſſel, throw the Mariners into the Sea, and put her into what Harbour we thought proper. And that this was a Peril ſo evident, that they could never give their Conſent to our Departure in ſo ſmall a Ship; wherefore we ought to procure Ships large enough to carry us all in the Hold. The Intendant plainly ſaw the Abſurdity of this Pretext, but had not Courage to oppoſe. A new Order was iſſued, that we ſhould provide a Ship, *ſufficient to* carry us all in the Hold. Jovas our Pilot *was again diſconcerted*, and ſent forth, in ſecret, every *Imprecation* againſt his Father Confeſſors. He ſeemed

now to look upon it as his Duty to give us a Paſſage, and proteſted tho' he ſhould gain nothing, tho' he ſhould even loſe by his Agreement, he was reſolved to put it into Execution. He left us in theſe Hopes, and went to fulfill his Determinations. The next Day he failed not to bring us good News; he had ſettled our Paſſage in ſuch a Manner, that now, ſays he, the Brothers of the Beard can find nothing to object. He hired two Barks, each larger than his, each capable of containing in the Hold with eaſe fifty Men, while his own would carry the other thirty ſix. There was now another Deputation to the Intendant, who was at laſt reſolved to hear of no new Obſtacles; and therefore, to prevent every Shadow of Delay, ſent his Secretary to viſit the three *Tartans*, and to bring him back an Account, if they were capable of containing the Number propoſed. We bribed the Secretary, and he brought back a Report in our Favour. It was at length concluded, that the Tartan of *Jovas* with thirty ſix Men, ſhould leave the Harbour in two Days, and the two others carrying fifty Men each, ſhould follow in three Days after. Things being thus diſpoſed, the Jeſuits made no farther Oppoſition to our Departure, except by endeavouring to intimidate our Pilots. They compelled them to ſign an Obligatory Compact, by which they bound themſelves not to land us at *Villefranca*; but either at *Legborn* or *Genoa*, under a Penalty of having their Tartans confiſcated, of paying a Fine of four hundred Livres, and ſuffering Impriſonment for what Time the Miſſionaries thought reaſonable. At length the Jeſuits ceaſed Perſecution, they deſpaired of ſucceeding in continuing our Slavery, and in ſilent Spleen retired to their Convent. Father *Garcin* was ſo much diſguſted, that he left *Marſeilles*, rather than be a Spectator of a Deliverance, which ſo much oppoſed his Inclinations.

At length the long-wiſhed-for Hour of Liberty arrived; the ſeventeenth of *June*, (a Day for ever to be noted by me, as the Commencement of all the Happineſs, Heaven has been pleaſed to beſtow me here on Earth) being come, thirty ſix of our Society, of which Number I was one, were conducted to the Arſen

Arſenal; not as uſual, to hear ſome new Orders for either a Change of Puniſhment, or Addition to Diſtreſs, but to be ſet free from a Bondage, the moſt ſevere that Tyranny ever inflicted. The Commiſſary of the Marine read the Orders of the King, which were alſo written in our Paſſports. The Obligation which *Jovas* had ſigned, was alſo read to him in our Preſence. This over, the Commiſſary ordered a Keeper who ſtood by, to unchain us entirely. When ſet free, our Paſſports, or Diſcharges, were remitted into the Hand of *Jovas*, and he was charged with our Perſons. At the ſame Time he had Orders to take us aboard with all poſſible Diſpatch, and ſail the firſt Opportunity. I left the Arſenal for the firſt Time, for thirteen Years without Chains, and with the reſt, followed the Pilot down to the Quay, where his Tartan was moored. We prepared to enter the Hold, where we were to lie upon Sand, which ſerved for Ballaſt; but the Wind blew into Port, ſo that it was impoſſible to leave the Harbour, and the Sea alſo was ſo rough, that tho' the Wind had been for us, we could not have ventured out.

Our Pilot ſeeing us prepare to go down into the Hold, there to ſtay till the Weather ſhould grow favourable, addreſſed us as follows: Do you think, Gentlemen, I can be as cruel as Miſſionaries, and keep you here ſtifling in the Hold of my little Tartan? no, Sirs, I'm a Seaman, and will uſe you as ſuch; you are now free, and I have no Deſire to keep you confined. It is true, continues he, we cannot leave Harbour till the Wind changes, and the Lord knows when it will change. Take my Advice, go your Ways into the City, and lodge at your Eaſe. I do not fear your eſcaping; I am convinced that inſtead of offering to fly from me, you would eſteem it a Misfortune to be left behind, in the Hands of your Enemies. I'll anſwer for your Return; and provided I carry you to the Port agreed on, I have nothing further to fear. Go every one about your Buſineſs, lodge where you think proper, I care *not where, only* be ſure to obſerve the Weather, and *when you ſee* the Wind change to return. How ſtrongly *does the honeſt* Bluntneſs of this ignorant Sailor contraſt

the malicious Civilities of our Book-learned Miſſionaries! He readily ſaw from the Nature of our Situation, that an Endeavour to eſcape would be the utmoſt Abſurdity: The Jeſuits ſaw it too; but Perſecution was the Word, and they were reſolved to torment us. We took the Advice of our Pilot, and diſperſed ourſelves among different Inns in the City. Thus we were lodged at our eaſe; but no Situation, however comfortable, could diminiſh our Inquietude at being kept in the Harbour. We ſtill dreaded ſome new Machination of the Jeſuits, and therefore next Morning waited upon the Commiſſary to inform him of the Reaſons of our Delay, and to beg that he would impute our Stay to no other Cauſe but the Weather. The Commiſſary received us very graciouſly, and ſeemed very well pleaſed with our Conduct, adding with a good natured Air, The King, Sirs, has not given you Freedom, in order to force you to periſh at Sea. Stay in Town till the Wind becomes favourable, only permit me to adviſe you not to go out of the Gates, and when the Weather invites put to Sea, where I heartily wiſh you a proſperous Voyage. The Gentleman was it ſeems the Son of Proteſtant Parents, and perhaps to this we were indebted for Part of his Kindneſs.

The Wind was contrary three Days, at the End of which it changed, but ſtill continued ſtormy, and the Sea ſeemed in violent Agitation. We went, notwithſtanding, to the Bark, where we found the Pilot, and aſked to be put on Board. Gentlemen, ſays he, it is true you can leave the Harbour, but you will find it terrible Weather at Sea. We entreated him to riſque it for once; and if he judged it not abſolutely dangerous at Sea, we had rather be in the Hands of God than of Man. I ſee your Deſires, replied he, to leave the Port, and I am reſolved to comply with them. Come then let us embark, and commit ourſelves to Sea and the Direction of Providence.

We took in ſome Proviſions, and left the Port; but *we had better* have taken his Advice, and waited more *favourable* Weather. The Sea was moſt violently *agitated*; the Waves ran ſo high that we expected *to founder every Moment*; we were all ſea-ſick,

conſequently quite diſpirited. In ſhort, our Pilot was obliged to caſt Anchor before the Harbour of *Toulon* to repair his Tackling, which the Storm had ſhattered. We expected to be here ſafe from any future Viſits from our Countrymen, as we lay off at ſuch a Diſtance; but in this we were miſtaken; for about five in the Evening, a Serjeant and two Soldiers belonging to the Marine of *Toulon* came with a Shallop, boarded our Tartan, and ſummoned the Pilot to go before the Intendant of that City, to give an Account of himſelf. Our Reflections on this unexpected Incident were very diſagreeable; we were apprehenſive leſt, as our Paſſports imported that we ſhould quit the Kingdom, the Intendant might think we had Deſigns of clandeſtinely entering, and in Purſuance of theſe Suggeſtions, confine us till further Orders; and if the Miſſionaries ſhould be apprized of our Detention, they might accuſe us, to the King, of Diſobedience to his Orders, which it would be no eaſy Matter to exculpate. Our Pilot himſelf was not a little diſconcerted; he took Courage, however, and with our Paſſports in his Hand, entered the Shallop with the Soldiers. We requeſted that ſome of our Society might be permitted to accompany him, which was readily granted. I was one of four who were employed on this Occaſion.

There was at this Time the Plague in *Conſtantinople*; all Ships therefore of *France*, going from one Port to another, were obliged, before they could put into Harbour, to produce a Bill of Health. Ours was made out upon leaving *Marſeilles*; and, for greater Expedition, our Names not ſpecified: It run thus: *Let thirty-ſix Men paſs into* Italy, *by Order of the King; being in good Health, &c.* I deſired the Pilot only to preſent this Bill to the Intendant; in Anſwer to his Demands, which I believed would be ſufficiently ſatisfactory. He acquieſced, and accordingly, upon being aſked from whence he came, where bound, and how laden, he made no other Reply but by putting his Bill of Health into the Hands of the Intendant; who ſeeing *ſomething* myſterious and ſecret in his Manner, *immediately* conceived that we were going upon ſome ſecret Expedition, which it was not his Buſineſs to inveſtiga

In fact, we appeared fit enough to confirm his Suſpicions: We had got rid of our Slaves Habits at *Marſeilles*, and were equipped at a Saleſman's Shop, in ſuch a Garb as the Narrowneſs of our Finances obliged us to be content with for the preſent. Thus the Intendant ſtrongly ſuſpected that we were all in Diſguiſe, which greatly added to our Importance in his Imagination. He told the Pilot, upon reading our Bill of Health, that he required no farther Teſtimonials; and addreſſing himſelf to us, added, that we might repoſe ourſelves in Town as long as we thought convenient, or conſiſtent with his Majeſty's Inſtructions, and he would defray our Expences. We thanked him for his Kindneſs, and retired very well content with the Succeſs of ſo innocent a Stratagem.

Our Pilot was prevailed upon to debark our whole Company, in order to reſt in Town from the Fatigues they had ſuffered at Sea; and the next Morning we returned aboard to continue our Voyage. We ſailed in three Days, with very fine Weather, from *Toulon* to *Villa Franca*. This City, which lies in the County of *Nice*, out of the Dominions of *France*, belongs to the King of *Sardinia*. In this Port we dropp'd Anchor, and aſked our Pilot Permiſſion to land, and lie that Night in the City, promiſing to return on board whenever he ſhould be pleaſed to order. Gentlemen, return'd he, I very willingly comply, as I am ſatisfied you are too generous to abuſe my Good Nature. It is certain I ſhall be in your Power, and you may not return, if you pleaſe; but you muſt be ſenſible that ſuch a Conduct would abſolutely undo me. We gave him the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances to ſubmit to his Orders, and to reimbark whenever he ſhould think proper. He believed us, and granted our Requeſt. We landed accordingly, and took up our Lodgings in ſome Public Houſes near the Port. The next Day, which happened to be *Sunday*, we prepared to re-imbark; but our Pilot ſaid he had ſome Buſineſs to *Nice*, a City not above a League diſtant from *Villa Franca*, where, after hearing Maſs, he would return to take us in. I deſired to keep him Company, as I had an Inclination to ſee that City, which he willingly accepted, and three more of our Society

Society joining in the ſame Requeſt, we went all five together.

Upon entering *Nice*, our Pilot ſaid he would hear Maſs, and we might wait for him in the firſt Public-Houſe we ſhould happen to meet. We agreed, and leaving the great Street, we went with him in queſt of a Public-Houſe, which was not eaſy to find open, as all the Houſes and Shops are ſhut in the Morning of this Day. Wandering thus from one Street to another, where ſcarce a Perſon was to be ſeen, we perceived at laſt a little Man approaching us. At firſt we took no particular Notice of him; but approaching ſtill nearer, he accoſted us very civilly, and begged we would not be diſpleaſed, if he aſked from whence we came? Having informed him, that we came from *Marſeilles*, he ſeemed to be puzzled, not daring to aſk if we came from the Gallies, as ſuch a Queſtion is looked upon as the higheſt Affront. At laſt, recollecting himſelf, he again demanded if we left that City by Order of the King of *France*? Yes, Sir, replied one of us, we have juſt come from the Gallies. Good God! cries he, are you of that Number who have been lately delivered at the Inſtance of the Queen of *England*? We replied in the Affirmative. Follow me, ſaid this Stranger, who ſeemed tranſported with Joy; I eſteem this Meeting as the moſt fortunate Accident of my whole Life. We obeyed without heſitating, as well as our Pilot, who ſuſpected ſome Deſign againſt us; as he had but an indifferent Opinion of *Italian* Sincerity.

We were now conducted to what rather ſeemed the Palace of a Prince, than the Houſe of a private Man. Being introduced, and the Doors ſhut, this Proteſtant Merchant, for ſuch he was, embraced us with Marks of unfeigned Joy; and calling his Wife and his Children, bid them teſtify their Happineſs, at finding their poor Brothers in the Goſpel at laſt redeemed from Slavery. Congratulations were again renewed, not without Praiſe to him above, who brings the Priſoner out of Captivity.

Mr. *Benijoli* now entreated we would kneel down, and join in Family Worſhip; where he made a Prayer the moſt zealous and pathetic that can be imagined;

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nor could many of the Family refrain from Tears on this Occaſion. Even our Pilot himſelf teſtified the utmoſt Approbation of this good Man's Piety. After Prayers we went to Breakfaſt, where our Entertainer being informed that there were in all thirty-ſix of us now at *Villa Franca*, and alſo being acquainted with the Accident which brought us to *Nice*, he could not ſufficiently expreſs his Satisfaction. We at laſt demanded who he was that gave us ſo kind a Reception, and how he came to accoſt us firſt in the Street? I am, returned he, a Native of *Niſmes* in *Languedoc*. I fled my Country upon the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantz*, took refuge under the Duke of *Savoy*, and ſettled in this City; where, by the Favour of Heaven, I have acquired a Competency; and though in the whole Place there is no Proteſtant but myſelf and Family, I enjoy a perfect Tranquillity with reſpect to Religion. For this I am obliged to our Sovereign, now become King of *Sardinia*, who has forbid all his Subjects, as well Eccleſiaſtics as Laymen, to give me the leaſt Diſturbance. With reſpect to the other Part of your Demand, a Correſpondent of mine at *Marſeilles*, the Day of your Deliverance, wrote me Word; and added, if Chance ſhould conduct you hither, that I ſhould do you all the Services in my Power.

We now changed the Subject to the moſt proper Methods of continuing our Route to *Geneva*; in which there lay ſo many Obſtacles as appeared almoſt inſurmountable. Our Pilot produced a Copy of his Obligation, and urged our Promiſe to return. He might have been acquitted however, when he came back, by pleading Streſs of Weather as the Cauſe of his landing at *Villa Franca*; a Plea which ſeldom fails, if properly perſiſted in; but his not continuing his Voyage to *Leghorn*, was a manifeſt Infraction of his Obligation. We were, it is true, at our Liberty of not returning with him; but our Honour and Conſcience oppoſed a Conduct that muſt involve him in Ruin. On the other hand, Mr. *Bonijoli* appeared extremely alarmed for us, *if we ſhould* proceed to *Leghorn* or Genoa. He repre*ſented the* Journey from either of theſe Ports to Geneva, troubleſome to the laſt Degree; Mountains were to

be paſſed over, impracticable to our old Men and the Diſeaſed among us; our being ſo large a Company would encreaſe the Hire of Carriages, nor would they come but at an exorbitant Price. In ſhort, when we came there, we ſhould have no other Method left but that which we rejected at *Marſeilles*, viz. to hire a Ship to *England* or *Holland*, which would be a greater Expence than our Funds might perhaps be able to ſupply.

Thus we were either to break our Promiſe with the Pilot, or encounter all the Difficulties above recited. In ſhort, we determined to keep our Promiſe, though at the Hazard of our Lives, and with freſh Aſſurances diſpelled the Fears of the poor Pilot, who was, during our Conference, in the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, entreating us at Intervals not to put him into the Power of Men, whoſe Indignation he dreaded like Death. We let him know, that nothing ſhould prevail upon us to break that Promiſe which we made before God and him; and that, if no Method could be contrived to exempt him utterly from Danger, we would re-imbark without Delay. This ſeemed to ſatisfy him; but we ſtill continued looking upon each other, without being able to hit upon an Expedient for putting us both out of Danger. At laſt Mr. *Bonijoli*, as if waked from the Reverie, cried out, that he had at laſt thought of ſomething to our mutual Advantage, which he would inſtantly endeavour to put in Practice.

By the Treaty of *Utrecht*, the County of *Nice*, and the City of that Name, were reſtored to the Duke of *Savoy*, by the King of *France*; who, after the Evacuation, left a Commiſſary to regulate the Debts and other Affairs which were in Diſpute between the Courts of *France* and *Turin*. The *French* Commiſſary's Name was Mr. *Carboneau*: This was a young Gentleman who, though not by Birth a *Gaſcon*, yet had all the Airs of one: I mean, he affected, like them, Generoſity, and carried Friendſhip to a romantic Exceſs. Mr. *Bonijoli* and he were extremely intimate; for as the *former* was the only *Frenchman* ſettled at Nice, and as *his Sons* and Daughters, who had received the genteeleſt Education, were about the ſame Age with

Commiſſary, this young Gentleman was almoſt always at his Houſe, and treated like one of the Family. It was, upon recollecting the Services this Commiſſary might be of to us, that Mr. *Bonijoli* ſeemed ſo well ſatisfied; and he was not out in his Conjecture; for, by his Means, all Affairs were ſettled to our mutual Satisfaction.

He deſired the Pilot to commit the Copy of his Obligation to his Care, which, when done, he begg'd us to wait till his Return. About an Hour after his Departure, he came back with the *French* Commiſſary. This Gentleman, aſſuming an Air of the utmoſt Importance, aſked the Pilot, with a good deal of Authority, which he ſeemed to derive from his Office, where he was bound, from whence he came, and what was his Lading? The Pilot having ſatisfied his Demands, the Commiſſary commanded, in the King's Name, that the whole of his Paſſengers ſhould be conducted to *Nice*; forbidding him, in the moſt peremptory Manner, to leave the Harbour of *Villa Franca* without his Orders. The Pilot ſubmitted, went to the laſt named City, and conducted the Remainder of our Society to *Nice*. Mr. *Bonijoli* received them with his uſual Zeal and Tenderneſs, lodged them in different Inns at his own Expence, and gave Orders for their being treated with proper Reſpect. For us four, he kept us at his own Houſe, where we were for three Days entertained with the utmoſt Elegance and Liberality.

All this Time was taken up in paying Incenſe to the Vanity of our Commiſſary. We were formally ſummoned to appear every Morning in the Street before his Houſe, where he, from a Balcony, bedizen'd in an embroidered Nightgown, holding in his Hand a Liſt of our Names, called us all one by one; aſking, with an Air of Authority, from whence we came, the Names of our Parents, our Ages, and other Queſtions, equally inſignificant and unneceſſary. All this was done to give the Citizens an high Idea of his Authority; for they came in Numbers with a Curioſity uſual to the *Multitude, to be Spectators of this trifling Ceremony. Never did I ſee a Man ſo much pleaſed as he ſeemed to be with his own Importance*; and I verily believe, of

of the two Parties, he was moſt obliged on this Occaſion.

We were apprized of his Vanity by our Friend *Bonijoli*, but were adviſed to bear with his imaginary Importance as the only Means of expediting our Journey. Thus, then, we ſtood in the Street every Day at leaſt two Hours, Cap in Hand, with a ſubmiſſive Air, expecting the Determination of this *little* great Man. At length, having tired out the Crowd with gazing, or being himſelf ſatisfied with our Submiſſions, he ordered the Pilot into his Preſence, and gave him a Paper to read, deſiring to know if he was ſatisfied with the Contents.

It was ſufficiently authentic, being ſealed with the Arms of *France*, and beginning with the uſual Preamble, by Order of the *King's moſt excellent Majeſty*, &c. It imported that he, the King's Commiſſary, having received Intelligence that a *French Tartan* had been chaſed by a *Barbary* Corſair into the Harbour of *Villa Franca*, and upon farther Enquiry, having found that the ſaid *Tartan* was of *Marſeilles*, with thirty-ſix Paſſengers delivered from the Gallies and bound to *Italy*; and having viſited the Ship and the Men, and having found them utterly deſtitute of Proviſions, *&c.* Upon theſe Conſiderations, He, the Commiſſary, ever attentive to the Welfare of his Majeſty's Subjects, ordered the Pilot of the ſaid *Tartan* to permit his Paſſengers to land at *Villa Franca*, from thence, to purſue their Journey to *Geneva*, the Place of their Deſtination: Notwithſtanding any Obligation ſigned by the ſaid Pilot at *Marſeilles* to the contrary.

Jovas was entirely ſatisfied with this Indemnification, and promiſed to lay on the Commiſſary all the Blame of his not proceeding, if he ſhould be called to an Account. Thus he ſaw himſelf freed from a tedious Voyage, and his Money earned with Eaſe. He therefore departed for *Marſeilles*; and when he took Leave, promiſed to ſpeak to the other two Barks, which he ſhould meet in his Voyage back, to put into *Villa Franca*, to receive the ſame Treatment from the good-natured Commiſſary, who had invented ſo many Pretexts to be of Service to us both.

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The Conſequences proved him as good as his Word, for theſe two Veſſels ſoon arrived at *Villa Franca*, and purſuing the ſame Plan with us, ſucceeded; by which Means the whole hundred and thirty-ſix came by the ſame Route to *Geneva*.

After the Departure of the Pilot, Mr. *Bonijoli* prepared to furniſh every Thing neceſſary for our Journey to *Geneva*. He hired Mules and Horſes ſufficient for thirty-ſix, (the Number of our Company) which were to carry us to *Turin* with a Guide, all at his own Expence. We accordingly left *Nice* on the beginning of *July*, every one ſeparately mounted. Our old Men gave us however ſome Touble, as they were unable to ſit on Horſeback. In our Way we traverſed not without much Fatigue ſeveral vaſt Mountains, particularly one called *Tende*, ſo high that its Top ſeems loſt in Clouds; and though it was in the middle of Summer, though in the Valley we were panting with Heat, yet at the Summit of the Mountain the Cold was ſo exceſſive, that we were obliged to alight and go on Foot, in order to keep ourſelves warm. The Snow ſeldom melts here, but lies on the Ground to a prodigious Depth. Yet notwithſtanding all this, there is no great Difficulty in aſcending the Declivity, as there is a Way very commodiouſly cut, *Zigzag* Faſhion, on the Mountain's Side, ſo that you riſe by an eaſy Aſcent of three Leagues, without perceiving it ſo ſteep as it is in reality. We deſcended on the other Side into the Plain of *Piedmont*, one of the moſt beautiful Countries in the World. I ſhall not ſtop to deſcribe the Towns or Cities through which we paſſed; they are in this Country very numerous, and the Names of moſt of them have eſcaped my Memory: be it ſufficient to ſay, that we at laſt arrived at *Turin*, the Capital of *Piedmont*, and the Reſidence of his *Sardinian* Majeſty. We took up our temporary Reſidence in the Inns of the City, and next Morning were viſited by Numbers of *French* Proteſtants who reſide here, and go into the neighbouring Cantons of *Switzerland*, to hear divine Service. Theſe Gentlemen, whom Mr. Bonijoli had apprized of our Arrival, received us with Affection and Zeal. They defrayed our Expences the three Days

we ſtaid in the City; at the End of which, having hired Carriages, we went to wait on his *Sardinian* Majeſty to get Paſſports to *Geneva*.

Victor Amadeus, then King of *Sardinia*, deſired ſome of us to wait on him in Perſon. Six of us were admitted to an Audience. The Ambaſſadors of *England* and *Holland* were there. His Majeſty gave us a favourable Reception, and aſked ſeveral Queſtions, which continued half an Hour; as how long we had been in the Gallies, the Cauſe of our Condemnation, and the Hardſhips we endured? After we had ſuccinctly anſwered his Queſtions, the King turning to the Ambaſſadors who ſtood by, theſe Men, ſaid he, know what it is to ſuffer. He again demanded if we had Money to defray our Journey? We reply'd that we were not over provided; but that our Brother Proteſtants, particularly Mr. *Bonijoli* of *Nice*, had Charity enough to ſupport us to *Turin*, and our Friends at *Turin* were preparing to do the ſame to *Geneva*. We were adviſed to make his Majeſty this Anſwer; on which he aſſured us of his Protection; adding, that we might ſtay at *Turin* as long as we thought proper; and upon going, apply to the Secretary, who ſhould have Orders to prepare our Paſſport. We ſaid, that if his Majeſty was pleaſed to permit, we would depart the Day following; upon which he ordered the Secretary of State to draw up our Paſſport without Delay. This not only gave us a ſafe Conduct through his Dominions, but alſo commanded all his Majeſty's Subjects to aſſiſt us in whatever might be needful for our Journey. But we ſtood in no Need of ſuch Aſſiſtance, Thanks to Heaven; for our charitable Friends at *Turin* ſubſiſted us to *Geneva*. There was at the ſame Time with us at *Turin* a young Man, by Trade a Watchmaker, and a Native of *Geneva*. As he had Occaſion to return Home, he deſired Permiſſion to keep us Company. He went with us on Foot till we came within two Days Journey of *Geneva*, where he left us, ſaying he knew a Way for Foot Paſſengers which would ſhorten the *Road one Day's* Journey. He arrived in effect at *Geneva a Day* before us, where he apprized the venerable *Magiſtrate of* that City of our Approach.

The next Day, which happened on *Sunday*, we arrived at a little Village ſituated upon a Mountain, about a League from *Geneva*, from whence we could perceive this City with Joy that can be only compared to that of the *Iſraelites* upon beholding the Land of *Canaan*. It was about Twelve o'Clock when we arrived at this Village, and we were reſolved to purſue our Journey without halting to dine; ſo great was our Ardour to be in a Place which we regarded as our *Jeruſalem*. But our Guide gave us to underſtand that the Gates were not opened on *Sundays* till after divine Service, which was never concluded till four o'Clock. We were therefore obliged to alter our Reſolutions, and ſtay in the Village till about the Time of opening the Gates of the City. At four we were again on Horſeback, and proceeded. As we approached we could perceive Crowds of People coming out of the Town. Our Guide was ſurprized; but much more ſo, when coming into a Place called the *Plein Palais*, about a quarter of a League from the City, he ſaw three Coaches attended by Halbertiers, and followed behind by a vaſt Multitude of every Sex and Age, approaching us. As ſoon as we were perceived by them, a Servant of one of the Magiſtrates advanced before the reſt, and entreated us to alight and receive with proper Reſpect their Excellencies the Magiſtrates of *Geneva*, who came to meet us, and congratulate our Arrival. By the Time we had alighted, the three Coaches were come up, and a Magiſtrate and a Miniſter came from each, who embraced us with Reſpect and Tenderneſs, praiſed our Conſtancy, and loaded us with greater Marks of Honour and Friendſhip than our Actions had merited. Our Anſwers upon this Occaſion were rather directed to Heaven than them; we gave Praiſe to God for thus crowning the concluding Period of a Life of Diſtreſs with Happineſs; we implored every Bleſſing on them who thus generouſly and publicly rewarded any Marks of Zeal we had ſhewn in his Service. When the Magiſtrates had given us a Welcome *with all* due Formality, the Scene became much *more intereſting*, ſeveral of the Inhabitants of Ge-

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neva had Relations aboard the Gallies. When the Magiſtrates gave Permiſſion, they came up to us in all the Anxiety of Hope and Fear, to ſeek their long loſt Friends.

Nothing was heard at firſt but a Confuſion of Voices, and a little after more articulately; my Child, my Huſband, my Brother, once more to behold thee! In ſhort, the Tranſports of ſome were inexpreſſible; and even thoſe who had no Ties of Blood to endear our Arrival, were extremely happy at ſeeing us, and teſtified it by every Token of Joy and Eſteem. This continued ſome Time, till their Excellencies gave us Orders to mount our Horſes and enter the Town. We with ſome Reluctance diſengaged ourſelves from thoſe People, who ſtill held as if loath again to loſe Sight of us.

At length we followed their Excellencies, who conducted us into the City in a kind of Triumph; Joy all around us, Acclamations from every Quarter! The Governors honouring us with their Preſence, our Fatigues at an End, and Liberty for Life of ſerving God as he himſelf directs, how different this from the Cavalcades to which we had been before ſo often accuſtomed! loaded with Chains, inſulted by the Populace, famiſhing with Hunger, holding out our wooden Cups, but in vain to the ſurly Peaſant for a Drop of Water; fatigued with long Marches by Day, repoſing on the damp Floors of a Priſon by Night. Glory to God on high, who chaſtiſes but to amend, who inflicts but to make happy!

There was lately built at *Geneva* a magnificent Hoſpital for Citizens fallen to Decay. It was juſt finiſhed, and furniſhed, but as yet had admitted none. Their Excellencies thought proper that we ſhould be the firſt who ſhould lodge in it; and here we were accordingly conducted. Thoſe who had Relations in Town went to live with them.

Among the reſt Mr. *Bouſquet*, who had been releaſed *with me*, had a Mother and two Siſters who reſided *here. As this* Gentleman was an intimate Friend of *mine, he* requeſted that I might go with him to his *Mother's*, which their Excellencies granted with Plea-

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Adventure worthy of Notice. As we ſtill kept incognito to avoid the Trouble of giving or receiving Viſits in the Towns through which we muſt neceſſarily paſs, our Arrival at *Franckfort* was in the Beginning of *Auguſt*. We had Recommendations from our Friends at *Geneva* to Mr. *Sarazin*, a Merchant and Elder of the Church of *Bokenen*, about a League from *Franckfort*. The Aſſembly of which this reformed Church is compoſed, live at *Franckfort*, but come here to hear Prayers and Sermons. We arrived on *Saturday*, the Day of Preparation for the Sacrament. We waited upon Mr. *Sarazin*, who expected us, and ſoon after we were joined by the Members of the *French* and *German* Conſiſtory. Their Reception was like that which we had ſo often received from the reſt of our Brethren, pious and friendly. They carried us in Coaches to *Bokenen*, to hear a Preparation Sermon, preached by Mr. *Matthieu*, *French* Miniſter of that Church.

We were entreated to communicate with them the Day following, but we excuſed ourſelves as being unprepared; particularly, I who had never yet received the Sacrament, never having had an Opportunity. When Prayers were over, we returned to *Franckfort*, with Mr. *Sarazin*, who had prepared for us at his Houſe a magnificent Entertainment. We returned next Day to *Bokenen*, where we were introduced into the Conſiſtorial Chamber, behind the Church, where was provided a frugal Repaſt for us, and the other Members of this Society. We were ſtrongly ſolicited to ſtay a few Days longer at *Franckfort*; but we begged to be excuſed, as we were reſolved to be in *Holland*, as ſoon as we conveniently could. The Care of providing for our Journey, and defraying our Expences, was deputed to Mr. *Sarazin*, who acquitted himſelf with Zeal and Generoſity. He hired us a Boat covered with a Canvas Tent, and rowed by two Men, to carry us down to *Cologne*. All neceſſary Proviſions were ſupplied, and the Boat-Men had Orders to land every Night at Places, where convenient Lodging and Refreſhments were to be found. But above all, he deſired they would keep on that Side of the

the River, which belonged to the Empire, and where the Army was ſtationed along its Banks. As the *French* Army, at that Time beſieging *Landau*, was on the oppoſite Side, we had no ſmall Fears leſt we ſhould fall into their Hands. Mr. *Sarazin*, before we embarked, brought us to the Town-houſe, to get a Paſſport from the Magiſtracy of *Franckfort*. Here, as they are *Lutherans*, we were again loaded with Careſſes and Congratulations for our Deliverance. They carried their Compliments ſo far as to ſay, that we were like the Diſciples of Chriſt, *The Salt of the Earth*. When Compliments are thus exaggerated they turn to Satire. How many Sins and Infirmities had we to anſwer for! Our Lives little more than a continued Offence. Our Conſtancy, perhaps, never ſufficiently tried, our Comforts at laſt almoſt equalling our former Calamities; while the Propagators of our Holy Religion found no Home on Earth. The Sword was drawn againſt their Lives, the Tyrant threatened, and the whole World was up in Arms to receive them. But a Parallel is by no Means my Deſign. Our Anſwers to theſe Gentlemen ſufficiently teſtified our Diſlike of their Compliment, and we teſtified our own Unworthineſs in the ſtrongeſt Manner, at the ſame Time endeavouring to avoid the Appearance of affected Humility. They ſeemed pleaſed with our Anſwers, and after having exhorted us to be upon our Guard againſt good Fortune as much as we had formerly been againſt Adverſity, they gave us our Paſſport, which was made out in the ampleſt Manner, and refuſed to take any of the uſual Fees. Mr. *Sarazin* now conducted us to the Boat, which he had prepared, in which we embarked, teſtifying the moſt grateful Senſe of all this good Man's Favours. Our Voyage down the River was longer than we expected; for as we were obliged always to be on that Side where the Army of the Empire was ſtationed, we were ſtopped at every Poſt where there was a Guard kept, in order to have our Paſſports examined. We were even ſometimes threatened by the *French* on the oppoſite Side; but this had no other Effect, than ſometimes throwing us into a Panic. From our Departure from *Franckfort* to our Arrival at Co-

logne, was eight Days. At the laſt City we ſold our Boat, and after a Day's Delay, which was employed in viſiting ſome Proteſtants, to whom we were recommended by Mr. *Sarazin*, who gave us a kind Reception, we ſet out for *Dort*, in the ordinary *Paſſage Boat* from *Cologne* to that City. We made no ſtay at *Dort*, but went on to *Rotterdam*, where upon our Arrival, we were received with the utmoſt Demonſtrations of Joy, by both the *French* Refugees and *Hollanders*. We remained here two Days, our Expences ſtill defrayed. At laſt we terminated this Journey by our Arrival at *Amſterdam*. Were I to recount all the Civilities we received in this great City, I ſhould never have done; in Fact, ſuch Accounts are too inſipid to be entertaining. How pleaſing ſoever the Remembrance of ſuch Paſſages muſt be to the Author, the Recital can give no great Share of Amuſement to his Reader. We went in a Body to the Conſiſtory of the *Walloon* Church, to return our Thanks for their kind Contributions to us in Slavery; and had an Aſſurance from this charitable Conſiſtory, that their Contributions ſhould not be diſcontinued with our Freedom. They after this nominated two of their Members to preſent us to the *Dutch* Conſiſtory, who were expreſly aſſembled upon this Occaſion. Their Reception alone, might have made ample Amends for many of the Hardſhips we had formerly ſuffered; but as I have promiſed my Reader not to enlarge upon theſe Particulars, let it ſuffice, to ſay, that this venerable Body gave the Thanks of the Aſſembly to their Brothers of the *Walloon* Conſiſtory, for their Kindneſs in introducing us to theirs.

We remained in this Town three or four Weeks unemployed, as it was impoſſible to think of fixing, while our Friends were ſo importunate in their Careſſes. Still ſome new Tie endeared us more than before. A Knowledge of Family, former Perſecutions, Affinity, and above all, a Similitude of Sentiments, added Spirit to our Converſations, and every *Day* afforded new Matter of Entertaiment. Notwithſtanding, I at laſt began to think of employing myſelf in ſomething uſeful, when the Members of the *Walloon* Church

Church propoſed to me to be one of the Deputies, which they had reſolved to ſend into *England*, for two Ends: Firſt, to thank her *Britannic* Majeſty for our Deliverance, and ſecondly, to add ſome Weight to the Solicitations which were making in favour of thoſe who were ſtill in Slavery. The Reader may judge if I could reſiſt ſuch a Propoſal. I departed then for *London* with two Companions, and ſoon the Number of Deputies was encreaſed to twelve, all of which had been Slaves in the Gallies. The Marquiſſes of *Miremont*, and *Rochegude*, introduced us into the Royal Preſence, and we were admitted to the Honour of Kiſſing her Majeſty's Hand. The Marquis of *Miremont* made her Majeſty a ſhort but pathetic Harangue, on her Zeal in ſoliciting our Liberty and her Power in procuring it. He inſiſted upon the determined Hatred of our Enemies, who were reſolved to make our Calamities only end with our Lives; and who, tho' they ſeemed to comply with the whole of her Royal Requeſt, had yet granted it but in Part. Her Majeſty with her own Mouth aſſured us of the Satisfaction ſhe took in our Deliverance, and the Concern ſhe would take in ſeeing that her Requeſt ſhould be complied with in the ampleſt Manner. Upon this gracious Anſwer we retired.

The Marquis of *Rochegude*, who was a thorough Politician, and underſtood Courts perfectly well, conceived it proper to preſent us to the Duke *d'Aumont*, at that time *French* Ambaſſador to the Court of *Great-Britain*. But being deſirous that his Excellency ſhould rather be pleaſed than diſguſted at our Addreſſes, he went firſt to pay him his Reſpects in private. He informed the Ambaſſador of our Deputation, the Occaſion, and added that they were deſirous (being twelve in Number) of waiting upon his Excellency, but were apprehenſive of giving Diſguſt. The Marquis judged this Step neceſſary towards the Deliverance of thoſe who ſtill remained in Slavery. The Ambaſſador teſtified a great Curioſity to ſee us, and deſired the Marquis *to introduce us the next Day, which he did not fail of performing.* His Excellency received us very graciouſly, giving each of us his Hand, and congratulat

ing us upon our Deliverance. He demanded how long each of us had ſuffered, and upon what Occaſion condemned? We each made ſeparate Anſwers to his Demands, as our Circumſtances reſpectively differed. We complimented his Excellency upon his Condeſcenſion in admiting us to Audience, we thanked him as Repreſentative of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty for our Liberty, and beſought him to have pity on our Companions in ſuffering, who were ſtill kept in Slavery. We entreated his Intervention between us and his Maſter, declared the Hardſhips they laboured under, particularly in being puniſhed more ſeverely, tho' no way more criminal than we. That they were implied as well as we, in the Queen of *England*'s Requeſt, and his Majeſty's Compliance was equally general. Notwithſtanding all this, there were delivered but an hundred and thirty, while more than two hundred ſtill remained in Durance. His Excellency appeared embarraſſed by the Conduct of his Court, and ſaid he could aſſign no other Reaſon for ſuch Diſtinctions, but that thoſe who remained had committed other Crimes, for which it was but reaſonable they ſhould ſuffer. We each of us proteſted the contrary, and adduced the moſt convincing Proofs to ſupport our Aſſertions. I was perhaps more warm in their Defence, than became my Inexperience: I entreated his Excellency's Attention to a particular Inſtance I was about to relate, which I imagined would diſperſe any Suſpicions he might conceive of ſome of our ſuffering Society, being more guilty than others.

Though I was the youngeſt of the whole Deputation, his Excellency ſo politely encouraged me to ſpeak, that I put on an Aſſurance which I ſhould never be able to ſummon, had he frowned upon my Requeſt. I ſuccinctly related the Cauſe which made me attempt to quit the Kingdom. I related my Connections of Friendſhip with *Daniel Le Gras*, and the Circumſtances of our being arreſted at *Mariemburgh*, and both condemned by the ſame Sentence to the Gallies for Life. *Our Crime* was the ſame, our Expectations of Mercy *the ſame*; yet I was delivered, and my Friend and *Companion* ſtill remained a Slave. The Ambaſſador

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ſeemed convinced by this Inſtance, and requeſted I would give it to him in Writing; which, when done, he ſeemed to lay all the Blame of this Overſight, as he termed it, on the Miniſter for Marine Affairs. Afterwards, addreſſing himſelf to the Marquis of *Rochegude*, he thanked him for his Care in introducing us; and added, that we had convinced him, by the Lights we had thrown on the Affair, that there lay Injuſtice ſomewhere, but that he would write to the Court of *France* to remedy the Abuſe. And as a Proof that I intend to do what I ſay, continues the Ambaſſador, addreſſing the Marquis of *Rochegude*, if you, Sir, will only take the Trouble to be here To-morrow Morning, when the Poſt goes out for *France*, I will have the the Letter in Readineſs, which ſhall be read and ſealed in your Preſence, and which you may, if you pleaſe, leave in the Poſt-Office. Yes, continued he, I ſhall redreſs their Grievances as far as is conſiſtent with my delegated Authority. And then turning towards his Secretary, the Abbé *Nadal*, We muſt endeavour to ſerve thoſe Men, ſays, he, whoſe Faults are rather the Reſult of Prejudice than Obſtinacy. The Abbé replied only by an Inclination of his Head; and his Conduct afterwards ſufficiently evinced, that he did not concur with his Maſter in his favourable Sentiments of us: for the next Morning, upon the Marquis of *Rochegude*'s going to receive the Letter as deſired, his Excellency received him very graciouſly, ſaying that he had remembered his Promiſe, and that the Letter was ready; but deſiring the Abbé *Nadal* to bring it, this Gentleman pretended not to underſtand what Letter he referred to: His Excellency was therefore obliged to repeat his Injunctions; I mean, ſays he, the Letter I have wrote in favour of the *Profeſſors* condemned to the Gallies. This Title of *Profeſſor* gave the Abbé freſh Diſguſt; but as he ſaw the Ambaſſador peremptory, he coolly replied, he believed the Letter might ſtill lie upon the Deſk. Deliver it then to this Gentleman, ſaid the Ambaſſador. The Abbé, *before he obey'd*, begged to ſpeak a Word to his Excellency *in private*: wherefore, after taking him aſide *ſomething* was *inſinuated which* made the Ambaſſa-

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change his Reſolution; and addreſſing himſelf to the Marquis of *Rochegude*, My Secretary reminds me of ſome Particulars in my Letter, which do not relate to the Affair in hand; wherefore I muſt entreat you will pardon my being obliged to diſpenſe with my Promiſe. But, added he, you may depend upon my doing you all the Service I am able.

The Marquis eaſily perceived that the Abbé *Nadal* had been no Friend in this Affair; but whether the Ambaſſador kept his Promiſe, or not, our Brethren were not delivered till a Year after, at the renewed Remonſtrances of her *Britannic* Majeſty.

The former Anecdote may appear trifling to many; but my Reaſon for inſerting it was, to ſhew how the Prieſts alone ſtill purſued us with Hatred. This *Nadal* was an Eccleſiaſtic, he was an Almoner, and at the ſame Time Secretary to an Embaſſy. The Ambaſſador's Moderation cannot be ſufficiently applauded; but his Eaſineſs in ſuffering himſelf to be led by a Man bred up in the narrow Prejudices of a Popiſh Seminary, was certainly culpable. But this Prieſt's Power did not extend to his Maſter alone, but to his Maſter's whole Houſhold; who, to ingratiate themſelves with the Favourite, failed not to inſult us whenever an Opportunity offered: The very Churches could not protect us from their miſguided Reſentment.

One *Sunday* Morning, as Mr. *Armand du Bordieu*, Miniſter of the *Savoy*, was in the midſt of his Sermon, one of the Duke *d'Aumont's* Houſhold had the Aſſurance to cry out, *You lie.* It was well he eſcaped as ſoon as he did; for otherwiſe he would have been torn in Pieces by the Populace, who are no where ſo furious, when provoked, as here.

Another Inſtance, of which I myſelf was a Witneſs, was as follows: One of this Ambaſſador's Domeſtics, in a *French* Coffee-Houſe near the *Royal Exchange*, had launched out in Invective againſt the Refugees. One ſtanding by, having cautioned him to be more *circumſpect* in a Land of Liberty, and where Perſecution was not admitted, he inſtantly took Fire, and *in a paſſionate* Manner cried out, *Yes, Sirs, the King of France has a long Arm, and I hope will arreſt ſuch Traitors*

Traitors to their Country, though they have taken Refuge out of his Dominions.

A Merchant of *London*, a Refugee, whoſe Name was *Banal*, a Man of Probity and Religion, who had calmly heard the former Part of his Diſcourſe, was reſolved to interrupt his Impertinencies; and giving him a ſtunning Box on the Ear, This Arm however, cried he, is long enough to puniſh your Inſolence; nor do I fear your Maſter can puniſh mine. The other was going to lay his Hand on his Sword, but the whole Company preſent prevented his Deſign, and drubbed him heartily: They were even going to throw him out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, had not the Woman of the Houſe come to his Aſſiſtance, who begged him off. As ſoon as he was at Liberty, he immediately preferred his Complaint to the Ambaſſador, who far from engaging in his Cauſe, diſappointed his Conduct, and gave his Domeſtics ſpecial Orders to inſult none in Expectation of his Protection. It is certain his Chriſtian Majeſty himſelf would have been diſpleaſed with theſe Inſtances of miſplaced Loyalty, thoſe Battles of the Tongue, and would have puniſhed them too; but not his Majeſty nor the Ambaſſador were the Perſons whom theſe Inſults were calculated to gratify, but a few Eccleſiaſtics, who took Pleaſure in proſecuting their Reſentment, though in Threats without Power, and railing without Effect.

After a Reſidence of two Months and an half in *London*, and having nothing to detain me there longer, I left it in the Month of *December* with the Marquis of *Rochegude*'s Approbation. Part of our Deputation remained behind to ſolicit the Releaſe of our Brothers in the Goſpel, who were ſtill detained in Bondage. I arrived at the *Hague* to make a Report of our Tranſactions in *England*; not without teſtifying my Gratitude to ſeveral worthy Members of that glorious Community; whoſe Charity, public and private, as much exceeds, as their Wealth is greater than that of all other Nations.

I ſtaid ſome Weeks at the *Hague*, where I was introduced by *Mr. Baſnage* to ſeveral of the Magiſtrates of *this flouriſhing* Republic. This Miniſter ſolicits a Pen-

a Penſion for us, which their High Mightineſſes granted ſoon after; a Charity, which though we had not Merit to deſerve, our helpleſs Situation ſeemed to demand; as by a long Courſe of Servitude we were almoſt all rendered unfit for other Employments. A Charity of which I ſhall ever preſerve the moſt grateful Remembrance, and my Prayers, however unworthy, ſhall ſtill be offered for my Benefactors. And here let me finiſh my Hiſtory, as the other Parts of my Life have nothing remarkable, either to intereſt or improve the Reader.

The Year 1713 was the Period, at which in the Beginning of this Memoir I promiſed to conclude. I am equally ſenſible of my own Inabilities as an Hiſtorian, as of the Want of Importance in my Subject to deſerve that Title: But if there is any Nation whom Heaven has bleſſed with Freedom, they may learn to value the Bleſſing, by reflecting on the Perſecutions to which I was expoſed, by the arbitrary Will of a Tyrant. If there be any whom Virtue loads with Calamity, they may learn from my Example to take Comfort, for Heaven will ſurely at laſt reward its Votaries.

May true Religion and true Liberty be diffuſed through the World, till all Nations become virtuous and happy. Private Calamity will not then afflict the good Man; for as he cannot enjoy temporal Felicity in a Nation of Slaves, ſo he cannot be miſerable, while the reſt of his fellow Creatures are free from Diſtreſs.

The Deſcription of a GALLEY, *&c.**

A Galley is ordinarily an hundred and fifty Feet long, and forty broad; it has but one Deck, and

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* For a more particular Deſcription of the Conſtruction of a Galley, we muſt refer the Reader to Vol. I. Page 56, where the Tranſlator has ventured to tranſpoſe a Part of the above Deſcription in the Original, *as ſeveral Terms* occur in the Courſe of the Hiſtory, *which it was* neceſſary the Reader ſhould be firſt made *acquainted with.*

its Hold is divided into ſix Apartments, *viz.* 1. The *Gavon.* 2. The *Eſcandolat.* 3. The *Compagne.* 4. The *Paillot.* 5. The *Taverne.* 6. The Chamber of the *Prow*, or *Forecaſtle.* There are on the Deck ſixty Seats for the Rowers, or Galley Slaves, and ſix Slaves to each Seat. The Oars are fifty Feet long, thirteen of which are within, the reſt without the Veſſel. The Deck is not an entire Flat, but ſeems ſeparated in the Middle by a Range of Timbers running from Stem to Stern, called the Courſier.

Of the COURSIER.

THE *Courſier* is compoſed of broad and thick Planks of Oak, running from one End of the Galley to the other; the two Sides of this are erected on the Deck, three Feet and an half Diſtance from each other, and form a Sort of continued Cheſt or Caſe, which ſerves to hold the Tents and other Baggage of the Crew. This Caſe or Cheſt is covered by other Boards laid croſs-ways, and each Seat has the Care of keeping theſe Boards clean, and of taking them up upon Occaſion. The *Courſier* thus covered with Boards, forms a Sort of a Walk running through the Midſt of the Galley, with Seats on the right and left. There is no going from one End of the Veſſel to the other but upon this Walk; and two can ſcarce walk a breaſt upon it, without being in Danger of falling upon the Seats that lie underneath. As this Courſier is higher than the Deck, it conſequently prevents the Water which in a high Sea waſhes over the Deck, to enter the Hold as the Hatchways are within it.

Of the Maſts of a GALLEY.

A Galley has two Maſts, a Main and Mizen-maſt. The Main-maſt, which is fixed in the Center of the Veſſel, is ſixty Feet high, and without Shrouds to to aſcend it. The Sailors of *Provence* are however *extremely* expert at climbing it, with the Aſſiſtance *only of* a ſingle Rope. And they certainly run it u *with* amazing Dexterity. This Maſt has nothing

the Cordage proper for fixing the Sail-yard, and thus naked, reſembles a Tree juſt planted.

The Sail-yard is twice as long as the Maſt, and conſequently an hundred and twenty Feet long.

The Mizen-maſt, called the *Trinquit*, which is fixed at the Prow, is forty Feet high, and made in the ſame Manner with the Main-maſt. It's Sail-yard is eighty Feet long.

In my Time there was invented at *Dunkirk* a third Maſt, called the *Artimon*, which was planted when Occaſion required, at the Stern, near the Cabbin, where the Head Officers are ſtationed. This Maſt was twenty-ſix Feet long, and its Sail-yard forty. This is ſeldom uſed but to turn the Galley; it was found extremely uſeful to aſſiſt another Invention made about the ſame Time, *viz.* a Rudder in the Prow. For when there was Occaſion to retreat from an Enemy in Battle, there was much Trouble in turning the Galley, becauſe of its very great Length, which gave the Enemy an Opportunity of killing Numbers of the Men, and damaging the Veſſel, before it could perform the neceſſary *Manoeuvre*, which often took up half an Hour to perform. But by this Invention of the Rudder in the Prow, and turning the Oars, and ſo rowing as if backwards, they could quickly retire, ſtill keeping the Prow where their Cannon are placed to the Enemy, and fighting while they retreated. All this could be done at once by a Blaſt of the Comite's Whiſtle.

Of the Manner of rowing a GALLEY.

IT is impoſſible to expreſs the Fatigues which the Slaves undergo who are condemned to row theſe unweildy Veſſels. Such are the Cruelties exerciſed, that human Nature might ſhudder at a Deſcription of them. It is nevertheleſs in ſome Meaſure true, that a Galley could be navigated by no other means but a Crew of Slaves, over whom the Officers have an unbounded Authority. A Crew of free Men the moſt robuſt, and never ſo well acquainted with the Me-

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thods of rowing could not hold out. This is not Conjecture, I ſpeak from Experience.

In the Year 1703 there were built at *Dunkirk* four half Galleys, as they were called, which were to be ſent to *Antwerp* to navigate on the River *Scheld*. Theſe half Galleys were proportioned exactly to their Dimenſions as the large Gallies were. The Oars were twenty five Feet long, and three Men to every Oar. They put in theſe free Men who were perfectly acquainted with rowing; for it was not thought adviſeable to truſt to Slaves, who might be tempted to eſcape, as there are ſo many Opportunities on the neighbouring Continent; and might alſo revolt in ſome of the frequent Skirmiſhes which they intended to have with the Enemy. They were thus fitted out from *Dunkirk*, and were to go from thence to *Oſtend* by Sea, and ſo to *Ghent* by the Canal of *Bruges*. When they came to be tried however, they could ſcarcely leave the Port of *Dunkirk*, when they were obliged to return, not being able to hold out longer. The Commander was obliged to write to the Miniſtry of the Impoſſibility of navigating without a Crew of Slaves. Upon which the Miniſtry gave Orders to place a Slave as the firſt Rower, and two free Men to every Oar, which was executed accordingly. They were thus able to bring the Veſſels by Sea from *Dunkirk* to *Oſtend*, though not without ſome Difficulty, as the Comite could not exerciſe the ſame Cruelties on the Men who were free as he did upon the Slaves. This Inſtance may ſufficiently ſerve to prove that a Galley cannot be navigated without a Crew of Slaves, over whom a Comite may exerciſe an unbounded Authority. It may alſo be remarked that when a Comite is wanting, the Captain deſires no other Qualifications in the Candidates for the Place, but Barbarity and Want of Pity. If it be found that he has theſe Talents in a ſupreme Degree, he is preferred without further Examination. It is certain the Place is no very honourable one, and they meet with Reſpect ſcarce any where elſe but aboard. Mr. *Langeron*, our Captain, ſeldom gave them any other Appellation than that of *Executioner*; and when he gave any particular Orders, he uſed to order his firſt Execution

cutioner to be called, meaning the Comite. Though this Gentleman had Names not a bit more polite for all the Crew: For Inſtance; when it was neceſſary that we ſhould take ſome Refreſhment, he ordered the *Dogs* to their *Meſs*. He only meant by this that we ſhould be ſerved with Beans, the uſual Food allowed us. Theſe are indeed moſt intolerable eating, and what nothing but the moſt pinching Hunger could diſpenſe with. They are ill boiled, with ſcarce any Oil, a little Salt, and all to be eaten out of a capacious Cauldron, not the cleaneſt in the World, as you may eaſily gueſs. I was never ſo hungry but I preferred eating my Portion of Bread dipped in Vinegar and Water to this Meſs, which even offended the Senſe of Smelling with its unſavoury Odour. However, theſe and twenty-two Ounces of Biſcuit are all the Food allowed for Galley Slaves. Each of the Crew receives four Ounces of this Beverage; that is, provided none of it be ſecreted before it is brought upon Deck, which is not unfrequently the Caſe. Judge how well a Man obliged to work hard can diſpenſe with ſo ſcanty an Allowance. I once had the Curioſity to count the Number of Beans which a Brother-Slave had got for all his Portion, which amounted to juſt thirty; and thoſe of the little black Sort of Bean, commonly called Horſe Beans.

In ſpeaking of the rude Toil of the Oar, I ſhould however take Notice, that forcing the Slaves to proceed with all their Strength is not very uſually practiſed; were this the Caſe, there would ſoon be an End of the whole Crew. No, they are ſpared, as we ſpare Horſes, till there is a Neceſſity to make them exert their Strength. Thus, for Inſtance; when at Sea, and with a favourable Wind, then Sails are uſed, and the Crew repoſe, as the Sails are only managed by thoſe who are free. Alſo when the Galleys go from one Port to another, and when no Enemy is feared or expected, the Slaves are allowed what they call *Quarter*; *that is, one* half row, and the other half reſt an Hour *and an half* alternately. All theſe who repoſe are *obliged to be in* Readineſs, and relieve their Companions *at a Blaſt of* the Whiſtle.

T

The Voice is never uſed in exerciſing the Crew, the Whiſtle gives all Directions, which is perfectly underſtood by the Equipage and Crew; this is a Language that a little Uſe quickly teaches. The *Comites*, who receive their Directions from the Captain, give all Orders. The Names of different Parts of the Galley, of the Officers of Diſtinction are all particularized by different Notes. Thoſe who hear, but do not underſtand theſe Sounds, are generally pleaſed with the Comite's Expertneſs in blowing. I remember once one of our Comites kept a Parrot in a Cage on board, who imitated ſo exactly all the Notes of the Whiſtle, that we were often put out, and executed Things contrary to Command. At laſt the Captain gave Orders to have this Animal removed, but not before there were ſome Stripes received by thoſe who were Fools enough rather to obey a Bird than their Officers.

It need not ſurprize the Reader to hear of the Cruelties of the Comites to their Crew, it is their Trade; a Trade to which they have been bred from their Youth. I may add alſo it is their Duty, as a Galley can be navigated by no other Means. They can, and perhaps ought to be excuſed. But to ſee the ſuperior Officers, Men generally of Breeding and Family, cruel to the Slaves, and continually iſſuing new Orders of Puniſhment to Creatures, whoſe Meanneſs ſhould render them unworthy of their leaſt Concern: To ſee ſuch, I ſay, cruel, is what muſt ſurprize the Reader. Nothing, however, more true than that it is ſo. To give an Example. At the Time we went to attack the *Engliſh* Frigate already mentioned, as the Officers feared ſhe would eſcape by Favour of the Night, the Crew of Slaves were forced as much as poſſible. The Lieutenant of our Galley gave the Comite Orders to ſtrike without Mercy. The Comite was apprehenſive that we ſhould never be able to come up with the Frigate before Night-fall. To which the Lieutenant, more brutal than he, reply'd, that if they did not come up, he, the Comite, ſhould be hanged on the *Yard-arm*. Strike without Mercy; if your Blows cannot animate, at leaſt they will intimidate. I have ſeen

continued he, a Comite in the Galleys of Malta,

off a Slave's Arm, and uſe it as an Inſtrument of Puniſhment upon the reſt of the Crew. Whether he adviſed our Comite, by this Story, to an Imitation of ſo barbarous an Example, I ſhall not take upon me to aſſert; but certain it is, Providence ſeemed to puniſh his Cruelty, as he was killed the very firſt Broadſide. Nay, it ſeemed as if his Body was unworthy Burial; for though all poſſible Care was taken to bring it to Land, in order to have it interred, and though we were but three Days at Sea after he was killed, yet the Corpſe ſtank ſo in that Time, that we were obliged to fling it overboard in Sight of the Harbour of *Dunkirk*.

Upon another Occaſion our Galley was ordered to *Boulogne*, near *Calais*, where the Duke *d'Aumont* reſided, whom we afterwards ſaw in Quality of Ambaſſador to *England*. Mr. *Langeron* gave him an Entertainment aboard our Galley; and as the Sea was calm, propoſed to give his Grace an airing for a few Hours upon the Water, which Propoſal was accepted. We rowed at our Eaſe towards *Dover*; the Duke in the mean Time obſerving that our Toil was immenſe, wondering how we could ſleep aboard chained as we were, and ſo ill provided with every Thing neceſſary to repoſe. The Captain informed him that he knew a Secret to make the Crew ſleep profoundly, and promiſed to ſhew the Effects of his Art that Evening upon every Slave in the Galley. He then called to the Comite, and ordered him to tack about and return to *Boulogne*. The Wind was contrary, and the Sea ran pretty high. The Captain gave Orders *for forcing the Oars*. This is certainly the greateſt Labour that can be imagined, as we are obliged to ſtrike twice in this for once in the ordinary Manner of rowing. And add to this, it is almoſt impoſſible in ſuch an Exertion of Strength, not to miſs the Stroke ſometimes, which is always puniſhed with the moſt unrelenting Severity. At length we arrived at *Boulogne*, but ſo fatigued and bruiſed, that we almoſt loſt the Uſe of our Limbs for *the preſent*. The Captain now commanded the Comite to give ſleeping Orders, which was accordingly done by a Blaſt of the Whiſtle. In the mean Time the Duke and the reſt of the Officers ſat down to Supper.

At Midnight, when the Duke roſe from Table, the Captain ſaid he would now ſhew his Skill in making Men ſleep, and conducted him upon the *Courſier* to behold the Crew. A great Part were aſleep, and thoſe whoſe Sores ſtill kept them waking, feigned Repoſe; for the Captain had beforehand given Orders to that Effect, that the Duke's Surprize might be the greater. Certainly it was ſtrange ſuch a Sight could entertain a Man of common Humanity to behold ſix Wretches naked, (for they had no Opportunity of dreſſing) chained to their Seats, crowded one upon the other, ſtill bleeding with the Stripes they had lately received. Strange, I ſay, that a Man bred politely, and aſſuming the Name of Gentleman, could be pleaſed with ſo ſhocking a Spectacle! Surely there is ſomthing in ſuperlative Miſery that ſinks a Wretch even below Pity; and when the Criminal ſuffers more than falls to the common Lot of Mankind, we are apt to forget it is our fellow Creature that ſuffers. You ſee, my Lord, ſays the Captain, that I am poſſeſſed of the Secret of making Men ſleep: Now you ſhall ſee I know as well how to awake them. Upon this, he orders the Comites to blow a *Reveil*. The Scene now became ſhocking indeed. Scarce one of the whole Crew was able to move; their Limbs were ſtiffened, and hardly at laſt were the Whips of the Comites able to put them in Motion. By this we may judge of the Clemency of the general Officers, as well as thoſe of a ſubordinate Station.

Of the Sails of a GALLEY.

EACH Maſt carries but one Sail, but there are different Sails to be fixed to the Maſt, greater or leſs, as the Wind ſeems to demand. There is, however, no Difference in the Sails, except that of being greater or leſs. When they are to be put up, the Sail-yard is let down upon Deck, and the Slaves faſten the Sail to it. If the Wind is not too ſtrong, the Sail-yard is elevated to the Top of the Maſt, and in Proportion as this is raiſed the Sail ſpreads. As the Sail-yard is twice as long as the Maſt, the thicker

End of it comes down almoſt to the Foot of the Maſt, the other End riſes forty Foot above the Maſt; ſo that the Sail, which is fixed along to the very higheſt Top of the Yard, when all ſpread, reſembles a Pigeon's Wing; for all the Sails of a Galley are triangular. When the Wind is too ſtrong, there is ſome Danger in ſpreading the Sail; for the Wind taking the Sail before the Yard is fixed in its proper Situation, the Sail might overturn the Galley. In order to prevent this Danger, after it is fixed on the Yard, it is then rolled up and faſtened to the Yard, by a dry Weed called Sea Bulruſh, which has Strength ſufficient to keep the Sail fixed. After the Yard is raiſed to the proper Elevation, the Bulruſhes are broke at the Bottom, and the Wind catching the Sail, the Bulruſhes are broke all the way up in an Inſtant. The ſame Manoeuvre is uſed in ſpreading the Sails of the Trinquet. The Sailors never climb the Yard to take down the Sail, but every Time that this is requiſite the Yard is taken down. In all Engagements there is great care taken to faſten the Yard to the Maſt, by ſeveral Ropes and even by Chains of Iron. For if by chance a Cannon-Ball ſhould cut the Cord, which faſtens the Yard by its Middle, the Yard would conſequently fall on the Galley; and as it is of a prodigious Weight and Thickneſs, its fall would ſink the Veſſel to the Bottom, or at leaſt would kill Numbers aboard.

Of the ARTILLERY.

A Galley carries five Pieces of Braſs-Cannon, all placed in the Prow. The principal Cannon is called the *Courſier*. It is ſo called from its Situation, for it lies along as in a Caſe in the *Courſier*. This Piece carries a Ball of thirty-ſix Pounds. It is placed upon Planks of Oak made angular, and nailed to the *Courſier*. Theſe Planks thus cut form an inclined Plain, higheſt next the Prow, and declining to the Foot of the Main-maſt. When the Cannon is to be fired, it is charged *in its* Caſe, and by Means of two Pulleys, one on the *Right and the* other on the Left, the Cannon is hauled *forward*; and as the Timber underneath is very well greaſe

greaſed, it ſlides without any great Streſs required to its Embrazure, which is in the Prow; where, by the Means of Wedges drove in under the Breech, it is pointed as the Gunner thinks proper. As ſoon as the Cannon is diſcharged, it recoils of itſelf to the Bottom of the angular Timbers, and is thus replaced as it was before it was brought forward. Here it is again charged, and ſo on as long as neceſſary. This Piece is made Culverin Faſhion, and carries to a very great Diſtance. It may be of vaſt Prejudice to the Enemy, as the Galley being low, this Shot generally takes the Enemy between Wind and Water. But it is more than ever dangerous, if the Sea be calm, for the Galley then having but very little Motion, the Piece can be levelled with greater Exactneſs. Beſide this Cannon, there are four others, two on each Side. Two are twenty four Pounders, the other two eighteen Pounders. Theſe four Cannons are placed upon the Fore-caſtle or the *Rambade*, as it is called. This is a Deck raiſed above the Galley ſix Feet; it is ten Feet broad, and reaches quite acroſs the Galley, which is forty Feet broad. Upon this *Rambade*, the Mariners ſtand in performing the neceſſary Manoeuvres of the Mizen-maſt or *Trinquet*. Upon boarding the Enemy, this is alſo the Poſt of Honour, as it is from thence that the Enemy is boarded; and always a general Officer leads the Way on thoſe Occaſions. Theſe four Cannon are fixed to the Deck, and do not recoil as the great one does. They are always ſerved by very experienced and able Gunners.

Of the PROVISIONS, *of the* EQUIPAGE, *and* CREW *of a* GALLEY.

WHEN a Galley is fitted out, the Officers, Soldiers and Mariners, who compoſe the Equipage, to the Number of two Hundred, of which I ſhall give a Deſcription hereafter, are maintained at the *Royal Expence*, from the Day of Armament to that of *being laid* up, in the following Proportion:

The principal Officers, ſix in Number, have twenty-two Ounces of Biſcuit each, *per* Day.

2 lb. Pork.
2 lb. of Salt Beef.
2 lb. of Salt Fiſh.
2 lb. of Cheeſe.
½ lb. of Olive Oil.
1 lb. of Rice.
2 lb. of Peas.
7 Pots of Wine, *Paris* Meaſure.
} *Per* Week.

Subordinate Officers twenty Seven in Number, twenty two Ounces of Biſcuit each *per* Day.

1 lb. of Pork.
1 ditto of Salt Beef.
1 ditto of Salt Fiſh.
1 ditto of Cheeſe.
4 oz. of Olive Oil.
¼ lb. of Rice.
1 lb. of Peas.
7 Pints of Wine.
} *Per* Week.

100 Soldiers.
25 Maſter Rowers.
26 Seamen.
8 Pertuiſaniers.
3 Swabbers.

In all 162

Twenty two Ounces of Biſcuit each *per* Day.

1 lb. of Pork.
1 ditto Salt Meat.
1 ditto Salt Fiſh.
½ lb. of Cheeſe.
¼ lb. of Oil.
½ lb. of Rice.
1 lb. of Peas.
7 Pints of Wine.
} *Per* Week.

Slaves three Hundred; each twenty ſix Ounces of Biſcuit, and four Ounces of Beans per Day.

A Liſt

A Liſt of the five hundred Men, who compoſe the Equipage and Crew of a GALLEY, *their Salaries and Employments.*

ONE Captain; who has twelve thouſand Livres Yearly; and when the Galley is fitted out, he has five hundred Livres a Month for his Table, where are entertained the five principal Officers and the Almoner.

1 Lieutenant, who has four thouſand Livres a Year.
1 Sub-Lieutenant, two thouſand Livres a Year.
1 Enſign, twelve hundred Livres a Year.
1 Garde de l'Etendart, payed by the Admiral of the Gallies ſeven hundred Livres a Year. Theſe are the five principal Officers.

The Subaltern Officers are,

1 Almoner, at ſixty Livres a Month.
1 Firſt Pilot, fifty Livres a Month.
1 Commiſſary, fifty Livres a Month.
1 Firſt Surgeon, fifty Livres ditto.
1 Chief Comite, thirty Livres ditto.
1 Maſter Gunner, thirty Livres ditto.

Petty OFFICERS.

4 Steerſmen, twenty Livres each *per* Month.
1 Under Pilot, twenty five Livres ditto.
2 Sub-comites, twenty Livres ditto.
1 Keeper or *Argouzin*, two Livres ditto.
1 Under Keeper, fifteen Livres ditto.
1 *Barrillat*, the Man who has the Charge of the Kitchen Furniture, &c. twenty five Livres ditto.
1 *Remola*, who has the Care of the Oars, twenty Livres ditto.
1 *Maſter*, 2 Livres ditto.
4 *Captains* de Garde, who command the Sailors in the *Shallops*, fifteen Livres ditto.

1 Capt

1 Captain of the Mariners, the Man who commands the rowing Mariners, and who rows himſelf as well as the reſt upon Occaſion, twelve Livres ditto.

1 Major Domo, who aſſigns the Proviſions to their proper Places, twelve Livres ditto.

1 Captain at Arms, who is the Serjeant Major, eighteen Livres ditto.

4 Serjeants, fifteen Livres ditto.

4 Corporals, nine Livres ditto.

100 Soldiers, ſeven ½ Livres ditto.

25 Rowing Mariners, who row with the Slaves, and take the Places of thoſe of the Slaves, who are either dead or ſick, ſeven Livres ditto.

26 Sailors, who manage the Sails, nine Livres ditto.

8 Pertuiſaniers, who guard the Slaves, and attend them in the City, with Sabre in Hand, ſeven Livres ditto.

3 Swabbers Boys; who are bred up in order to be Comites, and inſtructed in blowing the Whiſtle, five Livres ditto.

200 Condemned Slaves.

50 Turks.

In all five Hundred, who compoſe the Equipage and Crew of a Galley.

N. B. The Sailors who manage the Sails, are kept in pay only while the Galley is fitted out, but are diſcharged when it is laid up for the Winter. The Pay of all the reſt runs on Summer and Winter. They are notwithſtanding obliged to find themſelves in Proviſions the Winter half of the Year. At *Dunkirk* they are lodged in the Caſemates, but at *Marſeilles*, they are obliged to find Lodgings at their own Expence.

Of the Conveniencies for lodging the OFFICERS, *while the* GALLEY *is at Anchor.*

NEITHER the Officers nor any of the Crew ever go to Sleep, while the Galley is navigating, *as there is no* Place which is not taken up with the *neceſſary Manoeuvres* of the Veſſel, and conſequent-

ly

none for ſleeping in. Even the Hold is filled with Proviſions, Sails, Cordage, and the reſt of the Tackling; and none but the Slaves who have the Care of thoſe things below, can find any Repoſe. The Soldiers are placed in the *Bande*, a Galley running round the Veſſel, and reſt on their Knapſacks. The Sailors, Mariners, and petty Officers ſit on the *Rambade*, which is no proper Place to find Reſt in. The principal Officers ſit in Chairs in the Chamber at the Stern. But when the Galley is at Anchor in Port, the Caſe is otherwiſe. There is then a Tent ſtretched over the Galley from one end to the other, made of Cotton and Thread, and ſtriped with Blue and White. It is ſupported by wooden Standards, placed at proper Diſtances. Theſe Standards are of different Heights, ſo that the Tent at the Stern is eight Feet high, in the Middle of the Galley twenty, and at the Prow not above ſix. This Tent reaches to the *Apoſtie*, on each Side of the Galley, where being faſtened, it covers the whole Veſſel, and by its Form keeps out the heavieſt Rain. The Tent being thus elevated, the whole Equipage are at reſt. By Day each has ſome private Employment, either in mending his Rags or knitting Stockings, in which every Slave is after ſome Time perfectly ſkilled. The Sailors and Mariners amuſe themſelves with dancing to the Pipe and Tabor, in which the Provincials greatly excell. And it is really pleaſing to ſee with what Agility and Juſtneſs of Time, their Legs accompany the Muſick. At Night after Supper, the Slaves who belong to thoſe Seats, over which the Officers have their Beds made, fix a Table, or ſomewhat like it, ſix Feet long and three Feet broad, upon four Standards, two fixed in one Seat and the other two in the Seat oppoſite. The Table thus fixed, may be raiſed above the Seats three Feet. Every Officer has a Matraſs made of Wool and Hair, kept by Day in the Hold. Theſe are ſpread upon this Table, where is a Bolſter alſo, which is kept from falling by a Ledge of Wood running along the Head of the Bed. After this the Bed Cloaths are laid on, and round the whole is raiſed a Pavilion or Tent, the Top of which is raiſed by a Pulley to the external covering of the Galley T

This is made a warm and an elegant Place to lie in. Theſe Pavilions of white and blue Linen, ranged in this Manner on each Side of the Courſier, which forms a Walk between them, make a very agreeable perſpective running from one end of the Galley to the other. All theſe Beds are made in a Minute; after which the Crew are ordered to go to Sleep by the Whiſtle. The Officers and the Equipage, (for ſo I call that Part of the Crew who are free) go to ſleep when they pleaſe. But when once the Slaves are ordered to go to ſleep, not one of them dares to ſit up, talk, or ſtir in the leaſt. If the Neceſſities of Nature oblige them to go to the Galley's Side, they muſt firſt cry out, *A la Bande*, and not preſume to ſtir till one of the Officers gives permiſſion by crying *Go*. Thus the whole Night the moſt profound Silence is obſerved by the Crew. The Mariners have each Pavilions on the Rambade or Forecaſtle, where they lie ſheltered from the Weather. The Soldiers are crowded together on the *Bande*, and the Slaves ſit on the Foot-ſtool, and lean their Heads againſt their Seats. Thus all on board compoſe themſelves to Reſt, while the Galley is kept in Pay for the Summer. But in Winter, when laid up, the Officers and Equipage, (all except the Comites, Keepers, and Pertuiſaniers, who never leave the Galley) lie on Shore; then the Slaves, having more Room, ſleep more commodiouſly, and cover themſelves with their Great Coats.

The Difference between an ordinary Galley and thoſe called the GRAND REALE *and the* PATRONE.

THAT called the *Grand Reale* does not differ in Conſtruction from an ordinary Galley, except that it is larger; being an hundred and eighty Feet long, and forty-eight broad. It has ſixty Seats for Rowers, *and ſeven* Slaves to each Oar.

The Subaltern and Petty Officers are the ſame here *as on board* an ordinary Galley; but the principal *Officers* are more. This is the Galley that carries the General

General when he goes to Sea; but this happens but ſeldom. But the Captain of this is always *Chef d' Eſcadre*, and carries the Flag at his Main-maſt-head. The other Captains carry theirs at the Mizen-maſt.

Principal Officers of the GRAND REALE.

1 Captain.
1 Second Captain.
1 Lieutenant.
1 Sub-Lieutenant.
1 Enſign.
4 Gardes de l'Etendart: Theſe are all, from the other Gallies, obliged to be preſent when the Admiral is on board, as the Grand Standard is then hoiſted.
1 Major.
1 Commiſſary General.
1 or 2 Volunteers.

12

120 Soldiers.
35 Sailors.
35 Rowing Mariners.
360 Condemn'd Slaves.
60 *Turkiſh* Slaves.

622

6 Subaltern Officers.
27 Petty Officers.
10 Pertuiſaniers.
5 Swabbers.

670 in all.

When the General is on board, as all the *Gardes de l'Entendart* are obliged to be preſent, the whole amounts to ſeven hundred Men.

The Galley called *Patrone* is of the ſame Conſtruction with the *Reale*, and of the ſame Dimenſions. The Number of Men on board is alſo the ſame, except ſome princip

principal Officers. When the Lieutenant-General goes to Sea, he goes on board the *Patrone*. Its Captain is alſo a *Chef d'Eſcadre*; and when the *Grand Reale* is not at Sea, it carries the Flag at the Main-maſt.

The Caps and Habits of the Slaves aboard theſe two Gallies are Blue, aboard the reſt they are Red.

The Rank of the Principal Officers.

A Captain ranks with a Colonel in the Land Service.
A Lieutenant with a Lieutenant-Colonel.
A Second Lieutenant with a Captain.
An Enſign with a Lieutenant.
A Chef d'Eſcadre has the Rank of a Lieutenant General.
A Lieutenant General that of a General.

Of the SHALLOP.

A Galley has always two Shallops a greater and a leſs. The greater, called the *Caique*, has ten Oars, with a Man to each Oar, and one to the Rudder. This Shallop is employed in weighing Anchor, and ſerves alſo to carry freſh Water and other Neceſſaries aboard the Galley.

The ſmaller, called the *Carrot*, has eight Oars and a Rudder, and nine Men. It is uſed only in carrying the principal Officers.

When the Galley leaves the Harbour, the two Shallops are hoiſted on board, one on the Right Side of the Veſſel, the other on the Left, by Pulleys. They are attached to Poſts formed in Manner of a Gallows, called *Chevalets*, raiſed ſix Feet above the Seats, ſo that the Shallops cover Part of the Crew. Thus they take up no Room, and hinder no Manoeuvre; as the Rowers work with as much Eaſe beneath them as if they were away.

When it is neceſſary at Sea to hail a Ship, one of *theſe Shallops* is let down in an Inſtant with great *Eaſe*; and after performing the neceſſary Duty, is with *equal Eaſe* again hauled up to its former Situation. *When the* Galley drops Anchor, both its Shallops are

let down, and are faſtened by a Rope to the Stern; well guarded, however, leſt the Slaves, eſpecially the *Turks*, who are never chained, and only have a Ring of Iron upon their Legs, ſhould avail themſelves of them to make their Eſcape. They are, notwithſtanding, permitted to go into them, as well as the reſt of the Crew, to ſmoke, as it is forbidden to ſmoke aboard the Galley, upon pain of having the Noſe and Ears cut off. The principal Officers themſelves, not even the Captain, dare tranſgreſs this Rule. So ſtrict, in this Reſpect, are his Majeſty's Orders. This Prohibition took its Riſe from a Galley's being blown up ſeveral Years ſince, by a *Turk*'s having let fall the Aſhes of his Pipe into the Powder-Room.

The Dreſs of the Slaves.

EACH Slave receives every Year two Linen Shirts, ſomewhat finer than that of which Sails are made; two Pair of Trowſers, which are made without any Diviſion, like a Woman's Petticoat; for they muſt be put on over the Head, becauſe of the Chain. Theſe Trowſers deſcend to the Knees. One Pair of Stockings, made of coarſe red Stuff; and no Shoes. However, when the Slaves are employed in the Buſineſs of the Galley by Land, as frequently happens in Winter, the Keeper on that Occaſion furniſhes them with Shoes, which he takes back when the Slaves return to the Galley. They are ſupplied every ſecond Year with a Caſſock of coarſe red Stuff. The Taylor ſhews no great Marks of an Artiſt in making it up: It is only a Piece of Stuff doubled, one half for the Forepart, the other for the Back; at the Top an Hole to put the Head through: It is ſew'd up on each Side, and has two little Sleeves which deſcend to the Elbow. This Caſſock has ſomething the Shape of what is called in *Holland* a *Keil*, which Carters generally wear over the reſt of their Cloaths. The Habit of the former is, however, not ſo long; for it reaches before only down *to the Knees*, and behind it falls half a Foot lower.

Beſides all this, they are allowed every Year a red Cap, very ſhort, as it muſt not cover the Ear. Laſtly, they are given every ſecond Year a Great Coat of coarſe Cloth, made of Wool and Hair. This Habit is made in Form of a Night-gown, and deſcends to the Feet: It is furniſhed with an Hood, not unlike the Cowl of a Capuchin Friar. This is by far the beſt Part of a Slave's ſcanty Wardrobe; for it ſerves him for Matraſs and Blankets at Night, and keeps him warm by Day.

Of the uſual Occupation of the Slaves in Winter, when the Galley is laid up.

WHEN the Order from Court arrives for diſarming the Gallies, which generally is given about the latter End of *October*, the firſt Precaution is to land the Gunpowder; for they never bring their Powder into Port. The Gallies are next brought in, and ranged along the *Quay*, according to their Order of Precedence, with the Stern next the *Quay*. There are then Boards laid, called *Planches*, to ſerve as a Paſſage from the *Quay* to the Galley. The Maſts are taken down and laid in the *Courſier*, and the Yards lie all along upon the Seats. After this they take out the Cannon, war like Stores, Proviſions, Sails, Cordage and Anchors, *&c.* The Sailors and coaſting Pilots are diſcharged, and the reſt of the Equipage lodged in Places appointed for them in the City of *Dunkirk*. Here the principal Officers have their Pavilions, already deſcribed; though they lodge in them but ſeldom, the greateſt Part ſpending the Winter at *Paris*, or at their own Homes. Thoſe who remain, in order to cut a Figure, hire the moſt magnificent Houſes they can find in the City, as they are almoſt all younger Brothers of the beſt Families of the Kingdom, and chuſe to ſupport their Dignity, though they have no *other Funds* to ſupply this Expence but the Royal *Bounty*. Hence alſo it happens that they are almoſt *all Knights* of *Malta*, who among their Vows, make

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one of Chaſtity, being not allowed to marry. Thus, after their Death, as all their Fortune goes to the Order of *Malta*, they are not very ſolicitous in acquiring Fortunes, but enjoy their Acquiſitions during Life. And truly they may live in Splendor; for their Appointments are by no means inconſiderable.

The Galley being at laſt entirely cleared, the Slaves find Room enough there to fix their wretched Quarters for the Winter. The Company belonging to each Seat procures Pieces of Boards, which they lay acroſs the Seats, and upon theſe make their Beds. The only Bed between them and the Boards, is a caſt-off Great Coat; their only Covering, that which they wear in the Day. The firſt Rower of each Seat, who has conſequently the firſt Choice, is beſt lodged; the ſecond ſhares the next beſt Place; the four others are lodged, each, on the croſs Planks already mentioned, according to his Order.

When the Weather grows extreme cold, there are two Tents raiſed over the Galley, one above the other. The outermoſt is generally made of the ſame Stuff of which the Slaves Great Coats are form'd, and keeps the Galley ſufficiently warm; I mean, it ſeems warm to thoſe who are accuſtomed to this hard Way of living: For thoſe who have been uſed to their own Houſes, and warm Fires, could never be able to ſupport the Cold without being habituated to it before-hand. A little Fire to warm them, and a Blanket to cover them, would make our Slaves extremely happy; but this is a Happineſs never allowed them on board. At Break of Day the Comites, who always ſleep on Board, together with the Keepers and *Pertuiſaniers*, who have the Care of the Crew, blow their Whiſtles; at the Sound of which all muſt riſe. This is always done preciſely at the ſame Hour; for the Commodore every Evening gives the Signal to the Comite, by firing a Cannon for the Slaves to go to ſleep, and repeats the ſame at Break of Day for their getting up. If in the Morning any ſhould be lazy, and not riſe when they hear the Whiſtle, they *may depend* on being laſhed ſeverely. The Crew *being riſen, their* firſt Care is to fold up their Beds, to

put the Seats in Order, to ſweep between them, and waſh them when neceſſary. The Sides of the Tent are raiſed up by Sticks for that Purpoſe, in order to air the Galley; though, when the Wind blows hard, that Side to the Leeward is only raiſed. When this is done, every Slave ſits down on his own Seat, and does ſomething to earn himſelf a little Money.

It is neceſſary to be known, that no Slave muſt be idle. The Comites, who obſerve their Employments every Day, come up to thoſe they ſee unemploy'd, and aſk why they do not work? If it is anſwered, that they underſtand no Trade, he gives them Cotton Yarn, and bids them knit it into Stockings; and if the Slave knows not how to knit, the Comite appoints one of his Companions of the ſame Seat to inſtruct him. It is a Trade eaſily learnt; but as there are ſome who are either lazy, ſtupid, or ſtubborn, and will not learn, they are ſure to be remarked by the Comites, who ſeldom ſhew them any future Favour. If they will not work at that, for their own Advantage, the Comite generally gives them ſome Work impoſſible to perform; (as, for Inſtance, to rub a Cannon Ball bright) and when they have laboured in vain to execute his Commands, he whips them for Kazineſs; ſo that in their own Defence, they are at laſt obliged to learn to knit.

There are ſeveral of the Slaves who underſtand Trades, and teach them to others. Taylors, Shoemakers, Wig-makers, Gravers, Clock-makers, *&c.* are to be found amongſt them. Such are happy, when compared to thoſe who know no Trade but Knitting; for in Winter they are permitted to build little wooden Stalls upon the *Quay*, each oppoſite to his reſpective Galley. The Keeper chains them in theſe Stalls every Morning, and unchains them at Night. This Keeper has for his Trouble about an Halfpenny a Day, as he is obliged alſo to watch them in their Stalls; this Trifle is paid very punctually.

The Turks for the moſt Part have no Trade; they *are, however,* not obliged to knit; for as they are *naturally* turned to Buſineſs, and are never chained, upon paying

paying the Keeper an Halfpenny, they are permitted, to range about the Town, and work among the Citizens at any hard manual Labour, either cleaving Wood, drawing Water, or ſuch like. Every Evening they return; nor is there known an Inſtance of any of them attempting to eſcape. The Truth is, it is almoſt impoſſible for them to effect is: Their brown Complexions, their Language, which is commonly the *Lingua Franca*, render them ſufficiently remarkable; and they could never remain in the Country concealed for any Time. There is twenty Crowns Reward to any Perſon who ſhall apprehend a *Turk*, or a condemned Slave, ſo as they may be brought back to the Gallies.

Whenever a Slave is miſſing, there are Guns fired one after the other, which advertiſe his Eſcape to the Peaſants round the Country; upon which they all riſe, and with Hounds taught for the Purpoſe trace out his Footſteps; ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible for him to ſecure a Retreat. I have ſeen ſeveral Inſtances of this at *Marſeilles*. At *Dunkirk*, indeed, the *Flemings* deteſt ſuch Practices; but the Soldiers, with which the Town abounds, will do any Thing to gain twenty Crowns. At *Marſeilles* the Peaſants are cruel to the laſt Degree: I have been informed, for certain, that a Son brought back his own Father, who had been a Slave, and endeavoured to eſcape. The Intendant, as the Story goes, was ſo ſhocked at his Undutifulneſs, that though he ordered him the twenty Crowns for his Fee, yet ſentenced him to the Gallies for Life, where he remained chained to the ſame Seat with his unhappy Father. So true is it, that the Natives of *Provence* are in general perfidious, cruel, and inhuman.

I remember, in our Journey through this Country to *Marſeilles*, when we uſed to ſtretch out our little wooden Cups for a Drop of Water, to the Inhabitants, who ran from their Houſes to ſee us, they had the Inhumanity to refuſe. The Women themſelves, whom *we moſt commonly addreſſed*, as a Sex the moſt ſuſceptible of Pity, anſwered our Entreaties with Reproaches.

proaches. Away, away, ſaid they to us, you are going where you will have Water enough.

But to reſume my Narration: All along the *Quay*, where the Gullies lie, are ranged theſe little Stalls, with three or four Slaves in each, exerciſing their Trades to gain a trifling Subſiſtence. Their Trades are nevertheleſs frequently little better than groſs Impoſitions on the Credulity of the Vulgar. Some pretend to tell Fortunes, and take Horoſcopes; others profeſs Magic, and undertake to find ſtolen Goods; though Cunning often helps them out, when the Devil is not ſo obedient as to come at a Call. Permit me to relate a Story of this Kind, which happened when I was at *Marſeilles*, which may amuſe a few, though I am conſcious, moſt will think it extremely trifling.

On board the *Grand Reale*, where I then was a Slave, there was an old Man, whoſe Name was *Laviné*. This Man was famous for never failing in finding Goods loſt or ſtolen. A Merchant of *Marſeilles* had forgot twenty Guineas on his Compter, which were taken away; and, as it was ſuſpected, by ſome Perſon of the Family. Having made all the Search poſſible, without Succeſs, he at length addreſſed himſelf to *Laviné*, the reputed Magician. Our Conjurer, according to Cuſtom, confidently aſſured him, that if his Money was gone to Hell itſelf he would find Means to bring it back. He was to receive a *Louis d'Or* for his Pains; and in order to undertake the Affair methodically, he requeſted a Liſt of the Names of all the Perſons in the Merchant's Family, which was accordingly comply'd with. He again deſired that all the Family, not one excepted, ſhould be preſent the next Day, which was in like Manner executed. *Laviné* accordingly appears the next Morning, bringing under his Arm a black Cock, and in his Hand an old Book grown greaſy with being thumbed over on theſe Occaſions. This Book he pretended to be *cabaliſtical*, and to contain all the Secrets of his Art. Upon entering, he aſked the Merchant if all the Family were preſent? To which, being anſwered in the Affirmative, the Conjurer orders them

to be all brought into one Room. Oppoſite this Chamber was another, which he kept for himſelf, to perform his Incantations with more Solemnity. He now ordered the Windows of both Chambers to be ſhut, ſo as not to admit the leaſt Light. After which he began the Incantation with the moſt incomprehenſible Solemnity. After this, he informed the Merchant that the Thief was actually in the Houſe, and ſhould ſoon be diſcovered by the crowing of his Cock, which never failed on ſuch Occaſions. But, continued he, I hope, Sir, you will not be diſpleaſed with me, ſhould the Devil carry the Thief away with him. The Devil, Sir, is a very thrifty Sort of a Gentleman, and will have his Reward; and truly it is but reaſonable that he ſhould do nothing for nothing. All this he ſaid with an Air very proper to impoſe on the Ignorant. After this unperceived in the Dark, he rubbed the Cock with Lamp-black, and calling all the Family by their Names, he ordered them to approach one after the other, in the Dark, and lay their Hands on the Cock's Wings, aſſuring them that ſuch was his Gift, that he would no ſooner feel the Hand of the Thief, than he would diſcover him by crowing, and the Devil would take him bodily away. A Servant Maid, who was actually guilty, paſſed by the Cock without touching him, imagining that this would ſave her from the Diſcovery the Cock would otherwiſe make, by crowing. Every one of the Family as they approached, laid their Hands on the Cock, as conſcious of their own Innocence, ſhe only excepted; as fearing if ſhe touched him, he would feel her guilty Hand, and diſcover her by crowing. All had paſſed by; but the Cock was ſtill ſilent, when *Laviné*, throwing open the Windows, deſired every one to approach, and ſhew their Hands: All it ſeems were blackened but the Maid's, when *Laviné* catching her by the Arm, cried out, here, here is the Thief. In ſhort, ſhe was ſo much ſurprized with his peremptory Manner, that ſhe confeſſed the Fact and reſtored the Money. This, and *a thouſand other* Stories of the ſame Nature, which I *could relate, if it* were my Deſign to give Place to ſuch

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Impertinencies, ſerves to give the Reader an Idea of the Induſtry of Galley Slaves in impoſing upon their Cuſtomers, and getting a little Money. Among the Slaves, who keep in their little Stalls, are to be found alſo Players at Sleight of Hand; others who invite the ignorant to prick in the Belt. Some beg Paſſengers, who ſeem fit for their Purpoſe, to change them a Crown, and while the ſimple Stranger is reckoning out the Change, theſe Sons of Induſtry convey away a Part of it, and then pretend to change their Reſolution of changing the Crown, and humbly aſk Pardon for the Trouble they have given. There are Scriveners alſo among them, who forge Wills, Licenſes, Deeds, and Diſcharges for Soldiers; though this laſt is attended with ſome Danger, for if diſcovered, the Scrivener is hanged inevitably. They have Seals of various Sorts, of Towns, Biſhops, and Cardinals. They have Paper of various Kinds, and are extremely expert at eraſing Part of a Deed, and writing what they think proper in the Place of what is thus expunged. In ſhort, they are perfect Maſters of their ſcurvy Calling, and work for a very ſmall Profit.

The Tradeſman, alſo, in theſe Barracks of Slaves, are not leſs Knaves than the Lawyers aforeſaid. The Taylor ſteals the Cloth, the Shoemaker, inſtead of Leather Soals to the Shoes he makes, cuts them out of Wood, which he covers with a Fiſh Skin glued on with artificial Seams, and in Fact, to all Appearance, made very handſomely, and of the ſtrongeſt Leather. As they ſell very good Bargains, there are Numbers of the Simple taken in. In ſhort, were I to recount all their Tricks, I ſhould never have done. There are ſeveral *Turks* in theſe Barracks who work at no manual Trade, but apply themſelves intirely to Commerce. Some are Pawnbrokers, others ſell Coffee, Brandy, and ſuch like Commodities. In general, they are all Receivers of ſtolen Goods, and if they are diſcovered, it *is only* returning the Things ſtolen, and they are at no *farther* Trouble. Nevertheleſs, a Turk whom I knew *at Dunkirk*, had not the ſame good Fortune with the *reſt of his* Countrymen upon a ſimilar Occaſion. Two

Thieves

Thieves, it ſeems, had pillaged the great Church of *Dunkirk*, of ſeveral Ornaments; among other Things, they ſtole a Silver Vaſe, uſed in holding the holy Oil for extreme Unction. They carried this Vaſe to a *Turk* who kept a Stall along the Quay, who bought it for a Trifle. *Galafas*, which was this *Turk*'s Name, after his Purchaſe, aſked the Thieves if what they ſold was not a *Roba Ganta*; that is, ſomewhat holy; The Thieves confeſſed what it was, and *Galafas* was ſomewhat puzzled in what Manner he ſhould alter it ſo, as to be expoſed to Sale with Safety. To effect this in the beſt Manner he could, he poured out the Oil; and as he had a Mind to let nothing be loſt, made Uſe of it in blacking his Shoes; and with a Hammer beat the Sides of the Vaſe together, and then hid it in a Hole in the Ground behind his Stall. Unfortunately for him, ſoon after, one of the Rogues was taken and convicted of the Theft: he informed againſt *Galafas*, who ingenuouſly confeſſed his having bought the Vaſe, and the Place in which he had buried it. The Curate was ſent for to take up that ſacred Relick which none but a Prieſt ſhould touch. The Curate, and ſome other Prieſts came in their Canonical Habits, carrying with them the Croſs, as in their ordinary Proceſſions. The Vaſe was at laſt dug up, flattened together as the Buyer had left it. The *Turk* was aſked what became of the Oil, who candidly told the Uſe to which it had been converted. The Prieſts were in a Rage that cannot be deſcribed, which the *Turk* ſeemed to enjoy, and laugh'd at their Folly. The Curate now applied himſelf to take off the *Turk*'s holy Shoes, as none but a Prieſt was thought worthy to touch what had been rendered ſacred by the holy Oil. The Shoes, the Vaſe, and all the Earth which it happened to touch, were with great Ceremony put into a Napkin, each Corner of which was held by a Prieſt, and the whole carried in the moſt mournful Proceſſion, and with penitential Hymns to the great Church, where they were depoſited under the Altar. The Populace did not fail to ſee Miracles upon this Occaſion. Every Night were ſeen heavenly Viſions, ſometimes two Angels hovered over the Turk's Stall

Sutlers, they ſell Tobacco, (for in Winter the Slaves are permitted to ſmoke on board,) Brandy, &c. Others make over their Seats a little Shop, where they expoſe to Sale Butter, Cheeſe, Vinegar, boiled Tripes, all which are ſold to the Crew at reaſonable Rates. An Halfpenny worth of theſe, with the King's Allowance of Bread, makes no uncomfortable Meal. Except theſe Suttlers, all the reſt are chained to their Seats, and employed in knitting Stockings. Perhaps it may be aſked, where the Slaves find ſpun Cotton for knitting? I anſwer thus:

Many of the *Turks*, eſpecially thoſe who have Money, drive a Trade in this Commodity with the Merchants of *Marſeilles*, who deal largely in Stockings. The Merchants give the *Turks* what Cotton they think proper unmanufactured, and the *Turks* pay them in this Commodity manufactured into Stockings. Theſe *Turks* deliver the Cotton ſpun to the Slaves, to be knit: they are indifferent as to the Size of the Stockings, as the Slave is paid for knitting at ſo much a Pound. So that the Slave who receives ten Pound of ſpun Cotton, is obliged to return the ſame Weight of knit Stockings, for which he is paid at a fixed Price. There muſt be great Care taken not to filch any of the Cotton, nor leave the Stockings in a damp Place to encreaſe their Weight; for if ſuch Practices are detected, the Slave is ſure to undergo the Baſtinado. This, however, not unfrequently happens; for the Slaves are ſo addicted to drinking, that they will ſuffer the moſt cruel Treatment to indulge themſelves in this Pleaſure; they will ſteal, even though ſure to be detected. The Robber and the Murderer are guilty of Crimes, only becauſe they hope to eſcape; but theſe are the only Set of Men who are guilty with a certain Expectation of Puniſhment. Some demand Cotton from their Maſters, (for ſo are the *Turks* their Employers called) which they no ſooner receive, than they ſell to a *Turk* in a neighbouring Galley; and in Company with two or three Slaves more, ſpend the Money in Drinking; and it often happens, that when they have once been ſet in, they all four do the ſame, and thus confidently, and patiently, wait for the baſtinading they are ſure to receive when their

their Maſter comes to demand their Manufactures. When the *Turk* comes to ſuch upon theſe Occaſions, they only deſire him to take Payment from their Backs. The *Turk* complains to the Comite, who complains to the Major, who at Nine every Morning, comes to hear complaints of that Nature. Thus the Criminal, without any further Proceſs, is ordered twenty-five, thirty, and even fifty Blows, if he be an old Offender. I knew one, on board our Galley, who having received Wool to manufacture into Stockings, and having drank the Money he received in Advance from his Maſter, with one of his Comrades, named St. *Maur*, was at laſt adviſed by this St. *Maur* to ſell the Wool, to have their drink out. The other objected the baſtinading, which was to be the Conſequence, but St. *Maur* anſwered all his Scruples, by aſſuring him, that if one was, both ſhould be baſtinaded. Yes, ſays he, you ſhall ſee I am a Fellow of Honour, and if your Back is flay'd, mine I'll aſſure, ſhall not go ſcot free. In ſhort, the other, as if his Comrade's Puniſhment would ſoften his own, agreed to his wiſe Expoſtulations, acquieſced in the Juſtneſs of his Argument, enjoys the preſent Hour, and keeped all diſagreeable Reflections in Brandy. The Maſter came a few Days after, as uſual; he was deſired to take Payment from the Delinquent's Back, and the Major gave the Baſtinado as uſual. St. *Maur*, while his Comrade was under the Executioner's hands, very deliberately ſtripping himſelf, in order to take his Turn. The Companions of his Seat did all in their Power to diſſuade him from his Deſign, but without Succeſs. He told them he was a Man of Honour; he had drank Part of the Wool, and it was juſt he ſhould pay Part of the Reckoning. After the firſt Criminal had received his Puniſhment, the Major was leaving the Galley, for he had nothing to ſay againſt St. *Maur*. However, St. *Maur* had ſomething to ſay to the Major, and calling him back, ſaid, Sir, it is true, you have nothing to object to my Conduct, but my Word and Honour is at Stake. I have promiſed to bear half my Friend's Puniſhment, and I muſt entreat you will order me as many Blows as you have given him, as I love to deal honeſtly with all Men

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The Major, instead of laughing at the poor Fellow's Simplicity, in a Passion to be so braved, complied with his Request, and brutal as he was, gave rigorous Orders for the Execution. I wish Truth would permit me to conceal the Sequel! His Punishment was so rigorously inflicted, that the mangled Wretch died a few Days after. Such Cruelties are a Disgrace to human Nature; they harden the Criminal in Wickedness, instead of amending his Errors; and instead of making Fear a Motive to keep him in order, they destroy their own End, and teach the Delinquent no longer to fear a Punishment with which he is become so well acquainted: Thus by degrees they lose every Motive to Obedience, live by present Instinct, and degenerate into a State of brutal Insensibility. Certainly nothing can be imagined of Wickedness that is not practised by those Wretches in a superlative Degree. They study new Modes of Blasphemy, their Crimes are their Boast; and what they have committed, they profess as trifling, to what, if at Liberty, they would be guilty of. Notwithstanding, the Almoners, either by fair Means or foul, exact from them all the external Duties their Religion requires; and what, indeed, seems to constitute the Essence of the Popish Religion. They all confess, and receive the Sacrament at *Easter*; but Heavens! How are they prepared to receive it! Burning with every Passion, more outrageous from Constraint, with blasphemies in their Mouths, and Infidelity in their Hearts, they receive what all Christians hold in the highest Veneration, but Papists aver to be their God! This they receive, I say, with as little Appearance of Penitence, and not more impressed with the Solemnity, than when getting drunk on board the Galley! The Almoners are content if the Thing is performed, no Matter how performed.

It must, notwithstanding what is here said, be acknowledged, that all Galley Slaves do not answer the preceding Description. I have known some who were honest Men, and led moral Lives. There were many *condemned* for Desertion, who had been either pressed *into the* Service, or induced to list by Stratagem, who *were honest* and good Tradesmen. Others also who

were

were condemned for Smuggling, ſome for Man-ſlaughter, and ſome (and I have known not a few) who were innocent of the Crimes of which they had been convicted, and afterwards verified their Innocence. All theſe, or the greateſt Part, diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their Way of living, and behaved in a quite different Manner from thoſe infamous Wretches who had been nurſed to Vice, and hardened in every Crime. Yet, even theſe, loſt to Shame as they were, never failed to teſtify their Reſpect to us, who were condemned to the Gallies only for Opinion. They never ſpoke to us without putting *Miſter* to our Names, and never paſſed us by without ſaluting us. There were five chained to my Seat at *Dunkirk*, one for Murder, another for Robbery, a third for a Robbery on the Highway, the fourth for Burglary, and the fifth was a *Turkiſh* Slave. Yet I muſt ſay, that they, with all their Vices, always held me in the higheſt Reſpect, and were ever ready to do me all the little Services in their Power. When the moſt Profligate ſpoke of us, they heſitated not to ſay, theſe Gentlemen are honeſt Men, they have done nothing to incur the Puniſhment they ſuffer, and lead ſober Lives among us. The Officers themſelves, and the reſt of the Equipage, conſidered us in the ſame Light. In any Diſputes between us and the other Slaves, or in any Affair where our Witneſs was required, they would always abide by our Teſtimony, or give the Cauſe in our Favour. So true it is that Virtue, though in the loweſt Degree of Abaſement, is ſtill held reſpectable. Yet, let not my Reader conclude, that I am here offering Incenſe to myſelf; I cannot ſurely be accuſed of Vanity, in pretending to make a Diſtinction between Men ſuffering for Conſcience, and others, who are puniſhed for acting in open Violation of all its Suggeſtions. I own myſelf a poor offending Sinner, and impute my Conſtancy rather to Education, which I may ſay, almoſt mechanically influenced my Conduct, than to ſupernatural Endowments Heaven may beſtow on its Favourites. Let me pay this Debt to the Piety of my Brothers in ſuffering, *that their Fortitude* might ſerve to inſtruct the Minds, *and their Morality*, the Conduct of even their Enemies. *But to leave this Digreſſion:*

I have

I have ſaid, that in Winter the Slaves were employed in gaining a few Halfpence each Day, to make them more eaſy under the Rigours of Servitude. The Comites encourage Induſtry with all their Might, becauſe it is their Intereſt ſo to do; for as they ſell Wine to the Crew, all the Profits of their Earnings ultimately terminate in the Pockets of the Comites. Another Reaſon that it muſt be ſo, is, that it is impoſſible to live on the Bread and Water allowed by the King; and add to this, the Slaves being thus employed, have no Time to conſult the Means of eſcaping, but work on, content with their State of Wretchedneſs.

Beſide the Employment of the Slaves to gain themſelves a Livelihood, they are obliged to do the Work of the Galley within and without. The Service Abroad conſiſts in this: Every Day twenty or twenty-four Slaves out of every Galley, are obliged to go upon *Fatigue*, as it is called. They are generally ordered to the Marine Arſenal, where they look to the Rigging, and Furniture of the Gallies and Men of War, take them from one Place to another, and ſee that nothing receives Damage. This is a laborious Employment, to which they are conducted in the Manner following: They are chained by the Leg two and two with a long Chain, which is ſupported in the Middle by a Cord, which is faſtened to a Belt that each Slave wears about his Loins; ſo that the Weight of the Chain reſts upon this Belt, and not upon the Leg; which, if it did, would hinder them from working. Thoſe Men thus chained are called *a Couple*; ten or twelve Couples from all the Gallies aſſemble before the Commodore. The Couples of the reſpective Gallies are conducted by a ſingle *Pertuiſanier*, and the Comite or his Deputy, accompanies them from there to the Arſenal, ſtands over them, and orders their ſeveral Employments; and in the Evening they are all brought back each to his reſpective Galley. As for my Part, I never worked in this Manner, as by giving *two-pence* or three-pence to one of the Slaves, as is *permitted*, he ſupplied my Place.

The

The Service within the Galley is not a Bit leſs laborious. They clean out the Veſſel at leaſt twice a Week; and ſome Comites are ſo exact, or, to ſpeak more truly, ſo ſevere, as to order this every Day. This Duty is called the *Bouraſque*, and the Comite gives Orders for doing it by the Whiſtle. The Sub-Comites with their Whips, go from Seat to Seat, and have no Mercy on thoſe they ſee lazy. Every Part of the Veſſel is to be firſt cleaned with an Iron Scraper, with one of which all the Seats are furniſhed. This done, the Comites examine from Seat to Seat, to ſee if all be clean and well ſcraped. After this, Water is carried upon Deck, and all is waſhed with the utmoſt Care; for the Slaves, whilſt at this Work, are naked from the Waiſt upwards, and the Whip is ſure to puniſh Careleſſneſs. At laſt, all Things are replaced, and the Work done, which takes up at leaſt three Hours every Morning.

Beſide thoſe ordinary Occupations of the Crew, there often happen ſome that are extraordinary; particularly, when there are in Town Strangers of Diſtinction. The Governor often brings them on board the Gallies, to ſee the Slaves exerciſe in the Manner I am going to deſcribe. Sometimes the Intendant, or the Commiſſary of the Marine do the ſame, but moſt frequently the Captains and Lieutenants order this Exerciſe, when they conduct their Friends aboard to ſee the Inſide of a Galley, where they generally give grand Entertainments. On board the Galley where I ſerved, as it was the Commodore's, we were continually teized with this extraordinary Service. What added to the frequency of Viſits aboard us, was, that our Commodore had a Band of Muſick, conſiſting of twelve Performers, all Slaves condemned to the Gallies. Theſe were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, by Caps laced with Gold, and their Habits turn'd up with Yellow. He who conducted the Band was one of the King's Muſicians; but by his irregular Conduct and Debaucheries, was driven from Court, and liſting in a marching Regiment, *ſoon after deſerted.* Being taken, he was condemned *to the Gallies,* and chained on board that of the Commodore

modore. He was perfectly ſkilled in Muſick, and his Harmony induced Numbers to viſit us, which was no ſmall Fatigue to the Crew. The Comite, on ſuch Occaſions, was ordered to have every Thing in Readineſs. The Galley was to be cleaned anew; the Slaves were to ſhave and change their Linen, and put on their Red Habits and Caps: This done, they are all made to ſit between the Seats on the Footſtools, ſo that nothing appears but Heads, with Red Caps, from one End of the Galley to the other. In this Attitude the Gentlemen and Ladies, who are the Viſiters, are expected, who entering the Galley one by one, are ſaluted by all the Slaves with an hoarſe and mournful Cry, *Hau*. This is done by the Slaves at once, ſo that it ſeems but one Voice. Every Gentleman and Lady receives one of theſe Salutations. If they be Perſons of Diſtinction, the *Hau* is repeated twice; if a General, a Duke, or a Peer, they cry three Times, *Hau, Hau, Hau*. This is their greateſt Mark of Diſtinction; the King himſelf receives no more, and this is called the Royal Salute. During this Salute, the Drums beat, and the Soldiers in their beſt Cloaths are ranged along the *Bande*, with their Guns ſhouldered: And as on theſe Occaſions the Maſts, when not taken down, are adorned with Streamers, and all their Finery is expoſed, the whole makes no diſagreeable Spectacle. The Chamber at the Stern is upon theſe Occaſions alſo adorned with Hangings of Crimſon Velvet, fringed with Gold: Add to all this, the Ornaments in Sculpture at the Stern, thus beautified down to the Water's Edge; the Oars lying on the Seats, and appearing without the Galley like Wings, painted of different Colours. A Galley thus adorned ſtrikes the tranſient Spectator with an Idea of Magnificence; but were he to carry his Imagination a little more cloſely, and reflect on the Miſeries of three hundred Slaves, almoſt devoured with Vermin, their Backs ſcarred with Stripes, emaciated and dead ey'd, from the Severity of the Seaſon and their cruel Treatment; chained Night and Day, and ſubject to the arbitrary Will of Creatures diveſted of every Senſe of Tenderneſs;

were he to carry his Imagination thus far, I am ſure his Admiration at the gaudy Outſide would ceaſe.

The Ladies and Gentlemen having paſſed from one End of the Galley to the other, return again to the Stern, where there are Eaſy Chairs provided. The Comite, having received Orders from the Captain, gives the Crew his Commands by the Whiſtle. At the firſt Blaſt every Slave takes off his Cap; at the ſecond, his Coat; at the third, his Shirt; and thus nothing is ſeen but naked Bodies. The next Scene is what is called the *Monkeys*, and is thus: They are all ordered to lie along their Seats, and the Spectator loſes Sight of them; then they lift at once their Firſt Finger, next their Arms, then their Heads; then one Leg, and ſo on, till they appear ſtanding upright. Then they all open their Mouths, cough all together, embrace, throw each other down, and ſeveral ſuch ridiculous and indecent Poſtures, which ſerve to divert the Inſenſible; but to a Mind properly inſtructed, muſt ſurely be regarded with Horror: Where Men, nay more, where Chriſtians, are thus treated like Beaſts. Theſe Exerciſes frequently occur, as well in Winter as Summer.

Theſe are the Employments of the Crew while Winter laſts: At the Approach of Summer their Employments are multiplied every Day by new Fatigues. All the Ballaſt, which is compoſed of little Stones about the Size of Pigeons Eggs, is taken out, and handed up from the Hold in little Wicker Baſkets from one to the other, till they are heaped upon the Quay oppoſite the Galley. Here two Men are to pump Water upon them till they become as clean as poſſible; and when dry, they are again replaced. This, and cleaning the Veſſel, takes up ſeven or eight Days hard Labour. The Galley being put into proper Order, every Day till it puts to Sea, brings freſh Employment. Firſt, neceſſary Precautions muſt be taken with reſpect to the Cordage that it be ſtrong and ſupple, *and what new* Cordage may be neceſſary is to be ſupplied *by the* Slaves, by paſſing it round the Galley. *This takes* up ſome Days to effect: Next the Sai

are to be viſited, and if new ones are neceſſary, the Comite cuts them out, and the Slaves ſew them. They muſt alſo make new Tents, mend the old, in like Manner prepare the Officers Beds, and every thing elſe, which it would be impoſſible to particularize. This Buſtle continues till the Beginning of *April*, when the Court ſends Orders for putting to Sea.

Our Armament begins by careening the Gallies. This is done by turning one Galley upon another, ſo that its Keel is quite out of the Water. The whole Keel is then rubbed with rendered Tallow: This is perhaps one of the moſt fatiguing Parts of a Slave's Employments. After this the Galley is fitted up with her Maſts, Rigging, Artillery, and Ammunition. All this is performed by the Slaves, who are ſometimes ſo haraſſed, that the Commander is obliged to wait in Port a few Days till the Crew have Time to refreſh themſelves.

Of the Uſefulneſs of GALLIES *to a State, preferably to* SHIPS OF WAR.

IT is a certain Fact, that Gallies occaſion a conſiderable Expence to a State, whether Republican or Monarchical, by the vaſt Sums requiſite to ſupport them. It is eaſy to conceive it, when one reflects that the Gallies are conſtantly kept on foot, whether in Time of Peace or War; in Summer equipped, in Winter the contrary. Their Crews, which are numerous, conſiſting of Officers, Soldiers, and Mariners, receive always the ſame Pay, which is much more conſiderable than that of the Crew of a Ship of War; whereas theſe laſt, in Time of Peace, or when they are not equipped, require only to have their Head Officers paid. I own that the Gallies of the Republicks of *Italy* do not coſt near ſo much as the Gallies of *France*, by the good Management of thoſe Republicks. All the World knows that many Gallies of theſe Commonwealths belong to private Perſons of Diſtinction, under the Protection of their reſpective States; and

and that when those States have Occasion for them, they pay for their Use to the said Persons, which greatly contributes to Oeconomy. Moreover, these States of *Italy* reap Benefit from the Gallies, as they guard their Coasts from the Invasions of the *Moors*, to which they are constantly exposed, and go continually in Expeditions against them, which often turn out very profitable, by reason of the Captives which they take, which in some measure makes up for the Expence they are put to.

The Case is not the same with regard to the Gallies of *France*. They are not employed in guarding the Coasts from the Invasions of the Infidels. Those Coasts are much less exposed thereto by their Situation, and *France* is powerful enough to check the Insolence and repel the Outrages of the Pirates, without being at the Trouble of sending Gallies after them. Of what Service then are the Gallies of *France* to the State? I answer, according to what Information I have, and from the Experience which I acquired during twelve Years which I passed on board them in the Ocean, the Gallies have had greater Success there, during that Time, than they have had for an Age in the *Mediterranean*; and yet all those Successes amount to two or three Men of War, which they have taken from the Enemy, without one single Merchantman, though the the Sea was covered with them.

I don't mention the constant Alarms which they gave to the Coasts of *England*, but in a very narrow Space, I mean the *Channel*, and without any other Effect than that of firing a few Cannon into the *Downs*, without having ever made, or attempted to make a Descent, except that upon *Harwich*, which was unsuccessful.

I shall be asked, perhaps, what View could *France* then have had, in keeping on foot forty Gallies in the Reign of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, at so extravagant an Expence? The only Reason for it, that I can see, is this: First, to shew at what Pitch her Power then was: Secondly, to maintain a considerable Number of *Gentlemen*, most of whom were younger Brothers of good

good Families, who were deſtitute of all other Fortune but a good Education. Moſt of them being Knights of *Malta*, which brings but little or no Revenue, are reduced, for the Support of their Dignity, to depend upon the King's Favours, who promotes them according to their Merit and Birth; and the ſupporting ſuch a Number of Gallies furniſhes the Occaſion; for almoſt all the Head Officers of the Gallies are Knights of *Malta*. The Third Reaſon is this; the Kingdom of *France* being very extenſive and populous, there muſt certainly be a great Number of Criminals of every Kind; and in order to check them and puniſh their Crimes, ſuch a Number of Gallies was indiſpenſibly neceſſary. Add to this, that at that Time Deſerters were condemned to the Gallies, which rendered their Crews ſtill more numerous.

With regard to the Benefit which the State reaps from hence, it is of ſmall Conſequence: In Time of Peace the Gallies are of little Uſe but to eſcort Perſons of Diſtinction to *Rome*, or other States of *Italy*, ſuch as Cardinals, Ambaſſadors, and others, by the King's Orders. When the Occaſion offers, a Galley or two is ordered to be in Readineſs. At all other Times the Gallies remain in the Port of *Marſeilles*, without doing any thing; or when a Squadron of five or ſix is fitted out, it is only to cruize upon the Coaſts of *Italy*, in order to procure Reſpect to the Flag, or to exerciſe the Crews and the Galleys Slaves.

The Queſtion remains, of what Uſe are the Gallies in Time of War? I anſwer, as I have done already, that they are of very little Uſe, eſpecially in the Ocean, where they cannot ſail without great Difficulty, on account of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, which is more perceptible near the Coaſts than in full Sea. Now the Form of the Gallies does not ſuffer them to go out far in it, nor to loſe ſight of the Coaſt; and when they are under the Neceſſity of doing it to paſs from one Port to another at a little Diſtance, they take great Precautions, and always chooſe for that Purpoſe a Seaſon in which the Weather is perfectly calm, and the

the Sea ſmooth as Glaſs; and as this happens but ſeldom in the Ocean, they are often wearied out for a long Time in the Port, in Expectation of ſuch an Opportunity. For the ſame Reaſons, the Gallies are not fit to go upon a Cruize againſt the Enemy; and they can very ſeldom find an Opportunity of engaging them, becauſe they cannot go far from the Coaſt in ſearch of the Enemy's Ships, whether Men of War or Merchantmen, that never ſail better than in open Sea.

They have beſides another great Difficulty to encounter in Combats; which is the Impoſſibility they lie under of ever engaging, except in fair Weather. Then they have the greateſt Advantage, ſince it is at their Diſcretion to attack the moſt formidable Ships, or to ſhun them; and they have it in their Power to retreat unhurt, after having damaged ſuch Veſſels: But ſhould there be Wind enough to give the Ships an Opportunity of making uſe of their Sails, ten Gallies would not venture to attack the ſmalleſt Frigate, but would immediately retire into Port; for if the Wind be ſtrong enough, ſuch a Frigate, coming full Sail againſt them, would eaſily find Means to ſink them, becauſe they are ſo low and ſlightly built. It remains to conſider, whether the Gallies may be of uſe to aſſiſt a Fleet of Men of War in an Engagement? They would be ſo in Effect, if Time and Place were favourable to them. In that Caſe the Gallies are of great Uſe to bring off the Ships that have loſt their Maſts or been otherwiſe damaged, and bring others in their Place: But for this Purpoſe they muſt have fair Weather, undiſturbed by any Guſts of Wind, for the Reaſons aſſigned above. But the great Difficulty for the Gallies is to meet with ſuch an Opportunity; becauſe a Squadron that goes in queſt of the Enemy cannot chuſe the Place of the Engagement, and is almoſt always obliged to go after it in the open Sea, and the Gallies never dare truſt themſelves four and twenty Hours out of Sight of Land. Beſides this, Men of War can never ſail without a pretty ſtrong Wind to go in Search of the Enemy, and the Gallies cannot bear ſuch a Wind; ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible that the Gallies ſhould ever take part in

ſuch an Engagement. The moſt they can do is to make a Deſcent upon the Country of an Enemy, to pillage and burn ſome Village; and theſe Deſcents cannot be of much Conſequence, becauſe the Gallies can take but little Force on Board, there not being Room for them, for the five hundred Men that compoſe the Crew fill it entirely; and of theſe five hundred but fifty or ſixty can be landed out of each Galley, the Remainder being under a Neceſſity of ſtaying on Board to guard the three hundred Slaves, who are more to be feared by them than the Enemy. For theſe Reaſons the *Dunkirk* Gallies, during twelve Years that they paſſed there, never attempted to make a Deſcent either upon the Coaſts of *Holland* or *England*. From what has been ſaid it is evident, that the Gallies can be but of very little Uſe in the Ocean. In the *Mediterranean* the Gallies ſail with greater Eaſe, as well becauſe there are no Tides in that Sea, as becauſe Calms are much more frequent there than in the Ocean. But there are likewiſe the ſame Difficulties to prevent the Gallies from joining a Squadron of Men of War which goes in queſt of the Enemy; for Ships of War cannot ſail without a ſtrong Wind, and the Gallies cannot ſtand ſuch a one without expoſing themſelves to Deſtruction. The only Advantage then that can be hoped from the Gallies in the *Mediterranean* is, that as Calms are pretty frequent there, the Ships of the Enemy, whether Men of War or Merchantmen, may be ſurprized by a Calm and ſtopped. The Gallies which happen to meet with a Ship in that Condition have a fine Opportunity to make themſelves Maſters of it, or to ſink it if it be too ſtrong to board. It is almoſt the only Benefit that can be reaped from the Gallies in the *Mediterranean*, for they never attempt to make a Deſcent either upon the Coaſt of *Italy* or *Catalonia* for the Reaſons aſſigned above. There may likewiſe happen an Engagement between a Squadron of the Gallies and a Squadron of the Enemy's Ships; but theſe Accidents ſeldom happen, becauſe ſuch Engagements are never deciſive, and becauſe there is nothing to be gained by them; for when the Enemy has once joined Battle, if he finds

that

that he has the worſt of it, he can fly with as much Eaſe as the Enemy can purſue. As Sails are not in uſe in the Gallies which go by Oars alone, it is equal to them whether the Wind be for them or againſt them. And what I here advance is ſo true, that there never was an Inſtance known of Gallies being taken from an Enemy by other Gallies. Such a Sight of Gallies againſt Gallies was never known in the Memory of of Man, except in the War that preceded the Peace of the *Pyrenees*. At that Time a Squadron of the Gallies of France encounter'd a Squadron of the Gallies of *Spain* in the *Mediterranean*; the Action was very bloody. I knew an old *Turk*, a Slave aboard our Galley, who had been in that Engagement. He told me that the Gallies of *Spain* grappled with thoſe of *France* at Boarding, and that theſe laſt would have been worſted, if the Expedient had not been thought of, of giving a Baſket filled with Stones to the Galley-Slaves in each Bench to repulſe the *Spaniards*, with a Promiſe of Liberty to the ſaid Slaves if the *Spaniards* were defeated, which actually happened, for the *Spaniards* were forced to yield to this Shower of Stones, tho' not a ſingle Galley was loſt on either Side. However, the *Franch* Galley-Slaves were diſappointed of their Expectations, and the *Italian* Proverb was verified, *As ſoon as the Holyday is over the Saint is neglected.* Since that Time no ſuch Combat has ever been ſeen; for as it is an eaſy Matter for the weaker Party to avoid an Engagement, it is what always comes to paſs.

The Gallies lie under another conſiderable Difficulty, when an Opportunity offers of engaging with Men of War; for the three hundred Galley-Slaves that are employed at the Oar are ſo many Enemies, who are conſtantly upon the Watch to procure their Liberty, whether by open Force or otherwiſe; and as many Precautions are neceſſary to prevent their revolting, as to oppoſe the Deſigns of the Enemy. To this End the Slaves are hand-cuffed; two Pieces of Cannon are *planted at the* Poop, charged with Grape Shot, one *directed towards* the Right, the other towards the Left

of the Galley, to diſcharge them upon the Crew if they ſhould make the leaſt Attempt to gain their Liberty. Beſides this, out of an hundred Soldiers aboard a Galley, fifty are ſet apart to guard the Slaves; and have their Muſkets conſtantly preſented at them, to be ready to fire in Caſe of a Revolt: Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe Precautions, the Officers are not a little embarraſſed, and are always more afraid of the Slaves than the Enemy; for if they ſhould make the leaſt Attempt, it would be abſolutely neceſſary to come to Extremities, that is to ſay, to kill half or the greateſt Part of them; which Remedy is worſe than the Evil; for the Slaves being the chief Support of the Galley, its Ruin would follow inevitably. Theſe are the Obſervations that have fallen in my Way to make upon the Galleys in general, with regard to their Strength and their Weakneſs in Oppoſition to Men of War, which have not half the Difficulties to ſtruggle with in attacking the Gallies that theſe laſt have in attacking them. From all that has been ſaid it is natural to conclude, that the Expences requiſite for the Support of the Gallies is very conſiderable, and their Utility very ſmall. *France* has been ſufficiently ſenſible of this, as appears by the Reduction ſhe has made of three Parts in four of her Gallies; which Reduction was made during the Regency and the Minority of *Lewis* the 15th, who now fills the Throne with ſo much Glory.

After having concluded theſe Memoirs, I perceived that I had forgot to take Notice in the proper Place of the Sequel of the Hiſtory of the Engagement and taking of the *Engliſh* Frigate, the *Nightingale*, and the End of Captain *Smith*, of infamous Memory. He received ſhortly after the juſt Reward of his Treachery, by the Event which I am going to relate. It has been obſerved above, that *Anne* Queen of *England* had entruſted, in the Year 1708, the Command of a Ship, which was to guard the Coaſts, to Captain *Smith*, a good Soldier and an able Seaman, but a conceal'd Papiſt, and who nouriſh'd in his Heart an implacable Hatred to his Country, as appeared ſoon after: For having, as I ſaid before

before, ſold his Ship at *Gottenburgh* in *Sweden*, and diſmiſſed the Crew, he offered his Services to the King of *France* againſt *England* his native Country. I moreover obſerved, that this Monarch received and promiſed to give him the firſt vacant Place of Captain of a Ship of War, and deſired him to ſerve on board the Chevalier *de Langeron*'s Galley at *Dunkirk*, till a Vacancy ſhould happen.

No Man ever ſhewed ſuch an Animoſity againſt the *Engliſh*, as this Traitor took every Opportunity of teſtifying. Whenever any Privateer of *Dunkirk* took a Prize from the *Engliſh*, which frequently happened, this inveterate Enemy of his Country never failed to go to the Priſons where the Crews of thoſe Veſſels were confined; he reviled them in the moſt opprobious Manner; and his Indignation would, if not prevented, have carried him to greater Exceſſes. He gave Money to the Jailor and the Soldiers who guarded theſe unhappy Men, in order to prevent them from receiving the Benefactions of the well diſpoſed. And if five Proteſtants (amongſt whom I was one) who were with him on board the Chevalier *de Langeron*'s Galley, had not been befriended by the Chevalier, he would have had us whipt every Day, becauſe we were of the ſame Religion with the *Engliſh*, whom he held in utter Deteſtation. This Villain had conceived ſuch an Averſion for his Country, that he was conſtantly forming Projects againſt it; and as he had a perfect Knowledge of all the Coaſts, and was a Man of Capacity and Experience in War, his Deſigns were acceptable to the *French*, who, notwithſtanding, hated his Character. At laſt he formed the Project of pillaging and burning the little Town of *Harwich*, upon the Banks of the *Thames*, which he communicated to the *French* Miniſtry, by whom it was approved, as I have already obſerved; but it was alſo unſucceſsful (as has been ſeen) by the Engagement which we had at the Mouth of that River.

Being returned from that Expedition to the Port of Dunkirk, he was very urgent with us to go upon the ſame Expedition again with the ſix Gallies. But our Captai

Captain would not give Ear to his Propoſal; alledging, beſides the Unfitneſs of the Seaſon, that the Gallies had been diſabled by the laſt Engagement, not only by the Havock which had been made of their Crews, a great Part of which had been killed or wounded, but alſo by the Loſs of their Maſts and Rigging, which were not eaſily to be ſupplied at that Time. All theſe Conſiderations were not ſufficient to keep Capt. *Smith* from cenſuring the Indolence of the Commodore, and the Officers of the Gallies. He complained of it in his Letters to the Miniſtry. Our Captain ſent an Account of his Proceedings, in which he alledged the above-mentioned Cauſes, which made it impoſſible for him to attempt any Thing. All this drew the Jealouſy, or rather the Hatred of our Officers upon *Smith*, and cauſed his Deſtruction, as I am going to relate. Capt. *Smith* not being diſcouraged with the Refuſal of the ſix Gallies, formed another Project, and deſired to have two Men of War given him, which ſhould obey his Orders in every Thing. Theſe were ready fitted out in the Harbour of *Dunkirk*; one of forty Guns, and the other a ſmall Frigate *Engliſh* built, of four and twenty. He undertook to burn *Harwich* with thoſe two Ships, as well as he could have done with the ſix Gallies. The Court accepted his Propoſal, and gave Orders for its immediate Execution; but left him only the Direction of the Enterprize, and not the Command of the Veſſels. A Captain of a Galley went aboard the largeſt as Admiral, and a Lieutenant aboard the Frigate as Captain; and *Smith* as Commander in chief, and Director of the Enterprize. The two Men of War ſet ſail in the Month of *October* 1708, and ſteered their Courſe towards the *Thames*. But no ſooner were they within Sight of *England*, but they perceived an *Engliſh* Man of War of ſeventy Guns, which was ſtationed there to guard the Coaſt. This perplexed them not a little; and the Admiral having conſulted with Capt. *Smith*, it was reſolved to go on a ſhort Cruize towards *the North*, that the *Engliſh* Man of War might not *penetrate into* their Deſign, and to return when it was *gone, which* was done accordingly. Being returned, however

however, three or four Days after, they perceived the ſame Man of War, or another nearly of the ſame Force. Upon this new Perplexity, they again held a Council of War. *Smith* maintained that their two Ships being of conſiderable Force, they were in a Condition to board and take the *Engliſhman*. The Admiral and the Captain of the Frigate were of a different Opinion; but *Smith* was ſo bent upon running all Riſques, that he brought the reſt over to his Sentiments. It was ſtipulated, however, that he ſhould go aboard the Frigate, which was a light Ship, in order to reconnoitre the *Engliſhman*; and that after having well examined its Strength and its Weakneſs, he ſhould give the Admiral a Signal to join him, and attempt the Enterprize; but that he ſhould not go too near the Man of War, nor attempt to board it, for fear of being ſunk. In Purſuance of this Reſolution, the Admiral kept aloof; and *Smith* went full Sail to reconnoitre the Enemy, who deſpiſing ſo mean a Prize as the little Frigate, let it paſs without ſtirring from their Poſt. *Smith*, contrary to the Advice of the Officers of his Frigate, approached ſo near to the Man of War, that he received a furious broad Side. This took away all the Maſts of the Frigate, and made it impoſſible for it to avoid being either taken or ſunk. The Admiral ſeeing the Misfortune of his Companion, was ſo far from going to his Aſſiſtance as he had promiſed, in Caſe of Accident, that he made all Haſte back to *Dunkirk*, whither he had carried the News of *Smith*'s all Succeſs. No ſooner did the *Engliſhman* perceive the Enemy's Ship without Maſts, and out of a Condition to make its Eſcape, but he called out to *Smith* to ſtrike, otherwiſe he would ſink his Veſſel. *Smith* would by no Means obey the Summons, chuſing rather to periſh than die by the Hands of the Executioner in his own Country. But he was not able to induce the Ship's Crew to concur in his Sentiments. The Soldiers and Sailors threatened to throw him overboard if he would not ſurrender. He was therefore obliged to comply, *but ſtill thought* of one Expedient more to ſave him *from the Hands* of the Executioner. He took a lighter

Match which he concealed in his Sleeve, and was going to apply it to the Powder kept below, in order to blow up the Frigate. The Centinel of the Powder-Room perceiving his Deſign, ſtopped him, at the ſame Time crying out to his Companions, that *Smith* was going to blow up the Ship: Upon this he was arreſted by a Part of the Crew, who bound him to the Main-maſt, and then ſtruck to the Man of War. The *Engliſh* ſent their Boats well armed, and commanded by an experienced Officer to take Poſſeſſion of the Prize. Having boarded without the leaſt Oppoſition, the firſt Object that preſented was *Smith*, bound Hand and Foot to the Maſt. He was inſtantly known, and conducted aboard the Man of War, who fired all their Guns in Token of Joy, at ſecuring for public Juſtice this Traitor to his Country. He was immediately conducted to *London*, and convicted of the Crime laid to his Charge: And though he meanly offered to turn Proteſtant, provided he received his Pardon, he was ſentenced to be hanged and quartered, which is the Manner of executing Traitors in *England*, which was executed accordingly. And when I was at *London* in 1713, I ſaw his Quarters expoſed on Gibbets along the Banks of the *Thames*. A ſtriking Leſſon to thoſe who ſolicit Truſts only to betray them!

An exact and authentic LIST *of the* PROTESTANTS *who are now actually Slaves aboard the* FRENCH *Gallies upon Account of their Religion, taken in the Year* 1755.

No. 543. *James Martin de Ribaute*, of the *Cevennees*, condemned for Life by Mr. *de Bernage* the 8th of *May*, 1728, for bringing from *Geneva* an hundred Books in Vindication of the reformed Religion, aged 58 Years.

943. *James Pujet de Saurit*, of the *Cevennees*, condemned for Life by Mr. *Bernage* the 27th of *March*, for harbouring Mr. *Claris*, Minister of the Gospel, aged 80 Years.

1010. *Matthew Allard*, condemned for Life by the Parliament of *Grenoble*, the 16th of *February*, 1735, for having been at a Minister's School, aged 38 Years.

1141. *James Clergues*, of *Pierre Gourde* in *Vivarais*, condemned for Life by Mr. *Bernage* the 1st of *March*, 1737, for being at an Assembly of the Church, aged 81 Years.

1417. *John Peter Espinas* of St. *Felix*, in *Vivarais*, condemned for Life by Mr. *Bernage* the 9th of *February*, 1740, for harbouring Mr. Fauriel, Minister, aged 45 Years.

1418. *Matthew Morell*, of St. *André*, in *Vivarais*, condemned for Life by Mr. *de Bernage* the 8th of *February*, 1740, for having followed his Uncle, Mr. *Morel*, Miniſter, aged 29 Years.

1784. *Alexander Chambon*, of *Pranles* in *Vivarais*, condemned for Life by Mr. *de Bernage* the 31ſt of *July*, 1741, for going to the Aſſembly of the Church, aged 61.

2228. *Peter Sabatier* of *Maxamet*, condemned for Life by Mr. *le Nain*, Intendant of *Languedoc*, the 6th of *April*, 1745, for aſſembling, aged 40 Years.

2229. *John Molinier*, of *Aupoul*, aged 30 Years.

2230. *Alexis Corbiere*, of *Sarnarie*, aged 46 Years.
Theſe two condemned at the ſame Time, and for the ſame Cauſe with *Peter Sabatier*.

2340. *Anthony Riaille*, of *Oſte*, condemned for Life by the Parliament of *Grenoble* the 26th of *February*, 1745, for being of the reformed Religion, aged 51 Years.

2472. *Paul Achard*, of *Chatillan*, condemned for Life by the Parliament of *Grenoble* the 9th of *February*, for harbouring a Miniſter, aged 38 Years.

2552. *John Menut*, of *Mazet* in *Vivarais*, condemned for Life by Mr. le Nain the 1ſt of *February*, 1746, for harbouring

bouring Mr. *Majal*, a Miniſter, aged 46 Years.

3450. *Paul Garry*, of *Bellegarde*, aged 33 Years.

3451. *Raymond Gaillard*, of *Laujac*, aged 51 Years.

3453. *James Cauſſade*, of *Laujac*, aged 37 Years.

3454. *John Mouſſie*, of *Fau*, aged 29 Years. Theſe four condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montauban*, the 2d of *February*, 1747.

4388. *John Peter Bouvilla*, of *Sabarat*, aged 36 Years.

4389. *John De Font*, of *Mas*, aged 28 Years. Theſe two condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Perpignan*, the 22d of *July*, 1749, for aſſembling.

4639. *Andrew Bernard*, of *Vendras*, aged 35 Years.

4640. *Henry Martel*, of *Fonds*, aged 33 Years.

4641. *Stephen Chapelier*, of *Sauſſine*, aged 31 Years.

Theſe

Theſe three condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 17th of *January*, 1750, for Religion.

No. 5438. *John Garagnon*, of *Roſan*, condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 24th of *December*, for aſſembling, aged 42 Years.

5439. *Lewis Negre*, of *Coulorgues*, aged 45 Years.

5440. *James Bouqueran*, of *Bourguier*, aged 55 Years.

5442. *Peter Raimbert*, of *Orillac*, aged 71 Years.

5463. *Paul Mathieu*, of *Niſmes*, aged 71 Years.

5464. *Anthony Mortier*, of *Calviſſon*, aged 76 Years.

Theſe five condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 24th of *December*, 1750, for aſſembling.

5581. *Claude Chaumont*, of *Geneva*, condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 24th of *May*, 1751, for aſſembling, aged 37 Years.

6189. *John Say*, of Lezan, aged 49 Years.

No. 619

6190. *Andrew Guirard*, of *Clarenſac*, aged 59 Years.

6192. *Lewis Fregon*, of *Bernis*, aged 48 Years.

6193. *John Roque*, of *Beauvoiſin*, aged 24 Years. Theſe five condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 17th of *March*, 1752, for Aſſembling.

6863. *Joſeph Barnier*, of *Nions* in *Dauphine*, condemned by the Parliament of *Grenoble* for five Years, the 17th of *June*, 1752, for Religion, aged 53 Years.

7996. *Antony Berenger*, of *Plan de Bais*, condemned for five Years by the Parliament of *Grenoble* for Religion, the 1ſt of *September*, 1753.

8594. *John Caldie*, of *Bedarieux*, aged 61 Years.

8595. *John Bonnefoux*, of *Bedarieux*, aged 61 Years.

8596. *Steven Galzi*, of *Pont*, aged 71 Years.

8597. *John Raimond*, of *Pont*, aged 45 Years. Theſe four condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 9th of *October*, 1754, for aſſembling.

8601. *Andrew Barthes*, of Fournials, aged 50 Years.

8602. Philip

8602. *Philip Gaches*, of the ſame Place, aged 51 Years.

8603. *Daniel Bic*, or *Vic*, of *Montredan*, aged 61 Years.
Theſe three condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 11th of *October*, 1754, for aſſembling.

8604. *John Baptiſt la Chaume*, of *Realmont*, aged 26 Years.

8605. *John Barreau*, of *Realmont*, aged 35 Years.

8606. *John Albiges*, of *Realmont*, aged 51 Years.

8607. *William de Nautonnier*, of *Caſtel Franc*, aged 62 Years.
Theſe four condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 28th of *October*, 1754, for aſſembling.

8608. *John Blanc*, of *Sauve*, aged 21 Years.

8609. *Henry Liron*, of *Sauve*, aged 22 Years.
Theſe two condemned for Life by the Intendant of *Montpellier*, the 31ſt of *October*, 1754, for aſſembling.

8629. *Peter Bechard*, of *Niſmes*, condemned for Life by the Intendant of Montpellier, at the Commencement of this Year, for aſſembling.

FINIS.